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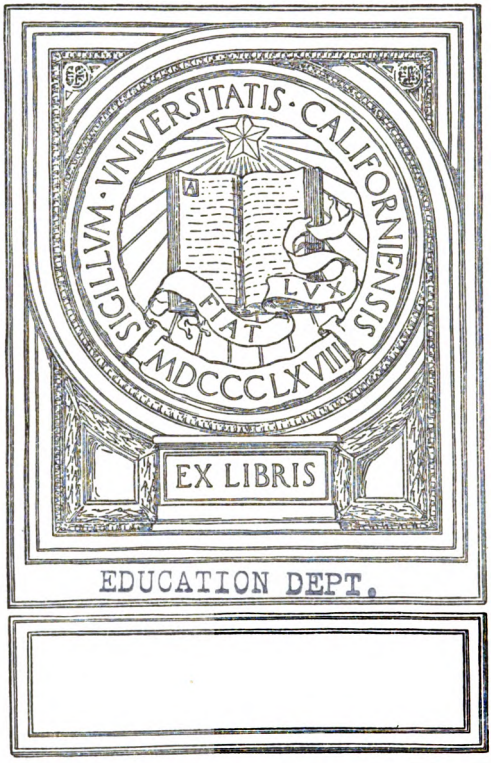

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SANDERS'

RHETORICAL,

OR,

UNION SIXTH READER:

EMBRACING A FULL EXPOSITION OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL READING;

WITH

NUMEROUS SPECIMENS, BOTH IN PROSE AND POETRY, FROM THE BEST WRITERS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN,

AS EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE;

AND WITH

Notes and Sketches, Literary and Biographical,

FORMING TOGETHER A BRIEF, THOUGH COMPREHENSIVE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY CHARLES W. SANDERS, A. M.,

AUTHOR OF "A SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS," "YOUNG LADIES' READER," "SPELLER, DEFINER, AND ANALYSER," "ELOCUTIONARY CHART," ETC.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

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PREFACE.

VIEWED merely in the light of its *primary* purpose, without reference to collateral aims, the present work is simply a comprehensive course of reading. But this view is quite inadequate, because superficial. It is like examining a watch without opening the case. The main part is left out of sight.

A better view may be gained by a different illustration; for, as in a great garden, representing all the products of the earth,—where art works with nature in promotion of the general design,—where color, form, and variety unite in wooing the sense of beauty,—where every noxious growth is closely watched and carefully excluded,—and where, in addition to all this, a guide is at hand to point out the character of each production, so here, in the compass of a single volume, is a collection of specimens from every part of the literary world, all duly arranged and duly explained, and all shedding the selectest moral influence.

But, to enable the young reader better to appreciate all this variety of style and subject, pertinent collateral instructions and suggestions are provided throughout. These reach down to the very elements of vocal utterance. They reach up to whatever, in the matter of reading, can either be taught by rules or illustrated by example.

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But the range of the work is wider still. The book is, indeed, a sort of History of Literature. Here, accordingly, will be found, in the form of Notes, numerous original sketches of literary character, brief, though comprehensive, as the space requires, but all in the spirit of truth and fairness; while longer sketches, drawn by the ablest hands, and tracing with precision the subtle shades of literary merit, find place, as well they may, among the Exercises to be read in regular course.

These sketches—even the best of them—are not, of course, exhaustive. They mark the main points, however, and cannot fail—even the poorest of them—to awaken that interest which always attends the perusal of a piece whose author is known to the reader by something more than the mere announcement of his name. They show how, as in the case of Cowper, labor imparts a finish which no time can wear off, and how, as in the same beautiful example, wit, humor, and gayety may be found in close alliance with all that is pure in sentiment and refined in language; how worth, in spite of obstacles, rises slowly, it may be, but surely, to its own proper level; how the walls of a prison, as in the case of Bunyan, and even total blindness, as in that of Milton, seem rather to quicken than to hinder the free movements of genius; how even genius itself, however transcendent, without the salutary check of goodness, is, after all, only what the ignorant deem of a comet—a mighty messenger of mischief; and how, in short, opportunities, the best and the worst, are alike unavailing, if the disposition be wanting to reach honorable achievement.

With these few words respecting the plan, purpose, matter, and execution of the work, the UNION RHETORICAL READER is respectfully submitted to the judgment of teachers

NEW YORK, Sept. 1862.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

SANDERS'

RHETORICAL READER.

PART FIRST.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of delivering written or extempo raneous composition with force, propriety, and ease.

It deals, therefore, with words, not only as individuals, but as members of a sentence, and parts of a connected discourse: including every thing necessary to the just expression of the sense. Accordingly, it demands, in a *special* manner, attention to the following particulars; viz., ARTICULATION, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, MODULATION, and PAUSES.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering distinctly and justly the letters and syllables constituting a word.

It deals, therefore, with the elements of words, just as elocution deals with the elements of sentences: the one securing the true enunciation of each letter, or combination of letters, the other giving to each word, or combination of words, such a delivery as best expresses the meaning of the author. It is the basis of all good reading, and should be carefully practiced by the learner.

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ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

TONICS

Element.		*Power.*
1.—¹A	as in	*A*pe.
2.—²A	"	*A*rm.
3.—³A	"	*A*ll.
4.—⁴A	"	*A*t.
5.—⁵A	"	C*a*re.
6.—⁶A	"	*A*sk.
7.—¹E	"	*E*ve.
8.—²E	"	*E*nd.
9.—¹I	"	*I*ce.
10.—²I	"	*I*t.
11.—¹O	"	*O*ld.
12.—²O	"	D*o*.
13.—³O	"	*O*x.
14.—¹U	"	*U*se.
15.—²U	"	*U*p.
16.—³U	"	P*u*ll.
17.—OI	"	*Oi*l.
18.—OU	"	*Ou*t.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

SUB-TONICS.

19.—B	as in	*B*at.
20.—D	"	*D*un.

SUB-TONICS

Element.		*Power*
21.—G*	as in	*G*un.
22.—J	"	*J*et.
23.—L	"	*L*et.
24.—M	"	*M*an.
25.—N	"	*N*ot.
26.—R	"	*R*un.
27.—V	"	*V*ent.
28.—W	"	*W*ent.
29.—Y	"	*Y*es.
30.—¹Z	"	*Z*eal.
31.—²Z	"	A*z*ure
32.—NG	"	Si*ng*.
33.—TH	"	*Th*y.

A-TONICS.

34.—F	as in	*F*it
35.—H	"	*H*at.
36.—K	"	*K*id.
37.—P	"	*P*it.
38.—S	"	*S*in.
39.—T	"	*T*op.
40.—CH	"	*Ch*at.
41.—SH	"	*Sh*un.
42.—TH	"	*Th*in.
43.—WH†	"	*Wh*en.

---

* Soft G is equivalent to J; Soft C to S, and hard C and Q to K. X is equivalent to K and S, as in *box*, or to G and Z, as in *exalt*.

† WH is pronounced as if the H preceded W, otherwise it would be pronounced *W-hen*. R should be slightly trilled before a vowel. For further instructions, see Sanders and Merrill's Elementary and Elocutionary Chart.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS.

For Long A.	*ai* as in	*sail.*	
	au "	*gauge.*	
	ay "	*lay.*	
	ea "	*great.*	
	ei "	*deign.*	
	ey "	*they.*	
For Flat A.	*au* "	*daunt.*	
	ea "	*heart.*	
	ua "	*guard.*	
For Broad A.	*au* "	*pause.*	
	aw "	*law.*	
	eo "	*George.*	
	oa "	*groat.*	
	o "	*horn.*	
	ou "	*sought.*	
For Short A.	*ai* "	*plaid.*	
	ua "	*guaranty.*	
For Intermediate A.	*ai* "	*hair.*	
	ea "	*bear.*	
	e "	*where.*	
	ei "	*their.*	
For Long E.	*ea* "	*weak.*	
	ei "	*seize.*	
	eo "	*people.*	
	ey "	*key.*	
	ie "	*brief.*	
	i "	*pique.*	
For Short E	*a* "	*any.*	
	ai "	*said.*	
	ay "	*says.*	
	ea "	*dead.*	
	ei "	*heifer.*	
	eo "	*leopard*	
	ie "	*friend.*	
	ue "	*guess.*	
	u "	*bury.*	
For Long I	*ai* "	*aisle.*	
	ei "	*sleight.*	
	ey "	*eye.*	
	ie "	*die.*	
	oi "	*choir.*	
	ui "	*guide.*	
	uy "	*buy.*	
	y "	*try.*	
For Short I.	*e* as in	*Eng'ish.*	
	ee "	*been.*	
	ie "	*sieve.*	
	o "	*women.*	
	u "	*busy.*	
	ui "	*build.*	
	y "	*symbol.*	
For Long O.	*au* "	*hautboy*	
	eau "	*beau.*	
	eo "	*yeoman*	
	ew "	*sew.*	
	oa "	*boat.*	
	oe "	*hoe.*	
	ou "	*soul.*	
	ow "	*flow.*	
For Long Slender O.	*oe* "	*shoe.*	
	ou "	*soup.*	
For Short O.	*a* "	*was.*	
	ou "	*hough.*	
	ow "	*knowledge*	
For Long U.	*eau* "	*beauty*	
	eu "	*feud*	
	ew "	*dew.*	
	ieu "	*adieu.*	
	iew "	*view.*	
	ou "	*your.*	
	ue "	*cue.*	
	ui "	*suit.*	
For Short U.	*e* "	*her.*	
	i "	*sir.*	
	oe "	*does.*	
	o "	*love.*	
	ou "	*young.*	
For Short Slender U.	*o* "	*wolf.*	
	ou "	*would.*	
For the Diphthong OI.	*oy* "	*joy.*	
For the Diphthong OU.	*ow* "	*now.*	

There is no pure Triphthongal sound in the language. *Buoy* is equivalent to *bwoy*. *U* being a consonant.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

F.	*gh*	as in laugh.	1Z	*c*	" suffice.
	ph	" sphere.		*s*	" was.
J.	*g*	" gem.		*x*	" Xerxes.
K.	*c*	" can.	2Z.	*s*	" treasure.
	ch	" chord.		*z*	" azure.
	gh	" hough.		*si*	" fusion
	q	" quit.		*zi*	" glazier
S.	*c*	" cent.	NG.	*n*	" conch.
T.	*d*	" faced.	SH.	*ce*	" ocean.
	phth	" phthisic.		*ci*	" social.
V.	*f*	" of.		*ch*	" chaise.
	ph	" Stephen.		*si*	" pension.
Y.	*i*	" valiant.		*s*	" sure.
				ss	" issue.
				ti	" notion.
			CH.	*ti*	" fustian.

B, D, G, H, L, M, N, P, and R, have no substitutes.

The most common faults in ARTICULATION are

I. *The suppression of a syllable; as*

cab'n	for	cab-*i*n.	mem'ry	for	mem-*o*-ry.
cap'n	"	cap-*tai*n.	jub'lee	"	ju-*bi*-lee.
bärr'l	"	bar-*re*l.	trav'ler	"	trav-*el*-er.
ev'ry	"	ev-*e*-ry.	fam'ly	"	fam-*i*-ly.
hist'ry	"	his-*to*-ry.	vent'late	"	ven-*ti*-late.
reg'lar	"	reg-*u*-lar.	des'late	"	des-*o*-late.
sev'ral	"	sev-*er*-al.	prob'ble	"	prob-*a*-ble.
rhet'ric	"	rhet-*o*-ric.	par-tic'lar	"	par-tic-*u*-lar.

II. *The omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,*

read-in	for	read-in*g*.	pr'-tect	for	pro-tect.
swif-ly	"	swif*t*-ly.	b'-low	"	be-low.
com-mans	"	com-man*d*s.	p'r-vade	"	per-vade.
wam-er	"	war*m*-er.	srink-in	"	s*h*rink-in*g*.
um-ble	"	*h*um-ble.	th'if-ty	"	thrif-ty.
ap-py	"	*h*ap-py.	as-ter-is	"	as-ter-is*k*.
con-sis	"	con-sis*ts*.	gov-er-ment	"	gov-er*n*-ment
fa-t'l	"	fa-tal.	Feb-u-ary	"	Feb-*r*u-a-ry.

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III. *The substitution of one sound for another; as,*

*u*f-ford	for	*a*f-ford.	mod-*i*st	for	mod-*e*st.
wil-l*e*r	"	wil-l*o*w.	*u*p-prove	"	*a*p-prov*e*
sock-*i*t	"	sock-*e*t.	*w*in-e-gar	"	*v*in-e-gar.
fear-l*u*ss	"	fear-l*e*ss.	sep-*e*-rate	"	sep-*a*-rate.
cul-t*e*r	"	cult-*u*re.	tem-per-*i*t	"	tem-per-*a*te.
prod-u*x*	"	prod-u*cts*.	croc-*e*r-dile	"	croc-*o*-dile.
judg-m*u*nt	"	judg-m*e*nt.	t*u*b-ac-c*u*r	"	t*o*-bac-c*o*.
chil-dr*i*n	"	chil-dr*e*n.	com-pr*u*m-ise	"	com-pr*o*-mise

IV. Produce the sounds denoted by the following combinations of consonants:—

Let the pupil first produce the sounds of the letters, and then the word or words in which they occur. Be careful to give a clear and distinct enunciation to every letter.

1. *Bd*, as in ro*b'd*; *bdst*, pro*b'dst*; *bl*, *bl*and, a*ble*; *bld*, hum *bl'd*; *bldst*, trou*bl'dst*; *blst*, trou*bl'st*; *blz*, crum*bles*; *br*, *br*and; *bz*, ri*bs*.
2. *Ch*, as in *ch*urch; *cht*, fet*ch'd*.
3. *Dj*, as in e*dge*; *djd*, he*dg'd*; *dl*, bri*dle*; *dld*, rid*dl'd*; *dlst*, han*dl'st*; *dlz*, bun*dles*; *dn*, har*d'n*; *dr*, *dr*ove; *dth*, wi*dth*; *dths*, brea*dths*; *dz*, o*dds*.
4. *Fl*, as in *fl*ame; *fld*, ri*fl'd*; *flst*, sti*fl'st*; *flz*, ri*fles*; *fr*, *fr*om; *fs*, qua*ffs*, lau*ghs*; *fst*, lau*gh'st*, qua*ff'st*; *ft*, ra*ft*; *fts*, wa*fts*; *ftst*, gra*ft'st*.
5. *Gd*, as in beg*g'd*; *gdst*, brag*g'dst*; *gl*, *gl*ide; *gld*, strug*gl'd*; *gldst*, hag*gl'dst*; *glst*, strang*gl'st*; *glz*, min*gles*; *gr*, *gr*ove; *gst*, beg*g'st*; *gz*, fi*gs*.
6. *Kl*, as in un*cle*, an*kle*; *kld*, trick*l'd*; *kldst*, truck*l'dst*; *klst*, chuck*l'st*; *klz*, wrin*kles*; *kn*, black*'n*; *knd*, rec*k'n'd*; *kndst*, rec*k'n'dst*; *knst*, black*'n'st*; *knz*, rec*k'ns*; *kr*, *cr*ank; *ks*, chec*ks*; *kt*, ac*t*.
7. *Lb*, as in bu*lb*; *lbd*, bu*lb'd*; *lbs*, bu*lbs*; *lch*, fi*lch*; *lcht*, be*lch'd*; *ld*, hol*d*; *ldst*, fol*d'st*; *ldz*, hol*ds*; *lf*, sel*f*; *lfs*, gu*lfs*; *lj*, bu*lge*; *lk*, el*k*; *lks*, si*lks*; *lkt*, mi*lk'd*; *lkts*, mu*lcts*; *lm*, el*m*; *lmd*, whel*m'd*; *lmz*, fi*lms*; *ln*, fal*l'n*;

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lp, he*lp*; *lps*, sca*lps*; *lpst*, he*lp'st*; *ls*, fa*lse*; *lst*, ca*ll'st*, *lt*, me*lt*; *lth*, hea*lth*; *lths*, ste*alths*; *lts*, co*lts*; *lv*, de*lve*; *lvd*, she*lv'd*; *lvz*, *elves*; *lz*, ha*lls*.

8. *Md*, as in doom*'d*; *mf*, triu*mph*; *mp*, he*mp*; *mpt*, te*mpt*, *mpts*, atte*mpts*; *mst*, ento*mb'st*; *mz*, to*mbs*.

9. *Nch*, as in be*nch*; *ncht*, pi*nch'd*; *nd*, a*nd*; *ndst*, e*nd'st*; *ndz*, e*nds*; *ng*, su*ng*; *ngd*, ba*ng'd*; *ngth*, le*ngth*; *ngz*, so*ngs*; *nj*, ra*nge*; *njd*, ra*ng'd*; *nk*, i*nk*; *nks*, ra*nks*; *nkst*, tha*nk'st*; *nst*, wi*nc'd*; *nt*, se*nt*; *nts*, re*nts*; *ntst*, we*nt'st*; *nz*, ru*ns*.

10. *Pl*, as in *pl*ume; *pld*, ripp*l'd*; *plst*, ripp*l'st*; *plz*, a*pples*; *pr*, *pr*ince; *ps*, si*ps*; *pst*, rap*p'st*; *pt*, rip*p'd*.

11. *Rb*, as in he*rb*; *rch*, se*arch*; *rcht*, chu*rch'd*; *rbd*, o*rb'd*; *rbdst*, ba*rb'dst*; *rbst*, distu*rb'st*; *rbz*, o*rbs*; *rd*, ha*rd*; *rdst*, hea*rd'st*; *rdz*, wo*rds*; *rf*, tu*rf*; *rft*, sca*rf'd*; *rg*, bu*rg*; *rgz*, bu*rgs*; *rj*, di*rge*; *rjd*, u*rg'd*; *rk*, a*rk*; *rks*, a*rks*; *rkst*, wo*rk'st*; *rkt*, di*rk'd*; *rktst*, emba*rk'dst*; *rl*, gi*rl*; *rld*, wo*rld*; *rldst*, hu*rld'st*; *rlst*, whi*rl'st*; *rlz*, hu*rls*; *rm*, a*rm*; *rmd*, a*rm'd*; *rmdst*, ha*rm'dst*; *rmst*, a*rm'st*; *rmz*, cha*rms*; *rn*, tu*rn*; *rnd*, tu*rn'd*; *rndst*, ea*rn'dst*; *rnst*, lea*rn'st*; *rnz*, u*rns*; *rp*, ca*rp*; *rps*, ha*rps*; *rpt*, wa*rp'd*; *rs*, ve*rse*; *rsh*, ha*rsh*; *rst*, fi*rst*; *rsts*, bu*rsts*; *rt*, da*rt*; *rth*, ea*rth*; *rths*, bi*rths*; *rts*, ma*rts*; *rtst*, da*rt'st*; *rv*, cu*rve*; *rvd*, ne*rv'd*; *rvdst*, cu*rv'dst*; *rvst*, swe*rv'st*; *rvz*, ne*rves*; *rz*, e*rrs*.

12. *Sh*, as in *sh*ip; *sht*, hu*sh'd*; *sk*, *sc*an, *sk*ip; *sks*, tu*sks*; *skst*, fri*sk'st*; *skt*, ri*sk'd*; *sl*, *sl*ow; *sld*, nes*tl'd*; *slz*, wres*tles*; *sm*, *sm*ile; *sn*, *sn*ag; *sp*, *sp*ort; *sps*, li*sps*; *spt*, cla*sp'd*; *st*, *st*ag; *str*, *str*ike; *sts*, re*sts*; *sw*, *sw*ing.

13. *Th*, as in *th*ine, *th*in; *thd*, brea*th'd*; *thr*, *thr*ee; *thst*, brea*th'st*; *thw*, *thw*ack; *thz*, wri*thes*; *tl*, ti*tle*; *tld*, set*tl'd*; *tldst*, set*tl'dst*; *tlst*, set*tl'st*; *tlz*, net*tles*; *tr*, *tr*unk, *ts*, fi*ts*; *tw*, *tw*irl.

14. *Vd*, as in cu*rv'd*; *vdst*, li*v'dst*; *vl*, dri*v'l*; *vld*, gro*v'l'd*; *vldst*, gro*v'l'dst*; *vlst*, dri*v'l'st*; *vn*, dri*v'n*; *vst*, li*v'st*; *vz*, li*ves*.

15. *Wh*, as in *wh*en, *wh*ere.

16 *Zd*, as in mu*s'd*; *zl*, da*zzle*; *zld*, muz*zl'd*; *zldst*, da*zzl'dst*; *zlst*, da*zzl'st*; *zlz*, muz*zles*; *zm*, spa*sm*; *zmz*, cha*sms*; *zn*, ri*s'n*; *znd*, rea*s'n'd*; *znz*, pri*s'nz*; *zndst*, impri*s'n'dst*.

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V. Avoid blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another, or suppressing the final letter or letters of one word, when the next word commences with a similar sound.

EXAMPLES.

His smal eyes	instead of	His small lies.
She keeps pies	"	She keeps spies.
His hour is up	"	His sour is sup.
Dry the widow's tears	"	Dry the widow steers.
Your eyes and ears	"	Your rise sand dears.
He had two small eggs	"	He had two small legs.
Bring some ice cream	"	Bring some mice scream
Let all men praise Him	"	Let tall men pray sim.
He was killed in war	"	He was skilled in war.
Water, air, and earth	"	Water rare rand dearth.
Come and see me once more	"	Come mand see me one smore.

NOTE.—By an indistinct Articulation the sense of a passage is often liable to be perverted.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will he attempt to conceal his *acts*?
   Will he attempt to conceal his *sacks*?
2. The man ha*d* oars to row her over.
   The man ha*d* doors to row her rover.
3. Can there be a*n* aim more lofty?
   Can there be *a* name more lofty?
4. The judge*s* ought to arrest the culprits.
   The judge*s* sought to arrest the culprits.
5. His ire burned when she told him her age.
   His dire burned when she told him her rage.
6. He was awed at the works of labor a*nd* art.
   He was sawed at the works of labor a*n* dart.
7. He was *tr*ained in the religion of his fathers.
   He was *str*ained in the religion of his fathers.

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MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

1. *Bravely* o'er *the boisterous billows*,
His gallant bark was borne.

2 *Can craven cowards expect to conquer the country?*

3. *Click, click, goes the clock; clack, clack, goes the mill.*

4. *Did you desire to hear his dark and doleful dreams?*

5. "*Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,*
Still as the breeze; but dreadful as the storm."

6 *The flaming fire flashed fearfully in his face.*

7. *The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.*

8. *How high his honors heaved his haughty head!*

9. *He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.*

10. *Masses of immense magnitude move majestically through the vast empire of the solar system.*

11. *Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.*

12. *The strippling stranger strayed straight toward the struggling stream.*

13. *She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek, and then shrunk from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.*

14. *For fear of offending the frightful fugitive, the vile vagabond ventured to vilify the venerable veteran.*

15. *Amidst the mists, with angry boasts,*
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

16. Peter Prangle, the prickly prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly prangly pears, from the prangly pear trees, on the pleasant prairies.

17. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

18. We travel *sea* and *soil;* we *pry*, we *prowl;*
We *progress*, and we *prog* from *pole* to *pole.*

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SECTION II.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT and EMPHASIS both indicate some special stress of voice.

ACCENT is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than others; EMPHASIS is that stress of voice by which one or more *words* of a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

ACCENT.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus: (′); as, *com-mand′-ment.*

NOTE I.—Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented.

The more forcible stress of voice, is called the *Primary Accent;* and the less forcible, the *Secondary Accent.*

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT.

In the following examples the Primary Accent is designated by double accentual marks, thus:

Ed′′-u-cate′, ed′-u-ca′′-tion, mul′′-ti-ply′, mul′-ti-pli-ca′′-tion, sat′′-is-fy′, sat′-is-fac′′-tion, com′-pre-hend′′, com′-pre-hen′′-sion, rec′-om-mend′′, rec′-om-mend-a′′-tion, mo′′-ment-a′-ry, com-mu′′-ni-cate′, com′-pli-ment′′-al, in-dem′-ni-fi-ca′′-tion, ex′-tem-po-ra′′-ne-ous, coun′-ter-rev′-o-lu′′-tion-a-ry.

NOTE II.—The change of accent on the same word often changes its meaning.

EXAMPLES.

col′-league, *a partner.*	col-league′, *to unite with*
con′-duct, *behavior.*	con-duct′, *to lead.*
des′-cant, *a song or tune.*	des-cant′, *to comment.*
ob′-ject, *ultimate purpose.*	ob-ject′, *to oppose.*
in′-ter-dict, *a prohibition.*	in-ter-dict′, *to forbid.*
o′-ver-throw, *ruin; defeat.*	o-ver-throw′, *to throw down.*

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NOTE III—.Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics* When, however, different degrees of emphasis are to be denoted the higher degrees are designated by the use of Capitals, LARGER or SMALLER, according to the degree of intensity.

EXAMPLES.

1. Our motto shall be, *our country*, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

2. *Thou Child of Joy!* SHOUT round me: let me HEAR *thy shouts thou happy Shepherd Boy!*

3. Freedom calls you! *quick*, be ready,
Think of what your sires have done;
Onward, ONWARD! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den;
ON, and let the watchword be,
Country, HOME, and LIBERTY.

NOTE IV.—Emphasis, as before intimated, varies in degrees of intensity.

EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS.

1 He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted: "VICTORY!"
"*Charge*, Chester, CHARGE! *On*, Stanley, ON!"

2. A *month!* O, for a single WEEK! I ask not for *years'*, though an AGE were *too little* for the *much* I have to do.

3. *Now* for the FIGHT! *now* for the CANNON PEAL!
ONWARD! through *blood*, and *toil*, and *cloud*, and *fire!*
Glorious—the SHOUT, the SHOCK, the CRASH of STEEL,
The VOLLEY'S ROLL, the ROCKET'S BLAZING SPIRE!

4. Hear, O HEAVENS! and give ear, O EARTH!

NOTE V.—Emphasis sometimes changes the seat of accent from its ordinary position.

EXAMPLES.

There is a difference between *pos'*sibility and *prob'*ability.

And behold, the angels of God *as'*cending and *de'*scending on it.

For this corruptible must put on *in'*corruption, and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

Does his conduct deserve *ap'*probation, or *rep'*robation?

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NOTE VI.—There are two kinds of Emphasis:—*Absolute* and *Antithetic*. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. OH, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and *say:* "PEACE, BE STILL!"

2. The UNION, it MUST and SHALL BE PRESERVED!

3. HUSH! *breathe it not aloud,*
The wild winds must not hear it! Yet, again,
I tell thee—WE ARE FREE! KNOWLES.

4. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, THEN and not TILL then, let my epitaph be written. EMMETT.

5. If you are MEN, *follow* ME! STRIKE DOWN *yon guard, and gain the mountain passes.*

6. OH! *shame on us,* countrymen, SHAME *on us* ALL,
If we CRINGE to so dastard a race.

7. This doctrine *never was received;* it NEVER CAN, *by any* POSSIBILITY, BE RECEIVED; and, if admitted at ALL, it *must be by* THE TOTAL SUBVERSION OF LIBERTY!

8. Are you *Christians,* and, by upholding duelists, will you *deluge the land with blood,* and *fill it with widows and orphans?* BEECHER.

9. LIBERTY *and* UNION, NOW *and* FOREVER, ONE *and* INSEPARABLE. WEBSTER.

10. *Treason!* cried the speaker; *treason,* TREASON, TREASON, re-echoed from every part of the house.

11. The *war* is *inevitable,*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir,—LET IT COME! PATRICK HENRY

12. Be we *men,*
And suffer such dishonor? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in BLOOD? MISS MITFORD.

13. O SACRED FORMS! how *proud* you look!
How *high* you lift your heads into the sky!
How *huge* you are! how *mighty* and how *free!* KNOWLES

14. I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "My COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S, and TRUTH'S." WEBSTER

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NOTE VII.—ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. The faults of *others* should always remind us of our *own*.

2. He desired to *protect* his friend, not to *injure* him

3. But *yesterday*, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; *now* lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. SHAKSPEARE.

4. A *good name* is rather to be chosen than *great riches*. BIBLE.

5. We can do nothing *against* the truth; but *for* the truth. ID.

6. He that is *slow to anger*, is better than the *mighty*; and he that *ruleth his spirit*, than he that *taketh a city*. ID.

NOTE VIII.—The following examples contain two or more sets of Antitheses.

1. *Just men* are only *free*, the *rest* are *slaves*.

2. *Beauty* is like the *flower of spring*; *virtue* is like the *stars of heaven*.

3. *Truth* crushed to earth shall *rise* again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But *error*, wounded, *writhes* in pain,
And *dies* amid her worshipers. BRYANT.

4. A *false balance* is *abomination to the Lord*; but a *just weight* is *his delight*. BIBLE.

5. A *friend* can not be *known* in *prosperity*; and an *enemy* can not be *hidden* in *adversity*.

6. It is my *living sentiment*, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying sentiment*; INDEPENDENCE NOW, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER. WEBSTER.

7. We live in *deeds*, not *years*,—in *thoughts*, not *breath*,—in *feelings*, not in *figures on a dial*. We should count time by *heart-throbs*. He most *lives*, who THINKS THE MOST,—FEELS THE NOBLEST,—ACTS THE BEST

8 *You* have done the *mischief*, and *I* bear the *blame*.

9. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.

10. We must hold *them* as we hold the *rest* of mankind—*enemies* in *war*,—in *peace friends*. JEFFERSON.

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NOTE IX.—The sense of a passage is varied by changing the place of the emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. Has *James* seen his brother to-day? No; but *Charles* has.
2. Has James *seen* his brother to-day? No; but he has *heard* from him.
3. Has James seen *his* brother to-day? No; but he saw *yours*.
4. Has James seen his *brother* to-day? No: but he has seen his *sister*.
5. Has James seen his brother *to-day*? No; but he saw him *yesterday*.

REMARK.—To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained that emphasis consists merely in *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind, that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed, even by a whisper.

SECTION III.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, made in reading or speaking; as, Will you go to New York, or to Boston?

All the various sounds of the human voice may be comprehended under the general appellation of *tones*. The principal modifications of these tones are the MONOTONE, the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

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The Horizontal Line (—) denotes the Monotone.
The Rising Slide (/) denotes the Rising Inflection.
The Falling Slide (\) denotes the Falling Inflection.
The Curve (◡) denotes the Circumflex.

The MONOTONE is that sameness of sound, which arises from repeating the several words or syllables of a passage in one and the same general tone.

REMARK.—The Monotone is employed with admirable effect in the delivery of a passage that is solemn or sublime.

EXAMPLES.

1. O thōū thāt rōllēst ābōve, rōūnd ās thē shīēld ōf mȳ fāthers. whēnce āre thȳ bēāms, O sūn, thȳ ēvērlāstīng līght? OSSIAN.

2. 'Tīs mīdnīght's hōly hōūr, ānd sīlēnce nōw
Is brōōdīng, līke ā gēntlē spīrīt, ō'ēr
Thē stīll ānd pūlselēss wōrld. Hārk! ōn thē wīnds
Thē bēlls' dēēp tōnes āre swēllīng; 'tīs thē knēll
Of thē dēpārtēd yēār. PRENTICE.

3. Gōd cāme frōm Tēmān, ānd thē Hōly One frōm Mōūnt Pārān Sēlāh. Hīs glōry cōvēred thē hēavens, ānd thē ēarth wās fūll ōf Hīs prāise.

4. Bēfōre Hīm wēnt thē pēstīlēnce, ānd būrnīng cōals wēnt fōrth āt Hīs fēēt. Hē stōōd ānd mēasūred thē ēarth: Hē bēhēld, ānd drōve āsūndēr thē nātīons; ānd thē ēvērlāstīng mōūntaīns wēre scāttēred, thē pērpētūāl hīlls dīd bōw: Hīs wāys āre ēvērlāstīng. BIBLE.

5. Thē hēavens dēclāre thē glōry ōf Gōd, ānd thē fīrmāmēnt shōwēth Hīs hāndȳ wōrk. Dāy ūntō dāy ūttērēth spēēch, ānd nīght ūntō nīght shōwēth knōwlēdge. Thēre īs nō spēēch nōr lānguāge, whēre thēir vōīce īs nōt hēard. ID.

6. Hōw brīēf īs līfe! hōw pāssīng brīēf!
Hōw brīēf īts jōys ānd cāres!
It sēēms tō bē īn lēague wīth tīme,
And lēaves ūs ūnāwāres.

7. Thē thūndēr rōlls: bē hūshed thē prōstrāte wōrld,
Whīle clōūd tō clōūd rētūrns thē sōlēmn hȳmn. THOMSON

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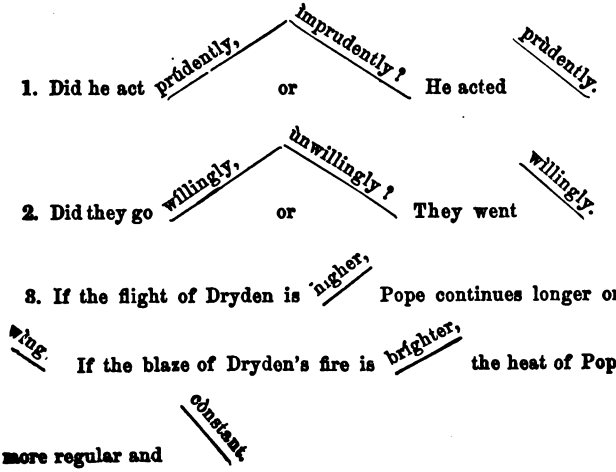
REMARK.—The inappropriate use of the monotone,—a fault into which young people naturally fall,—is a very grave and obstinate error. It is always tedious, and often even ridiculous. It should be studiously avoided.

The RISING INFLECTION is an upward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, Are you prepared to recite your lessons?

The FALLING INFLECTION is a downward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, What are you doing?

In the falling inflection, the voice should not sink below the *general pitch;* but in the rising inflection, it is raised above it.

The two inflections may be illustrated by the following diagrams:


1. Did he act prudently, or imprudently? He acted prudently.
2. Did they go willingly, or unwillingly? They went willingly.
3. If the flight of Dryden is higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter, the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant.

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4. Is honor's lofty soul forever fled'?
Is virtue lost'? Is martial ardor dead'?
Is there no heart where worth and valor dwell'?
No patriot WALLACE'? No undaunted TELL'?
Yes\, Freedom, yes\! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand\.

REMARK.—The same *degree* of inflection is not, at all times used, or indicated by the notation. The due degree to be employed, depends on the *nature* of what is to be expressed. For example; if a person, under great excitement, asks another: Are you in earnest? the degree of inflection would be much greater, than if he playfully asks: Are you in earnest? The former inflection may be called *intensive*, the latter, *common*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection; but their answers, generally, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1 Will you meet me at the depot'? Yes\; or, I will\.

2. Did you intend to visit Boston'? No\; or, I did not\.

3. Can you explain this difficult sentence'? Yes\; I can.

4 Are they willing to remain at home'? They are\.

5. Is this a time for imbecility and inaction'? By no means\.

6. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets'? I know that thou believest\.

7. Were the tribes of this country, when first discovered, making any progress in arts and civilization'? By no means\.

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To purchase heaven has gold the power'?
Can gold remove the mortal hour'?
In life, can love be bought with gold'?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold'?
No\; all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.

9. What would content you\'? Talents'? No\. Enterprise'? No\. Courage'? No\. Reputation'? No\. Virtue'? No\. The man whom you would select, should possess not one, but all of these\.

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes the intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Is*\ he not a bold and eloquent speaker\'?
2. *Can*\ such inconsistent measures be adopted\'?
3. *Did*\ you ever hear of such cruel barbarities\'?
4. *Is* this reason\'? *Is* it law\'? *Is* it humanity\'?
5. *Was*\ not the gentleman's argument conclusive\'?

RULE II.

Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. How far did you travel yesterday\'? Forty miles\.
2. Which of you brought this beautiful bouquet\'? Julia\.
3. Where do you intend to spend the summer\'? At Saratoga\.
4. When will Charles graduate at college\'? Next year\.
5. What is one of the most delightful emotions of the heart\'? Gratitude\.

NOTE I.—When the indirect question is one asking a repetition of what was not, at first, understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. When do you expect to return? Next week.
   When did you say'? Next week.
2. *Where* did you say William had gone'? To New York.

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NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressive of indifference, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you admire his discourse? Not much′.
2. Which way shall we walk? I am not particular′.
3. Can Henry go with us? If he chŏoses′.
4. What color do you prefer? I have no particular choice′.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you come to-morrow′ or next day′? Yes.
2. Will you come to-morrow,′ or next day‵? I will come to-morrow.

REMARK.—The first question asks if the person addressed will *come* within the two days, and may be answered by *yes* or *no;* but the second asks on *which* of the two days he will come, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

When questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first requires the *rising*, and the second, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Does he study for amusement′, or improvement‵?
2. Was he esteemed for his wealth′, or for his wisdom‵?
3. Sink′ or swim‵, live′ or die‵, survive′ or perish‵, I give my hand and heart to this vote. WEBSTER
4. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath-days′, or to do evil‵? to save life′, or to kill‵? BIBLE.
5. Was it an act of moral courage′, or cowardice‵, for Cato to fall on his sword‵?

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RULE IV.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase his stores′; but to diminish his desires\.

2. They have mouths′,—but they speak not\:
Eyes have they′,—but they see not\:
They have ears′,—but they hear not\:
Noses have they′,—but they smell not\:
They have hands′,—but they handle not\:
Feet have they′,—but they walk not\. BIBLE.

NOTE I.—When one of the antithetic clauses is a *negative*, and the other an *affirmative*, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. I said an elder soldier\, not a better′.

2. His acts deserve punishment\, rather than commiseration′.

3. This is no time for a tribunal of justice′, but for showing mercy\; not for accusation′, but for philanthropy\; not for trial′, but for pardon\; not for sentence and execution′, but for compassion and kindness\.

RULE V.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom′, neither shall fruit be in the vine′; the labor of the olive shall fail′, and the fields shall yield no meat′; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold′, and there shall be no herd in the stalls′; yet will I rejoice in the Lord\. I will joy in the God of my salvation\. BIBLE.

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NOTE I.—The ordinary direct address, not accompanied with strong emphasis, takes the *rising* inflection, on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Men′, brethren′, and fathers′, hear ye my defense which I make now unto you. BIBLE.

2. Ye living flowers′, that skirt the eternal frost′!
Ye wild goats′, sporting round the eagle's nest′!
Ye eagles′, playmates of the mountain storm′!
Ye lightnings′, the dread arrows of the clouds′!
Ye signs′ and wonders′ of the elements′!
Utter forth God\, and fill the hills with praise\! COLERIDGE.

NOTE II.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLE.

1. The prodigal, if he does not become a *pauper*\, will, at least, have but little to bestow on others.

REMARK.—If the *rising* inflection is given on *pauper*, the sense would be perverted, and the passage made to mean, that, in order to be able to bestow on others, it is necessary that he should become a pauper.

RULE VI.

Expressions of tenderness, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Mother′,—I leave thy dwelling′;
Oh! shall it be forever′?
With grief my heart is swelling′,
From thee′,—from thee′,—to sever′.

2. O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! Would God I had died for thee′, Absalom′, my son′, my son′! BIBLE.

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RULE VII.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1 Diligence\', industry\', and proper improvement of time′, are material duties of the young.\'

2 These through faith subdued kingdoms\', wrought righteousness\', obtained promises\', stopped the mouths of lions\', quenched the violence of fire\', escaped the edge of the sword\', out of weakness were made strong\', waxed valiant in fight′, turned to flight the armies of the aliens\'.

REMARK.—The rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause in order to promote variety, since the voice generally falls at the end of a sentence.

RULE VIII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. On YOU\', and on your CHILDREN\', be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day\'.

2. What a piece of workmanship is MAN\'! How noble in REASON\'! How infinite in FACULTIES\'!

3. O FOOLS\'! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me\'! BIBLE.

4. HENCE\', HOME\', *you idle creatures*\', GET YOU HOME\',
YOU BLOCKS\', YOU STONES\', YOU WORSE THAN USELESS THINGS\'!

5. Avaunt\'! and quit my sight\'! let the earth hide thee\'! Thy bones are marrowless ; thou hast no speculation in thine eyes which thou dost glare\' with. SHAKSPEARE.

6. Slave, do thy office\'! Strike\', as I struck the foe\'!
Strike, as I would have struck the tyrants\'!
Strike deep as my curse\'! Strike\', and but once\'! ID

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RULE IX.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Beware*\ what earth calls happiness; BEWARE\
All joys but joys that never can expire\.

2. A great mind\, a great heart\, a great orator\, a great career\, have been consigned to history\. BUTLER.

REMARK.—The stress of voice on each successive particular, or repetition, should gradually be increased as the subject advances.

The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, or with the *rising* and ending with the *falling;* as, If he goes to I shall go to

The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Yŏŭ, a beardless yŏŭth, pretend to teach a British gĕneral.
2. Whât! shear a wŏlf? a prowling wŏlf?
3. Mў father's trŭde? ah, really, that's too bad?
   Mў father's trŭde? Why, blockhead, are you măd?
   Mў father, sir, did never stoōp so low,—
   Hĕ was a gĕntleman, I'd have you know.
4. Whât! confer a crŏwn on the author of the public calămities?
5. But yŏŭ are very wĭse men, and deeply learned in the trŭth; wĕ are wĕak, contĕmptible, mĕan persons.
6. They pretend they come to imprŏve our stăte, enlărge our thŏughts, and freĕ us from ĕrror.
7. But yŏŭth, it seems, is not my ŏnly crime; I have been accused of acting a theâtrical part.
8. And this man has become a gŏd, and Cassius a wrĕtched creature.

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SECTION IV.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies those variations of the voice, heard in reading or speaking, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLES

EXPRESSIVE OF COURAGE AND CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.

FULL TONE
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, *once more*,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

MIDDLE TONE.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;

SHORT AND QUICK.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.

HIGH AND LOUD.
On, ON, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

QUICK, AND VERY LOUD.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
CRY—HEAVEN FOR HARRY! ENGLAND! AND ST. GEORGE!

SHAKSPEARE.

REMARK.—To read the foregoing example in one dull, monotonous tone of voice, without regard to the sentiment expressed, would render the passage extremely insipid and lifeless But by a proper modulation of the voice, it infuses into the mind of the reader or hearer the most animating and exciting emotions.

The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First*, it is varied in PITCH; that is, from *high* to *low* tones, and the reverse. *Secondly*, it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness* or *volume* of sound. *Thirdly*, it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed

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PITCH OF VOICE.

PITCH OF VOICE has reference to its degree of elevation.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the KEY NOTE.

As an exercise in varying the voice in pitch, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, as represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sound, and lastly, the proposed sentence,—ascending and descending.

8.—do—●—*e*–in–*me*.—Virtue alone survives.—
7. si ● *i* in *die*. Virtue alone survives.
6.—la—●—*o*–in–*do*.—Virtue alone survives.
5. sol ● *o* in *no*. Virtue alone survives.
4.—fa—●—*a*–in–*at*.—Virtue alone survives.
3. mi ● *a* in *ate*. Virtue alone survives.
2.—re—●—*a*–in–*far*.—Virtue alone survives.
1 do ● *a* in *all*. Virtue alone survives.

Although the voice is capable of as many variations in speaking, as are marked on the musical scale, yet for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make but *three* degrees of variation, viz., the *Low*, the *Middle*, and the *High*.

1. THE LOW PITCH is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity, awe*, and *reverence*.

EXAMPLE.

Silence how dead! darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,—
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. YOUNG

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2. THE MIDDLE PITCH is that usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought* and *moderate emotion*.

EXAMPLES.

1 It was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay, that I lately walked in a beautiful flower garden, and, at once, regaled the senses and indulged the fancy. HERVEY.

2 "*I love to live*," said a prattling boy,
As he gayly played with his new-bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth,
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

3. THE HIGH PITCH is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous* and *elevated feelings*.

EXAMPLE.

Higher, *higher*, EVER HIGHER,—
Let the watchword be "ASPIRE!"
Noble Christian youth;
Whatsoe'er be God's behest,
Try to do that duty best,
In the strength of Truth. M. F. TUPPER.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY is two-fold;—consisting in FULLNESS or VOLUME of sound, as *soft* or *loud;* and in TIME, as *slow* or *quick*. The former has reference to STRESS, the latter, to MOVEMENT.

The degrees of variation in quantity are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper to a vehement shout. But for all practical purposes, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud*.

For exercise in quantity, let the pupil read any sentence, as,

"Beauty is a fading flower."

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first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice. Also, let him read it first very slowly, and then repeat it gradually increasing the movement. In doing this, he should be careful not to vary the pitch.

In like manner, let him repeat any vowel sound, or all of them, and also inversely. Thus:

c c o o o o o o o o O O

O O o o o o o o o o o o

REMARK.—Quantity is often mistaken for Pitch. But it should be borne in mind that quantity has reference to *loudness* or *volume* of sound, and pitch to the *elevation* or *depression* of a tone. The difference may be distinguished by the slight and heavy strokes on a bell:—both of which produce sounds alike in *pitch;* but they differ in *quantity* or *loudness*, in proportion as the strokes are light or heavy.

RULES FOR QUANTITY.

1. SOFT, OR SUBDUED TONES, are those which range from a whisper to a complete vocality, and are used to express *fear*, *caution*, *secrecy*, *solemnity*, and all *tender emotions.*

EXAMPLES.

1 We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. HOOD.

2. Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly,
On her young breast. D. E. GOODMAN

3. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

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2 A MIDDLE TONE, or medium loudness of voice, is employed in reading *narrative*, *descriptive*, or *didactic sentences*.

EXAMPLE.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

3. A LOUD TONE, or fullness and stress of voice is used in expressing *violent passions* and *vehement emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. STAND! *the ground's your own*, my braves,—
Will ye give it up to *slaves*?
Will ye look for *greener graves*?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy *despots* feel?
Hear it in that *battle-peal*,—
Read it on yon *bristling steel*,—
Ask it—*ye who will!* PIERPONT.

2 "HOLD!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply: "INDEPENDENCE OR DEATH!"

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* uttered.

Two sounds may be alike in quantity and pitch, yet differ in quality. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may agree in pitch and quantity, yet be unlike in quality. The same is true in regard to the tones of the voice of two individuals. This difference is occasioned mainly by the different positions of the vocal organs.

The qualities of voice mostly used in reading or speaking, and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural*

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RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. THE PURE TONE is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, usually accompanied with the middle pitch of voice, and is adapted to express emotions of *joy*, *cheerfulness*, *love*, and *tranquillity*.

EXAMPLE.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring,
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing. COWPER.

2. THE OROTUND is a full, deep, round, and pure tone of voice, peculiarly adapted in expressing *sublime* and *pathetic emotions*.

EXAMPLE.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! Thou speakest from above:
Almighty! trembling, like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice. Alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

3. THE ASPIRATED TONE of voice is not a pure, vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, and is used to express *amazement*, *fear*, *terror*, *anger*, *revenge*, *remorse*, and *fervent emotions*.

EXAMPLE.

Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

4. THE GUTTURAL QUALITY is a deep, aspirated tone of voice, used to express *aversion*, *hatred*, *loathing*, and *contempt*.

EXAMPLE.

Tell me I *hate* the bowl?
HATE is a feeble word:
I *loathe*, ABHOR, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.

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NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(') high.	(*p.*) soft.
(° °) high and loud.	(*pp.*) very soft.
(₀) low.	(*f.*) loud.
(₀ ₀) low and loud.	(*ff.*) very loud.
(=) quick.	(*pl.*) plaintive.
(′) short and quick.	(<) increase.
(*sl*) slow.	(>) decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

(*p*) Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
(*f.*) But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

(*sl.*) When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
(=) Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. POPE

(°₋) Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
(*ff.*) Shout "FREEDOM" till your lisping ones
Give back the cradle shout. WHITTIER.

(*pl*) "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!" WILLIS

(*sl.*) The sun hath set in folded clouds,—
Its twilight rays are gone,
(₀) And, gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
(*pl.*) Alas! how ill that bursting storm
(>) The fainting spirit braves,
(*p.*) When they,—the lovely and the lost,—
(*pl.*) Are gone to early graves!

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(°) On! onward still! o'er the land he sweeps,
(<) With wreck, and ruin, and rush, and roar,
Nor stops to look back
On his dreary track,
(″) But speeds to the spoils before. MISS J. H. LEWIS.

From every battle-field of the revolution—from Lexington and Bunker Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw—from the cane-brakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long-prolonged echoes came up—(*f.*) "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." (<) From every valley in our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides—from the ships at our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freemen—from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up, like the sound of many waters, (*ff.*) "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." BANCROFT.

(*p.*) Hark!
(*sl.*) Along the vales and mountains of the earth
(o) There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
(=) Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
(<) And hurries onward, with his night of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM,—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
(<) From every hill-top of her western home;
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,—
(°°) And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations, starting from the spell of years. G. D. PRENTICE.

(>) The thunders hushed,—
The trembling lightning fled away in fear,—
(*p.*) The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest,—
The raging winds grew still,—
(*pp.*) There was a calm.

(°,°,) "Quick! Man the boat!" (=) Away they spring
The stranger ship to aid,
(*f.*) And loud their hailing voices ring,
As rapid speed they made.

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(*p.*) Hush! lightly tread! still tranquilly she sleeps;
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
To break the heavenly spell. (*pp.*) Move silently.

Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
(<) Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? (°<) Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds? YOUNG

(:=) Away! away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
(=) Away! away to the vale below,
Where the streams are gently laving.

An hour passed on;—the Turk awoke;—
That bright dream was his last;—
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
(∞) "To ARMS! they come! (*ff.*) THE GREEK! THE GREEK!"
(*pl.*) He woke—to die, midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;—
(∞) "*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!" HALLECK.

He said, and on the rampart hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
(*sl.*) Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
(*pp.*) Still as the breeze, ($_{oo}$) but dreadful as the storm!
(p_o) Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
(*ff.*) REVENGE, or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
(∞) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
(*f.*) And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! CAMPBELL.

($\frac{<}{o}$) His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice would deepen, ($_{oo}$) like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, ('') his flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his hearers, (<) like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.

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(>) Receding now, the dying numbers ring
(*p.*) Fainter and fainter, down the rugged dell:
(*pp.*) And now—'tis silent all—enchantress, fare thee well.

(=) Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come,
When the nations to freedom awake,
When the royalists stand agape and dumb,
And monarchs with terror shake!
Over the walls of majesty,
"Upharsin" is writ in words of fire,
And the eyes of the bondmen, wherever they be,
Are lit with their wild desire.
(<) Soon, soon shall the thrones that blot the world,
Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurl'd,
And the world roll on, like a hurricane's breath,
Till the farthest nation hears what it saith,—
(*ff.*) "ARISE! ARISE! BE FREE!" T. B. READ.

(*p.*) Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
(*pl.*) Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now. MRS. SOUTHEY.

(*p.*) SPEAK OUT, my friends; would you exchange it for the DEMON'S DRINK, (*ff.*) ALCOHOL? A *shout*, like the *roar* of a tempest, answered, (∞) NO!

(∞) The combat deepens! (*ff.*) ON! YE BRAVE!
(=) Who rush to GLORY, (*p.*) or the GRAVE!
(*ff.*) WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
(*pl.*) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
(*sl.*) Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! CAMPBELL.

(*sl.*) At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
(∞) "LAND! LAND!" cry the sailors; (*ff.*) "LAND! LAND!"—he awakes,—
(*rf*) He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight!
THE LAND! *O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!*

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SECTION V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical point.

These pauses should be as manifest to the ear as those which are indicated by the comma, semicolon, or other grammatical point, though not commonly denoted by any visible sign. In the following examples they are denoted thus, (‖).

EXAMPLES.

1. In slumbers of midnight‖ the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose‖ at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary,‖ his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness‖ danced o'er his mind. DIMOND.

2. There is a land,‖ of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven‖ o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns‖ dispense serener light,
And milder moons‖ imparadise the night.
O, thou shalt find,‖ howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country,‖ and that spot thy home!

This pause is generally made before or after the utterance of some important word or clause, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. In such cases it is usually denoted by the use of the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1 God said—"*Let there be light!*"

2 All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spoke creation's word,
And called to being—Day!

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No definite rule can be given with reference to the length of the rhetorical, or grammatical pause. The correct taste of the reader or speaker must determine it. For the voice should sometimes be suspended much longer at the same pause in one situation than in another; as in the two following

EXAMPLES.

LONG PAUSE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again; but it is going from us. It sounds fainter,—still fainter It is gone.

SHORT PAUSE.

John, be quick. Get some water. Throw the powder overboard. "It can not be reached." Jump into the boat, then. Shove off. There goes the powder. Thank Heaven. We are safe.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to secure an easy and elegant style in reading, to refer the pupil often to the more important principles involved in a just elocution. To this end, it will be found very advantageous, occasionally to review the rules and directions given in the preceding pages, and thus early accustom him to apply them in the subsequent reading lessons. For a wider range of examples and illustrations, it is only necessary to refer to the numerous and various exercises which form the body of this book. They have been selected, in many cases, with a special view to this object.

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SANDERS'

RHETORICAL READER.

PART SECOND.

EXERCISE I.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in the year 1819. In 1843 he published a work, under the title of "*Modern Painters,*" in which he advocates the claims of the moderns over the ancients to superiority in the art of Landscape Painting. In that work he deals, in the most trenchant way, with what are considered the highest authorities in art; yet such is the brilliancy of his diction, and such his power in description, that, though he often fails to secure for his views the assent of professed judges, he never fails to challenge the admiration of all by the splendor of his style. He has published quite a number of works since, and is still devoted to the study of art.

THE SKY.

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

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3. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them, if he be always with them; but the sky is for *all;* bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust.

5. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

6. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.

7. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky, as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at

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noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

8 All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and lost faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning.

9. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood,—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once,—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

10. These are what the artist of highest aim must study; it is these, by the combination of which his ideal is to be created; these of which so little notice is ordinarily taken by common observers, that I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that, if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters

11. "The chasm of sky above my head
Is Heaven's profoundest azure. No domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds, to occupy,
Or to pass through; but rather an *abyss*
In which the everlasting stars abide,

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And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might tempt
The curious eye to look for them by day."

12. In his American Notes, I remember Dickens notices the same truth, describing himself as lying drowsily on the barge deck, looking not *at*, but *through* the sky. And, if you look intensely at the pure blue of a serene sky, you will see that there is a variety and fullness in its very repose. It is not that flat, dead color, but a deep, quivering, transparent body of penetrable air, in which you trace or imagine short, falling spots of deceiving light, and dim shades, faint, vailed vestiges of dark vapor.

13. It seems to me that, in the midst of the material nearness of the heavens, God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God!" "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every dropping swathe of rain, His promises of everlasting love. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun;" whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple vail is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring.

14. And, in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we can not behold Him; but as the

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Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are, indeed, His dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it His footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words,—"*Our Father which art in Heaven!*"

EXERCISE II.

JOSEPH ADDISON, author of the following beautiful lines, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in England, in the year 1672. He died in 1719. For a sketch of his character, see Exercise CXXIII.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

ADDISON

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied SUN, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The MOON takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

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Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no *real* voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In *Reason's* ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"*The Hand that made us, is divine!*"

EXERCISE III.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in the county of Longford, Ireland, in the year 1728, and died in London, in 1774. "There are few writers," says Washington Irving, "for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith. The fascinating ease and simplicity of his style; the benevolence that beams through every page; the whimsical, yet amiable view of human life and human nature; the mellow unforced humor, blended so happily with good feeling and good sense, throughout his writings, win their way irresistibly to the affections, and carry the author with them. While writers of greater pretensions and more sounding names are suffered to lie upon our shelves, the works of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds; they sweeten our tempers and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world; and, in doing so, they make us happier and better men."

[1] AL'LEGORY is a word of Greek origin. It is made up of two parts, ALL, *other*, and EGORY, *discourse:* the literal meaning of the compound being *discourse* about *other* things, that is, things *other* than those expressed by the words, *literally* interpreted Thus, in the LXXX Psalm, we have a beautiful allegory, in which the chosen people of God are represented under the figure of a vine planted and nurtured by the hand of the Almighty.

Allegory is, therefore, the general name for that class of compositions, as *Fables*, *Apologues*, *Parables*, and *Myths*, in which there is a *double* signification, one *literal* and the other *figurative:* the literal being

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designed merely to give a more clear and impressive view of that which is figurative. It is, indeed, a *lively*, though *silent* comparison, or series of comparisons; differing from what is called metaphor, or *implied* comparison, merely in being more *extended*. Thus, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is an allegory.

GRACE PREFERABLE TO BEAUTY:—AN ALLEGORY.[1]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. I fancied myself between two landscapes; this called the Region of Beauty, and that the Valley of the Graces; the one adorned with all that luxuriant nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution, was here conspicuous; the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end.

2. The Valley of the Graces, on the other hand, seemed, by no means, so inviting; the streams and groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres,* no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and nature.

3. The most striking objects ever first allure the traveler. I entered the Region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddess. I perceived several strangers who entered with the same design; and what surprised me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

4. After some fatigue, I had, at last, the honor of being introduced to the goddess, who represented Beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers, lately introduced like me; all regarding her form in ecstasy. "Ah, what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!" At these exclamations, Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavor to counterfeit modesty, but soon again looking round as if to confirm every spectator in his

* Par terres' (*pär târes'*), flower-beds.

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favorable sentiments: sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles; and, at intervals, would bridle back, in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

5. This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon, however, began to perceive the defect. "What!" said we among each other, "are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks, and inclinations of the head? will the goddess only deign to satisfy our eyes?" Upon this, one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present, most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world, but still not a word escaped her lips.

6. I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off one by one, and, resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when, just at the door of the temple, I was called back by a female, whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behavior of the company.

7. "Where are you hastening?" said she to me with an angry air; "the goddess of Beauty is here." "I have been to visit her, madam," replied I, "and find her more beautiful even than report had made her." "And why, then, will you leave her?" added the female. "I have seen her long enough," returned I; "I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same Her nose is a very fine one, but it is such a nose now as it was half an hour ago: could she throw a little more *mind* into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have a little more of her company."

8. "What signifies," replied the female, in an animated tone, "whether she has a mind or not; has she any occasion for a mind, so formed as she is by nature? If she had a common face, indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it; but, when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavor to keep it so: the impression it would receive from thought, would but disturb its

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whole economy." To this speech I made no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who before had been my companions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the same errand.

9. As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found everything so natural, so domestic and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gayety and good humor. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was nowhere to be found. One of our companions asserted, that her temple lay to the right; another, to the left; a third insisted that it was straight before us; and a fourth that we had left it behind. In short, we found everything familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the Grace in person.

10. In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and, though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself, at once stole upon the soul and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice which, though we could not see from whence it came, addressed us in this manner.

11. "If you would find the goddess of Grace, seek her not under *one* form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing nowhere, is charmed with the whole. She is now Contemplation with solemn look, again Compassion with humid eyes; she now sparkles with Joy, soon every feature speaks Distress: her looks at times, invite our approach, at others, repress our presumption. The goddess can not be properly called beautiful under any one of these forms, but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing."

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EXERCISE IV.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, one of the most eminent poets of America, was born in Portland, Maine, Feb. 27th, 1807. He is still living. For a sketch of him, see Exercise XXIII.

[1] TAL'MUD is a Hebrew word meaning *doctrine*. It is the name applied to a work containing a vast number of *traditions* respecting the usages and laws of the Jewish people. The law, among that people, was divided into the *written* and the *unwritten*. The *written* law embraced the five books of Moses; the *unwritten* was handed down *orally*: the *oral* being, in fact, explanatory of the *written*. But, in time, the *oral* came, also, to be put in writing, and formed the *text* of the Talmud. This was first done, it is believed, about the year 200. There are two separate *commentaries* on this text, which are distinguished respectively, as the Babylonian and the Jerusalem.

[2] LE'GEND or LEG'END (in Latin *legendum*) is, literally, a thing *to be read*, that is, *worth reading*. The primary application of the term, however, was to tales of a fictitious character, founded on ecclesiastical tradition.

[3] RAB'BIN or RAB'BI is, among the Hebrews, a title equivalent to our word *Doctor*, *Master*, or *Teacher*.

[4] MEDI Æ'VAL is compounded of two Latin words, (MEDIUS, *middle*, and ÆVUM, *age*,) and signifies *pertaining to the Middle Ages*.

SANDALPHON.

LONGFELLOW

I.

Have you read in the Talmud[1] of old,
In the Legends[2] the Rabbins[3] have told
  Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
  Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

II.

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light,

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That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

III.

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

IV.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

V.

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

VI.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed

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VII.

It is but a legend I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more

VIII.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

IX.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

EXERCISE V.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, author of the following beautiful lines, is an eminent American poet. He was born near Haverhill, in Massachusetts, in the year 1808.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.

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The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

II.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, oh, mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

III.

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

IV.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all.

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EXERCISE VI.

JOHN WILSON, the celebrated professor of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, was born in Paisley, in the year 1788. He was first distinguished by his poetical effusions. Afterwards he became far more so by his writings in prose. The incident related in the exercise following, is one of the many beautiful and impressive things found in his famous contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, under the title of Christopher North.

THE ANGEL IN THE THUNDER-STORM.

JOHN WILSON.

1. How beautifully emerges that sun-stricken cottage from the rocks, that all around it are floating in a blue vapory light! Were we so disposed, methinks we could easily write a little book entirely about the obscure people that have lived and died about that farm, by name LOGAN BRAES. Neither is it without its old traditions. One May-day long ago—some two centuries since—that rural festival was there interrupted by a thunder-storm, and the party of youths and maidens, driven from the budding arbors, were all assembled in the ample kitchen.

2. The house seemed to be in the very heart of the thunder; and the master began to read, without declaring it to be a religious service, a chapter of the Bible; but the frequent flashes of lightning so blinded him, that he was forced to lay down the book, and all then sat still without speaking a word; many with pale faces, and none without a mingled sense of awe and fear. The maiden forgot her bashfulness as the rattling peals shook the roof-tree, and hid her face in her lover's bosom; the children crept closer and closer, each to some protecting knee. and the dogs came all into the house, and lay down in dark places Now and then there was a convulsive, irrepressible, but half-stifled shriek—some sobbed—and a loud hysterical laugh from one overcome with terror, sounded ghastly between the deepest of all dread repose—that which separates one peal from another, when the flash and the roar are as one, and the thick air smells of sulphur.

3. The body feels its mortal nature, and shrinks as if about to be withered into nothing. Now the muttering thunder seems

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to have changed its place to some distant cloud—now, as if returning to blast those whom it had spared, waxes louder and fiercer than before—till the great tree that shelters the house is shivered with a noise like the masts of a ship carried away by the board.

4. 'Look! father, look!—see, yonder is an angel all in white, descending from heaven!" said little Alice, who had already been almost in the attitude of prayer, and now clasped her hands together, and steadfastly, and, without fear of the lightning, eyed the sky—"One of God's holy angels—one of those who sing before the Lamb!" And, with an inspired rapture, the fair child sprung to her feet. "See ye her not—see ye her not—father—mother? Lo! she beckons to me with a palm in her hand, like one of the palms in that picture in our Bible, when our Savior is entering into Jerusalem! There she comes, nearer and nearer the earth. Oh! pity, forgive, and have mercy on me, thou most beautiful of all the angels, even for His name's sake!"

5. All eyes were turned towards the black heavens, and then to the raving child. Her mother clasped her to her bosom, afraid that terror had turned her brain—and her father, going to the door, surveyed an ampler space of the sky. She flew to his side, and clinging to him again, exclaimed in a wild outcry,—"On her forehead a star! on her forehead a star! And, oh! on what lovely wings she is floating away, away into eternity! The angel, father, is calling me by my Christian name, and I must no more abide on earth; but, touching the hem of her garment, be wafted away to heaven." Sudden, as a bird let loose from the hand, darted the maiden from her father's bosom, and, with her face upward to the skies, pursued her flight.

6 Young and old left the house, and, at that moment, the forked lightning came from the crashing cloud, and struck the whole tenement into ruins. Not a hair on any head was singed: and, with one accord, the people fell down upon their knees. From the eyes of the child, the angel, or vision of the angel, had disappeared; but, on her return to Heaven, the celestial heard the hymn that rose from those that were saved, and above

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all the voices, the small, sweet, silvery voice of her whose eyes alone were worthy of beholding a saint transfigured.

EXERCISE VII.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born in Bristol, England, in the year 1774, and died in 1843. He is distinguished both as a poet and as a prose writer. His writings are numerous. The following humorous tale is one of his best pieces in this line. The *story*, however, is not original with him; but the *verse* only.

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

ABRIDGED FROM SOUTHEY.

I.

Roprecht the Robber is taken at last;
In Cologne they have him fast;
Trial is over, and sentence past;
And hopes of escape were vain, he knew;
For the gallows now must have its due.

II.

But buried Roprecht must not be;
He is to be left on the triple tree;
That they who pass along, may spy
Where the famous robber is hanging on high.

III.

It will be a comfortable sight
To see him there by day and by night;
For Roprecht the Robber many a year
Had kept the country round in fear.

IV.

In his suit of irons he was hung;
They sprinkled him then, and their psalm they sung;
And, turning away when this duty was paid,
They said,—"What a goodly end he had made."

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V.

The crowd broke up, and went their way;
All were gone by the close of day;
And Roprecht the Robber was left there
Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

VI.

The stir in Cologne is greater to-day
Than all the bustle of yesterday;
Hundreds and thousands went out to see;
The irons and chains, as well as he,
Were gone, but the rope was left on the tree

VII.

A wonderful thing! for every one said
He had hung till he was dead, dead, dead;
And on the gallows was seen, from noon
Till ten o'clock, in the light of the moon.

VIII.

Moreover, the hangman was ready to swear
He had done his part with all due care;
And that certainly better hanged than he
No one ever was, or ever *could* be.

IX.

So 'twas thought, because he had died so well,
He was taken away by miracle.
But would he again alive be found?
Or had he been laid in holy ground?

X.

'Twas a whole week's wonder in that great town,
And in all places, up the river and down;
But a greater wonder took place of it then;
For Roprecht was found on the gallows again.

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XI.

With that the whole city flocked out to see;
There Roprecht was on the triple tree,
Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be;
But fresh he was, as if spells had charmed him,
And neither wind nor weather had harmed him

XII.

While the multitude stood in a muse,
One said,—"I am sure he was hanged in shoes;"
In this the hangman and all concurred;
But now, behold, he was booted and spurred!

XIII.

Plainly, therefore, it was to be seen,
That somewhere on horseback he had been;
And at this the people marveled more,
Than at anything which had happened before.

XIV.

For not in riding trim was he,
When he disappeared from the triple tree;
And his suit of irons he still was in,
With the collar that clipped him under the chin

XV.

Roprecht the Robber had long been their curse,
And hanging had only made him worse;
For bad as he was when living, they said
They had rather meet him alive than dead

XVI.

So some were for digging a pit in the place,
And burying him there with a stone on his face;
And that hard on his body the earth should be pressed,
And exorcists be sent for to lay him at rest.

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XVII.

But others, whose knowledge was greater, opined
That this corpse was too strong to be confined;
No weight of earth which they could lay,
Would hold him down a single day,
If he chose to get up and ride away.

XVIII.

But fire, they said, had been proved to be
The only infallible remedy;
So they were for burning the body outright,
Which would put a stop to his riding by night.

XIX.

Some were for this, and some for that,
And some they could not tell for what;
And never was such commotion known
In that great city of Cologne.

XX.

Pieter Snoye was a boor of good renown,
Who dwelt about an hour and a half from the town,
And he, while the people were all in debate,
Went quietly in at the city gate.

XXI.

For Father Kijf* he sought about,
His Confessor, till he found him out;
But the Father Confessor wondered to see
The old man, and what his errand might be.

XXII.

And something so strange the Father saw
In Pieter's looks, and his hum and his haw,
That he began to doubt it was something more
Than a trifle omitted in last week's score.

* Kijf (*kife*)

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XXIII.

At length, it came out, that in the affair
Of Roprecht the Robber he had some share.
The Confessor then gave a start in fear—
God grant there have been no witchcraft here.

XXIV.

Pieter Snoye, who was looking down,
With something between a smile and a frown,
Felt that suspicion move his bile,
And looked up with more of a frown than a smile.

XXV.

"Though I am, as you very well know, Father Kijf,
A peaceable man, and keep clear of strife,
It's a queerish business that now I've been in;
But I can't say that it's much of a sin."

XXVI.

"Under the seal, I tell it you,
And you will judge what is best to do,
That no hurt to me and my son may ensue.
No earthly harm have we intended,
And what was ill done, has been well mended.

XXVII.

"I and my son, Piet Pieterszoon,
Were returning home, by the light of the moon,
From this good city of Cologne,
On the night of the execution day;
And hard by the gibbet was our way.

XXVIII.

"About midnight it was we were passing by,
My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
When we heard a moaning as we came near,
Which made us quake, at first, for fear.

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XXIX.

"But the moaning was presently heard again,
And we knew it was nothing ghostly then;
'Lord help us, father!' Piet Pieterszoon said,
'Roprecht, for certain, is not dead.'

XXX.

"So under the gallows our cart we drive.
And, sure enough, the man was alive
Because of the irons that he was in,
He was hanging, not by the *neck*, but the *chin*.

XXXI.

"The reason why things had got thus wrong,
Was that the rope had been left too long;
The hangman's fault—a clumsy rogue,
He is not fit to hang a dog.

XXXII.

"Now Roprecht, as long as the people were there,
Never stirred hand or foot in the air;
But when, at last, he was left alone,
By that time so much of his strength was gone,
That he could do little more than groan."

XXXIII.

"Father Kijf, we could not bear
To leave him hanging in misery there;
And 'twas an act of mercy, I cannot but say,
To get him down, and take him away.

XXXIV.

"My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
We took him down, seeing none was nigh;
And we took off his suit of irons with care,
When we got him home, and we hid him there.

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XXXV.

"The secret, as you may guess, was known
To Alit, my wife, but to her alone;
And never sick man, I dare aver,
Was better tended than he was by her.

XXXVI.

"Piet Pieterszoon, my son, and I,
We heard folks talk as we stood by,
And Piet looked at me with a comical eye.
We thought them fools, but, you shall see,
Not over wise ourselves were we.

XXXVII.

"For, I must tell you, Father Kijf,
That when we told this to Alit, my wife,
She at the notion perked up with delight,
And said she believed the people were right.

XXXVIII.

"Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear
That there must have been a miracle here;
And we had the happiness to be in it,
Having been brought there just at the minute

XXXIX.

"Well, Father, we kept him at bed and board,
Till his neck was cured and his strength restored
And we should have sent him off this day
With something to help him on his way.

XL.

"But this wicked Roprecht, what did he?
Though he had been saved thus mercifully;
Hanging had done him so little good,
That he took to his old ways as soon as he could

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XLI.

"Last night, when we were all asleep,
Out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep;
Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he put on,
And stole my best horse, and away he was gone.

XLII

"Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so hard,
But she heard the horse's feet in the yard;
And, when she jogged me, and bade me wake,
My mind misgave me as soon as she spake.

XLIII.

"To the window my good woman went,
And watched which way his course he bent;
And, in such time as a pipe can be lit,
Our horses were ready with bridle and bit.

XLIV.

"Away, as fast as we could hie,
We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I;
And still on the plain we had him in sight;
The moon did not shine for nothing that night.

XLV.

"Knowing the ground and riding fast,
We came up with him at last;
And—would you believe it? Father Kijf,
The ungrateful wretch would have taken my life,
If he had not missed his stroke with a knife.

XLVI.

"The struggle in no long time was done,
Because, you know, we were two to one;
But yet all our strength we were fain to try,
Piet Pieterszoon, my son, and I.

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XLVII.

"When we had got him on the ground,
We fastened his hands, and his legs we bound
And across the horse we laid him then,
And brought him back to the house again."

XLVIII.

"'We have robbed the gallows and that was ill done;'
Said I to Piet Pieterszoon, my son,
'And restitution we must make
To that same gallows, for justice' sake.'

XLIX.

"In his suit of irons the rogue we arrayed,
And once again in the cart he was laid;
Night not yet so far was spent,
But there was time enough for our intent;
And back to the triple tree we went.

L.

"His own rope was ready there,
To measure the length we took good care;
And the job which the bungling hangman begun,
This time, I think, was properly done,
By me and Piet Pieterszoon, my son."

EXERCISE VIII.

JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE was born in New Haven, Ct., Sept. 24th, 1789, and died near the same place, Jan. 4th, 1841. He was a writer of considerable merit, both in prose and verse. The following is from a drama by him, entitled HADAD. In this play, Hadad is represented as a person of the royal blood of Damascus, detained as a hostage in Jerusalem. The TAMAR, here introduced, is a daughter of Absalom, who is described (II. Sam., chap. xiv. v. 27) as "a woman of fair countenance." Absalom, in furtherance of his ambitious projects, is disposed to give her in marriage to Hadad; nor is

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she herself averse to the alliance, as will appear in the dialogue. NATHAN is the celebrated prophet who so pointedly rebuked king David (II. Sam., chap. xii.).

[1] THEBES, the "hundred-gated city," was situated in Upper Egypt. It was said to have 20,000 war-chariots, and a circuit of not less than 17 miles. Its flourishing era lasted nearly eight centuries, that is, from B. C. 1600 to B. C. 800. The site of the city is now a desert, or occupied by a few straggling villages.

[2] PALIBŌ'THRA, or Palimbō'thra, a celebrated city of ancient India, now known by the name of *Patna*.

[3] SEREN'DIB, an old name for the island of Ceylon; so called by the Arabs.

[4] ILIUM is only another name for ancient Troy in Asia Minor.

[5] ELI'SHAH'S ISLES, so called from Elishah, a son of Javan (Gen. x. iv.). His descendants are supposed to have peopled Greece, especially the southern part, as also the islands of the Ægean Sea.

[6] MEM'NON is represented by most Greek writers as king of Ethiopia. He fought against the Greeks in the Trojan War, and was slain by Achilles.

[7] URIM and THUMMIM, *lights* and *truths;* a kind of ornaments on the breastplate of the high priest, in virtue of which he gave answers to the people in certain cases of appeal to God.

SCENE FROM HADAD.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

An Apartment in Absalom's House. Nathan and Tamar.

Nath. But tell me, hast thou ever noted
Amidst his many shining qualities
Aught strange or singular?—unlike to others?
That caused thy wonder? even to thyself
Moved thee to say, "How?—Wherefore's this?"

Tam. Never.

Nath. Nothing that marked him from the rest of men?—
Hereafter you shall know why thus I question.

Tam. O, yes, unlike he seems in many things,—
In knowledge, eloquence, high thoughts.

Nath. Proud thoughts
Thou mean'st?

Tam. I'm but a young and simple maid;

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But, father, he, of all my ears have judged,
Is master of the loftiest, richest mind.
Nath. How have I wronged him! deeming him more apt
For intricate designs, and daring deeds,
Than contemplation's solitary flights.
Tam. Seer, his far-soaring thoughts ascend the stars,
Pierce the unseen abyss, pervade, like light,
The universe, and wing the infinite
Nath. (*fixing his eyes upon her*)
What stores of love, and praise, and gratitude
He thence must bring to Him whose mighty hand
Fashioned their glories, hung yon golden orbs
Amidst His firmament; who bids
The day-spring know his place, and sheds from all
Sweet influences; who bars the haughty sea,
Binds fast his dreadful hail, but drops the dew
Nightly upon His people! How his soul,
Returning from its quest through Earth and Heaven,
Must glow with holy fervor! Doth it, maiden?
Tam. Ah! father, father, were it so indeed, I were too happy!
Nath. How!—expound thy words.
Tam. Though he has trod the confines of the world,
Knows all its wonders, and almost has pierced
The secrets of eternity, his heart
Is melancholy, lone, discordant, save
When love attunes it into happiness.
He hath not found, alas! the peace which dwells
But with our fathers' God.
Nath. And canst thou love
One who loves not Jehovah?
Tam. O, ask not.
Nath. (*fervently.*)
My child! thou wouldst not wed an Infidel?
Tam. (*in tears*) O, no! O, no!
Nath. Why then this embassage? Why doth your sire
Still urge the king? Why hast thou hearkened it?
Tam. There was a time when I had hopes,—when truth

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Seemed dawning in his mind,—and sometimes still,
Such heavenly glimpses shine, that my fond heart
Refuses to forego the hope, at last,
To number him with Israel.
Nath. Beware,
Or thou'lt delude thy soul to ruin. Say,
Doth he attend our holy ordinances?
Tam. He promises observance.
Nath. Two full years
Hath he abode in Jewry.
Tam. Prophet, think
How he was nurtured—in the faith of Idols;
That impious worship long since he abjured
By his own native strength; and now he looks
Abroad through Nature's works, and yet must rise.
Nath. Speaks he of Moses?
Tam. Familiar as thyself.
Nath. I think thou said'st he had surveyed the world?
Tam. O father, he can speak
Of hundred-gated Thebes,[1] towered Babylon,
And mightier Nineveh, vast Palibothra,[2]
Serendib[3] anchored by the gates of morning,
Renowned Benares, where the Sages teach
The mystery of the soul, and that famed Ilium[4]
Where fleets and warriors from Elishah's Isles[5]
Besieged the Beauty,* where Memnon[6] fell:—
Of pyramids, temples, and superstitious caves
Filled with strange symbols of the Deity;
Of wondrous mountains, desert-circled seas,
Isles of the ocean, lovely Paradises,
Set like unfading emeralds in the deep.
Nath. Yet manhood scarce confirms his cheek.
Tam. All this
His thirst of knowledge has achieved; the wish
To gather from the wise eternal Truth.

* Helen.

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Nath. Not found where *he* has sought it, and has led
Thy wandering fancy.
Tam. O, might I relate—
But I bethink me, father, of a thing
Like that you asked.—Sometimes, when I'm alone,—
Just ere his coming,—I have heard a sound,
A strange, mysterious, melancholy sound,—
Like music in the air. Anon, he enters.
Nath. Ha! is this oft?
Tam. 'Tis not unfrequent.
Nath Only
When thou'rt alone?
Tam. I have not heard it else.
Nath. A sound like what?
Tam. Like wild, sad music, father;
More moving than the lute or viol touched
By skillful fingers. Wailing in the air,
It seems around me, and withdraws as when
One looks and lingers for a last adieu.
Nath. Just ere he enters?
Tam. At his step it dies.
Nath. Mark me.—Thou know'st 'tis held by righteous men,
That Heaven intrusts us all to Holy Watchers,*
Who ward us from the Tempter. This I deem
Some intimation of an unseen danger.
Tam. But whence?
Nath. Time may reveal; meanwhile I warn thee
Trust not thyself alone with Hadad.
Tam. Think'st thou—
Nath. I scarce know what I think,—my thoughts are troubled
If some lewd spirit, taken with thy beauty,
Or plotting to deceive and disunite us,
Could put on human semblance, this were he.
Tam. O father, father!
Nath. Inscrutable he seems, yet ever busy;

* Psalm xxxiv., v. 7.

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His mocking eye insults, while it emits
The malice of the serpent; snake-like, too,
He slinks away, even while his looks dart fury.
Nay, nay—I lay not to his charge—I know
Little of him, though I have supplicated,—
I will not wound thee with my dark suspicions—
But shun the peril thou art warned of, shun
What looks like danger though we haply err.
Be not alone with him, I charge thee.

Tam. Seer,
I will avoid it.

Nath. All is ominous:
The Oracles are mute, dreams warn no more,
Urim and Thummim[7] keep their glory hid,
My days are dark, my nights are visionless,
Jehovah hath forsaken, or, in wrath,
Resigned us for a season. Times like these
Are jubilee in Hell. Fiends walk the Earth,*
Misleading princes, tempting poor men's pillows,
Supplying moody hatred with the dagger,
Lust with occasions, treason with excuses,
Lifting man's heart, like the rebellious waves,
Against his Maker. Watch, and pray, and tremble;
So may the Highest overshadow thee!

EXERCISE IX.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, one of the wittiest of American poets, was born in Franklin County, Vermont, June 2d, 1816. His lines are full of verbal felicities, often sparkling with genuine wit and humor, and ever abounding in "graceful and poetical puns." We select the following, as best exhibiting his *manner*, and, at the same time, showing a definite *purpose* underlying all this fun.

* Job, i. v 7.

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THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting!

II.

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside—
That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection!

III.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop!—
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison!

IV.

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;

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In sooth, her dull, auricular drum
Could find in *humble* only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
In talking about gentility.

V.

What *lowly* meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low,"
With care the most punctilious;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious!

VI.

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was "a person of no position;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition!

VII.

Even her graces—not her grace—
For that was in the "vocative case"—
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
Sat very stiffly upon her!
She never confessed a favor aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd—
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honor!"

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VIII.

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

IX.

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

X.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

XI

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

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XII.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of *stronger* twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

XIII.

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,
According to public rumor;
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

XIV.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

XV.

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling;
For, though a regular *sutor** by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling!"

* *Sutor* is the Latin for *shoemaker*.

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XVI.

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth, and liberal views,
Began, at once, with "If you *choose*—
And could you really love him—"
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him!

XVII.

A young attorney, of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity!

XVIII.

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau, of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant!"

XIX.

Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MacBride,
And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—

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And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."

XX.

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a bride, without the "Mac,"
With much disdain, consented!

XXI.

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

XXII.

But, alas, for the haughty Miss MacBride,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
She couldn't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place "up town," to a nook "up stairs
From an avenue down to an alley!

XXIII.

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot—
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow!
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow!

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XXIV.

And one of those chaps who make a pun
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular, double-loaded gun—
Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings;
For "making light of *cereous* things"
Was a very *wick*-ed profession!

XXV.

And vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
And mocked at her situation:
"She wasn't ruined—they ventured to hope—
Because she was poor, she needn't mope·
Few people were better off for *soap*.
And that was a consolation"

XXVI.

And to make her cup of woe run over.
Her elegant, ardent plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true-
The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker'"

XXVII.

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
The merest ghost of her early pride—
Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a worse condition!

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XXVIII.

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

EXERCISE X.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.*

1. James Hogg, generally known as "THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD," was, perhaps, the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His fancy had a wide range, picturing in its flight scenes of wild aërial magnificence and beauty. His taste was very defective, though he had done much to repair his early want of instruction. His occupation of a shepherd, among solitary hills and glens, must have been favorable to his poetical enthusiasm. He was not, like Burns, thrown into society when young, and forced to combat with misfortune. His destiny was unvaried, until he had arrived at a period, when the bent of his genius was fixed for life. Without society during the day, his evening hours were spent in listening to ancient legends and ballads, of which his mother, like Burns's, was a great reciter. This nursery of imagination he has himself beautifully described:—

2. O list, the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!

* For a Note on Chambers, see Exercise CVIII.

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I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day;
Where neighboring hind or cot was none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung;
O, lady, judge, if judge we may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these, when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell
When doors were barred, and elder dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That, through the smoke and gloom alone,
On dim and umbered faces shone,—
The bleat of mountain goat on high,
That from the cliff came quivering by;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb!
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.

3. Hogg was descended from a family of shepherds, and born, as he alleged (though the point was often disputed), on the 25th January (Burns's birthday), in the year 1772. When a mere child he was put out to service, acting first as a cow-herd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all about half a year's schooling. When eighteen years of age, he entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw, Blackhouse. He was then an eager reader of poetry and romances, and he subscribed to a circulating library in Peebles, the miscellaneous contents of which he perused with the utmost avidity.

4. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his hat or blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens. An

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attack of illness, however, brought on by over exertion on a hot summer day, completely altered his countenance, and changed the very form of his features. His first literary effort was in song writing, and, in 1801, he published a small volume of pieces. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son, Mr. William Laidlaw, and assisted in the collection of old ballads for the Border Minstrelsy. He soon imitated the style of these ancient strains with great felicity, and published another volume of songs and poems under the title of the Mountain Bard.

5. He now embarked in sheep farming, and took a journey to the island of Lewis on a speculation of this kind; but all he had saved as a shepherd, or by his publication, was lost in these attempts. He then repaired to Edinburgh, and endeavored to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, *The Forest Minstrel*, was his first effort; his second was a periodical called *The Spy;* but it was not till the publication of the *Queen's Wake*, in 1813, that the Shepherd established his reputation as an author.

6. This legendary poem consists of a collection of tales and ballads, supposed to be sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland, assembled at a royal wake at Holy rood, in order that the fair queen might prove

"The wondrous power of Scottish song."

The design was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that Hogg was at once placed among the first of our living poets. The different productions of the native minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author.

7. At the conclusion of the poem, Hogg alludes to his illustrious friend Scott, and adverts with some feeling to an advice which Sir Walter had once given him, to abstain from his worship of poetry:

"The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.

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The border chiefs that long had been
In sepulchers, unhearsed and green,
Passed from their moldy vaults away,
In armor red and stern array,
And, by their moonlight halls, were seen
In visor, helm, and habergeon,*
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

8. Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

9. But, when to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I 'gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How *could* we part for evermore?
'Twas *kindness* all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame:
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his *own!*"

10. His love of angling and field-sports amounted to a passion, and, when he could no longer fish or hunt, he declared his belief that his death was near. In the autumn of 1835, he was attacked with a dropsical complaint; and, on the 21st November of that year, after some days of insensibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hill-side. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and, notwithstanding his personal foibles, the Shepherd was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means.

* Habergeon (*ha ber' je on*), armor to cover the neck and breast

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EXERCISE XI.

MARY STUART, Queen of Scots, was born in the palace of Linlithgow, in Dec. 1542, and was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, England, Feb. 8th, 1587. She was betrothed to the dauphin of France, son of Henry II., and sailed for that country Aug. 7th, 1548. She was kindly received by Henry II., and treated as a daughter. In France she received a brilliant education. She was married to the dauphin April 24th, 1558. Upon the death of Henry II., in 1559, Mary became Queen of France. But, in 1560, not quite seventeen months after she was made queen, her husband, Francis II., died. After his death, she resolved to return to Scotland. She embarked at Calais Aug. 14th, 1561, and arrived at Leith on the 19th of the same month. This is the LANDING OF QUEEN MARY, so beautifully sung in the following piece.

QUEEN MARY'S LANDING.

JAMES HOGG

I.

After a youth, by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain.
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand, thousand shouts ascended;
Shivered the breeze around the throng;
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong:
And every tongue gave thanks to Heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given

II.

Her comely form, and graceful mien,
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen;
The woes of one so fair and young,
Moved every heart, and every tongue;
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An exile bred in realms afar
Amid commotions, broils, and war,

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In one short year her hopes all crossed,—
A parent, husband, kingdom lost!
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honors o'er her royal head.
For such a Queen, the Stuart's heir,
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair;
Who would not every foe defy?
Who would not stand? Who would not die?

III.

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which, through the broom-wood blossoms, flew
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again.

IV.

When Mary turned her wondering eyes
On rocks that seemed to prop the skies,
On palace, park, and battled pile,—
On lake, on river, sea, and isle,—
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
To distant mountains wild and blue,—
She thought the isle that gave her birth,
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

V.

Slowly, she ambled on her way,
Amid her lords and ladies gay.

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Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
And presbyter with look severe.
There rode the lords of France and Spain,
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine,
While serried thousands round them stood,
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.

VI.

Though Mary's heart was light as air
To find a home so wild and fair,
To see a gathered nation by,
And rays of joy from every eye,
Though frequent shouts the welkin broke,
Though courtiers bowed, and ladies spoke,
An absent look they oft could trace
Deep settled on her comely face.
Was it the thought that all alone
She must support a rocking throne?
That Caledonia's rugged land
Might scorn a lady's weak command,
And the Red Lion's haughty eye
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie?

VII.

No: 'twas the notes of Scottish song,
Soft pealing from the countless throng.
So mellowed came the distant swell,
That on her ravished ear it fell
Like dew of heaven, at evening close,
On forest flower or woodland rose;
For Mary's heart, to nature true,
The powers of song and music knew.
But all the choral measures bland
Of anthems rung in southern land,
Appeared a useless pile of art,
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,
Compared with that which floated by,—
Her simple, native melody

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VIII.

As she drew nigh the Abbey stile,
She halted, reined, and bent the while:
She heard the Caledonian lyre
Pour forth its notes of Runic fire:
But scarcely caught the ravished Queen
The minstrel's song that flowed between:
Entranced upon the strain she hung;
'Twas thus the gray-haired minstrel sung:—

IX.

THE SONG.

"O! Lady dear, fair is thy noon,
But man is like the inconstant moon:
Last night she smiled o'er lawn and lea;
That moon will change, and so will he.

Thy time, dear Lady, 's a passing shower;
Thy beauty is but a fading flower:
Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye;
For the shower will fall, and the floweret die"

X.

What ails my Queen? said good Argyle;
Why fades upon her cheek the smile?
Say, rears your steed too fierce and high?
Or sits your golden seat awry?—

XI.

Ah! no, my Lord! this noble steed,
Of Rouen's calm and generous breed,
Has borne me over hill and plain,
Swift as the dun-deer of the Seine.
But such a wild and simple lay,
Poured from the harp of minstrel gray,
My every sense away it stole,
And swayed awhile my raptured soul.

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O! say, my Lord, (for you must know
What strains along your valleys flow,
And all the hoards of Highland lore,)
Was ever song so sweet before?

XII.

Replied the Earl as round he flung,—
Feeble the strain that minstrel sung!
My royal Dame, if once you heard,
The Scottish lay from Highland bard,
Then might you say in raptures meet,
No song was ever half so sweet!
Ah! yes, my Queen! if once you heard
The Scottish lay from Highland bard,
Then might you say in raptures meet
No song was ever half so sweet.

XIII.

Queen Mary lighted in the court;
Queen Mary joined the evening's sport;
Yet, though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien,
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still in her ear the accents rung,—
" *Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye;*
For the shower must fall and the floweret die!"*

EXERCISE XII.

JOHN LINGARD was born in Winchester, England, in the year 1771. He died in July, 1851. He is the author of an elaborate History of England, from which the following affecting narrative is taken. It may be interesting to know that Dr. Lingard was a clergyman of the same faith with Queen Mary.

* The reference is to her melancholy death, for an account of which, see Exercise XII

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DEATH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

JOHN LINGARD.

1. In the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold, covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. About seven, the doors were thrown open; the gentlemen of the county entered with their attendants; and Paulet's* guard augmented the number to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred spectators. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour.

2. At that time, Andrews, the sheriff, entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them to be content, and turning gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

3. Mary was now joined by the earl and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks, had been excluded from her presence. This old and faithful servant threw himself on his knees, and wringing his hands exclaimed,—"Ah, madam, unhappy me! was ever a man on earth the bearer of such sorrow as I shall be, when I report that my good and gracious queen and mistress was beheaded in England!"

4. Here his grief impeded his utterance; and Mary replied: "Good Melville, cease to lament; thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. But I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France.

---

* This was Sir Amias Paulet, the appointed custodian of the unfortunate queen. How unflinchingly he performed his office may be inferred from a letter of Queen Elizabeth to him, in which she says:—"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God Almighty reward thee trebleſold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged."

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May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, thou art the author of truth, and truth itself. Thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts, and that I always wished the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown, or favorable to the pretended superiority of our enemies." Then bursting into tears, she said,—"Good Melville, farewell;" and kissing him, "once again, good Melville, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and thy queen." It was remarked as something extraordinary, that this was the first time in her life that she had ever been known to address a person with the pronoun "thou."

5. Drying up her tears, she turned from Melville and made her last request, that her servants might be present at her death. But the Earl of Kent objected that they would be troublesome by their grief and lamentations, might practice some superstitious trumpery, perhaps, might dip their handkerchiefs in her grace's blood. "My lords," said Mary, "I will give my word for them. They shall deserve no blame. Certainly your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death."

6. Receiving no answer, she continued,—"You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy, were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of Scots." Still they were silent; when she asked with vehemence,—"Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry VII., and the anointed Queen of Scotland?" At these words the fanaticism of the Earl of Kent began to yield; and it was resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her maids Kennedy and Curle.

7. The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Paulet and Drury, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; and lastly came the Scottish queen, with Melville bearing her train. She wore the richest

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of her dresses—that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner, and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

8. The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left the sheriff and Beal, the clerk of the council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary, in an audible voice, addressed the assembly. She would have them recollect, also, that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice.

9. Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under cover, perhaps, through motives of zeal, contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. Mary repeated y desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray. His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating

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with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of Psalms; and, after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed,—"As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

10. When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company.

11. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly with a firm voice,—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

12. But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and, at the third stroke, her head was severed from her body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed, that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual,—"God save queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent.

Not a voice was heard to cry amen. Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

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EXERCISE XIII.

JEREMY TAYLOR, one of the most eminent of English divines, and often styled the Shakspeare of theological literature, was born in Cambridge, England, in, or about the year 1602. He was remarkable for learning, piety, and eloquence, and for a style singularly vivid and imaginative. His chief work is entitled "Liberty of Prophesying," by which he meant Liberty of *Preaching*. The beautiful Fable below forms the close of that famous discourse. He says he found it in the books of the Jews. He died in 1667.

A FABLE is a species of Allegory:* being a short fictitious story to convey or enforce a moral. It is sometimes called an APOLOGUE; though this latter name is by some restricted to fables in which brutes and things inanimate are made to talk and act like human beings.

TOLERATION:—AN APOLOGUE.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

1. When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age.

2. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven? The old man told him that he worshiped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition.

3. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied,—"I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee": God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

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* For an analysis of the word *Allegory*, see page 52.

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EXERCISE XIV.

HENRY WARE, JR., D. D., was born at Hingham, Massachusetts, April 7th, 1794, and died September 22d, 1843. His writings are numerous and important, both in prose and verse. They are mainly on theological and devotional themes, and executed with scholarly taste and ability.

ADDRESS TO THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

HENRY WARE, JR.

I.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?

II.

Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter woe where Heaven had planted joy?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life;
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of love?

III.

Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! No language? Everlasting light
And everlasting silence? Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. *There* it shines

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EXERCISE XV.

JOHN GAY, an English poet, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1688, and died in 1732. His "FABLES," to which the following piece is introductory, are among the very best in the language.

[1] PLA'TO, a celebrated Greek philosopher, was born in Athens in the year 429 before Christ, and died in 348. He was a profound thinker.

[2] SOC'RATES, a famous Grecian philosopher, was born in Athens 469 B. C., and died in 399. He was an earnest advocate of practical wisdom, and, by his stern moral teachings, made many enemies. These, finally, procured his death upon a charge of corrupting the youth of the city, by introducing new religious opinions and despising the national gods.

[3] ULYS'SES was one of the early princes of Greece, and greatly celebrated for his wisdom and shrewdness. He was among the foremost of those engaged in the Trojan War.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

JOHN GAY.

I.

Remote from cities lived a swain
Unvexed with all the cares of gain;
His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penned the fold;
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country raised his name.

II.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought:—
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

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Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
And the vast sense of Plato[1] weighed?
Hath Socrates[2] thy soul refined,
And hast thou fathomed Tully's* mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses,[3] thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed?

III.

The Shepherd modestly replied,
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roamed in foreign part
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practiced in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gained,
Was all from simple nature drained;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

IV.

The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry;
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And, in my service, copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.

* Marcus Tullius Cicero. See page 296.

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The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instruct me in a parent's charge.

V.

From nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious sleight,
By stealth invade my neighbor's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.

VI.

Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

VII.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies,
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:

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But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

EXERCISE XVI.

PAR′ A BLE is a word made up of two Greek words (PARA, *beside*, and BOLE, *a throwing*), signifying *the act of throwing or placing* one thing *beside* another for the purposes of comparison. It is the name applied to a species of Allegory (see page 52), and differs from the Fable only, or chiefly, in treating of things *spiritual*, and in not violating the order of things in real life. "The excellence of a parable," says an able writer, "depends on the propriety and force of the comparison on which it is founded; on the general fitness and harmony of its parts; on the obviousness of its main scope or design; on the beauty and conciseness of the style in which it is expressed; and on its adaptation to the circumstances and capacities of the hearers." The one here given, besides conveying a noble moral lesson, furnishes an admirable exercise in reading.

THE PRODIGAL SON:—A PARABLE.

LUKE, CHAP. XV.

1. And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

2. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with

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hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

3. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

4. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out, and entreated him.

5. And he answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

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EXERCISE XVII.

JANE TAYLOR was born in London in the year 1783. She died in 1824. She began to make verses before she had reached her ninth year. She wrote much and wrote well; and, in her writings, has left to the young a rich legacy of mingled entertainment and instruction. The following is quite in her vein.

THE VASE AND THE PITCHER

JANE TAYLOR

I.

One day, when a grand entertainment was ended,
A rich china Vase, lately come from abroad,
In which every tint of the rainbow was blended,
Spoke thus to a Pitcher that stood on the board:—

II.

"I hope, rustic neighbor, you don't feel distressed
At standing before *me* so shabbily dressed:
It will mitigate, may be, your feelings to know
That, though so superb, I can stoop to the low.

III.

"'Tis true that, before I arrived from abroad,
Beyond the wide Ganges, I lived with a lord:
'Tis true, in the west, that no king can procure,
For his service of state, so splendid a ewer.

IV.

"'Tis true that gay ladies, in feathers and pearls,
Survey and admire me—and barons and earls:
'Tis true that I am, as you must understand,
Prodigiously rich, and excessively grand.

V.

"But you, paltry bottle! I pity your fate:
Whence came ye, coarse neighbor, I prithee relate;
And tell us, how is it you ever endure
So graceless a shape, and so vile a contour?"

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VI.

The Pitcher, who stood with his hand on his hip,
Shrugged up his round shoulders and curled his brown lip;
And grave to appearance, but laughing inside,
He thus from his orifice coolly replied:—

VII

"I came, noble Vase, from the cottage below,
Where I serve a poor husbandman, if you must know;
And my trade, might I venture to name such a thing,
Is bringing pure water each morn from the spring.

VIII.

"There's a notable lass who, at dawn of the day,
When dewdrops yet glisten on meadow and spray,
When the lark soars aloft, and the breezes are cool,
Sets off on light tiptoe with me to the pool.

IX.

"The pool is surrounded with willow and ash,
At noon in the sun, its dark waters will flash;
And, through the deep shade, you at intervals hear
The lowing of kine in the meadow land near.

X.

"The sheep with their lambkins there browse at their ease,
Beneath the cool arch of embowering trees;
While low creeping herbs give their sweets to the air;
Wild thyme, and the violet, and primrose fair.

XI.

"'Tis here that myself every morning she bears;
Then back to the cot in the valley repairs:
The faggot is blazing, the breakfast is placed,
And appetite sweetens coarse fare to the taste.

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XII.

"In these humble services passes my life,
Remote from the city, its noise and its strife;
Though homely, I'm fit for the work of the day;
And I'm not ashamed of my true British clay.

XIII.

"And now, noble Vase, may I ask if 'tis true,
That you stand every day here with nothing to do?
A poor idle gentleman, up in your niche,
Quite useless, and nothing but handsome and rich!

XIV.

"They neither intrust you with victuals nor drink;
You must have but a poor sorry life on't, I think;
And, though such an elegant creature you're thought,
Pray are you not tired with doing of naught?"

But the Vase would not answer such questions as these;
And the Pitcher felt glad he was not a Chinese.

EXERCISE XVIII.

WILLIAM COWPER, the subject of the following admirable sketch, was born in Hertfordshire, England, in November 1731, and died in 1800.

COWPER THE POET.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. The nature of Cowper's works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and, as an original writer, he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the development of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth.

2. His language has such a masculine, idiomatic strength,

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and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being, whose fine spirit had been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity.

3. He was advanced in years before he became an author; but his compositions display a tenderness of feeling so youthfully preserved, and even a vein of humor so far from being extinguished by his ascetic habits, that we can scarcely regret his not having written them at an earlier period of life. For he blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility; and, though he sports very much with his subjects, yet, when he is in earnest, there is a gravity of long-felt conviction in his sentiments, which gives an uncommon ripeness of character to his poetry.

4. It is due to Cowper to fix our regard on this unaffectedness and authenticity of his works, considered as representations of nimself, because he forms a striking instance of genius, writing the history of its own secluded feelings, reflections, and enjoyments, in a shape so interesting as to engage the imagination like a work of fiction. He has invented no character in fable, nor in the drama; but he has left a record of his own character, which forms not only an object of deep sympathy, but a subject for the study of human nature. His verse, it is true, considered as such a record, abounds with opposite traits of severity and gentleness, of playfulness and superstition, of solemnity and mirth, which appear almost anomalous; and there is, undoubtedly, sometimes an air of moody versatility in the extreme contrasts of his feelings.

5. But looking to his poetry, as an entire structure, it has a massive air of sincerity. It is founded in steadfast principles of belief; and, if we may prolong the architectural metaphor, though its arches may be sometimes gloomy, its tracery sportive,

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and its lights and shadows grotesquely crossed, yet altogether, it still forms a vast, various, and interesting monument of the builder's mind. Young's works are as devout, as satirical, sometimes as merry as those of Cowper; and, undoubtedly, more witty. But the melancholy and wit of Young do not make up to us the idea of a conceivable or natural being. He has sketched, in his pages, the ingenious, but incongruous form of a fictitious mind—Cowper's soul speaks from his volumes.

6. Considering the tenor and circumstances of his life, it is not much to be wondered at, that some asperities and peculiarities should have adhered to the strong stem of his genius, like the moss and fungus that cling to some noble oak of the forest, amidst the damps of its unsunned retirement.

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7. In addition to these finely appreciative observations of the poet Campbell, himself among the brightest ornaments in English literature, we give, *as showing the secret of his success in the art of composition*, the following sentences from a letter of Cowper to one of his most intimate friends: "To touch and retouch," says he, "is, though some writers boast of negligence and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself. *With the greatest indifference to fame*, which you know me too well to suppose me capable of affecting, *I have taken the utmost pains to deserve it.*

8 I considered that the taste of the day is refined and delicate to excess, and that to *disgust* that delicacy of the taste by a slovenly inattention to it, would be to forfeit at once all hope of being useful; and for this reason, though I have written more verse this year than, perhaps, any other man in England, I have finished, and polished, and polished, and touched, and retouched with the utmost care. Whatever faults I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of *negligence: I never suffe. a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can;* and, though some may be offended at my doctrines, I trust none will be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy, in the numbers, the rhymes

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or the language. If, after all, I should be converted into waste paper, it may be my *misfortune*, but it will not be my *fault;* and I shall bear it with perfect serenity."

EXERCISE XIX.

PASSAGES FROM COWPER.

I.

GOD OBSERVED IN NATURE.

Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivaled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.

II.

LOVE OF LIBERTY.

O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

III.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

England, with all thy faults I love thee still!—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,

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Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be *constrained* to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers."

IV.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of *other* men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their *own*.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but *encumber* whom it seems to *enrich*.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

V.

THE TRUE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to *enjoy*
With a propriety that none can feel,

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But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"*My Father made them all!*"

VI.

AFFECTATION IN THE PULPIT.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks,—will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.

VII.

THE POSITIVE TALKER.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect, supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are *decisive*, *clear*, and *strong*;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump:

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Their own defect invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And, though self-idolized in every case,
Hate their own likeness in a *brother's* face.

EXERCISE XX

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the celebrated Hungarian exile, was born in the village of Monok, county of Zemplen, April 27th, 1802. During his visit to the United States, where he arrived in December, 1851, he was everywhere received with the most flattering distinctions. At a banquet given him by the members of Congress, at which he was addressed by General Cass, Daniel Webster, and others, he opened his speech with the following beautiful parallel.

CIN′ E AS was the warm friend and minister of Pyrrhus, the famous king of Epirus. He was the most eloquent man of his day. Pyrrhus used to say that "the words of Cineas had won him more cities than his own arms." The most famous event of his life is his embassy to Rome, with proposals for peace from Pyrrhus to the Senate. This was in the year before Christ 280. When he returned, he told the king that there was no people like the Romans,—that their city was a *temple*, and their Senate an assembly of *kings*.

THE SENATE OF ROME AND THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

1. SIR:—As once Cineas, the Epirote, stood among the senators of Rome, who, with a word of self-conscious majesty, arrested kings in their ambitious march, thus, full of admiration and of reverence, I stand among you, legislators of the new capitol, that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it, and is come over to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands, a mournful monument of the fragility of human things; yours, as a sanctuary of eternal right. The old beamed with the red luster of conquest, now darkened by the gloom of oppression; yours is bright with freedom. The old absorbed the world into its own centralized glory; yours protects your

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own nation from being absorbed, even by itself. The old was awful with unrestricted power; yours is glorious by having restricted it. At the view of the old, nations trembled; at the view of yours, humanity hopes.

2. To the old, misfortune was introduced with fettered hands to kneel at triumphant conquerors' feet; to yours, the triumph of introduction is granted to unfortunate exiles, who are invited to the honor of a seat. And, where kings and Cæsars never will be hailed for their power and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed, as your great Republic's guest, precisely because he is persecuted, helpless, and poor. In the old, the terrible *væ victis!** was the rule; in yours, protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to a vanquished just cause. And, while from the old a conquered world was ruled, you in yours provide for the common federative interests of a territory larger than that old conquered world. There sat men boasting that their will was sovereign of the earth; here sit men whose glory is to acknowledge "the laws of nature and nature's God, and to do what their sovereign, the people, wills.'

EXERCISE XXI.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, second bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of New Jersey, was born at Trenton, in that state, in 1799, and died at Burlington in 1859. His contributions to literature are large and elegant, both in prose and poetry. The following admirable sketch of the class of men fit to make a state, is from one of his college addresses.

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

1. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE INTELLIGENT MEN. I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or, that six per cent. a year is half per cent. a month. I take a wider and a higher range. I limit myself to

* Woe to the conquered.

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no mere utilitarian intelligence This has its place. And this will come almost unsought. The contact of the rough and rugged world will *force* men to it in self-defense. The lust of worldly gain will drag men to it for self-aggrandizement. But men *so* made, will never make a state. The intelligence which that demands, will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know *itself*. What else can govern men? Who else can know the men to *govern* men? The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it, as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many *do!* *These* are not the men to make a state.

2. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE HONEST MEN. I do not mean men that would never *steal*. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single *face*. I mean men with a single *eye*. I mean men with a single *tongue*. I mean men that consider always what is *right;* and do it at whatever cost. I mean men who can dine, like Andrew Marvel, on a neck of mutton; and whom, therefore, no king on earth can *buy*. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their *trade*, and look to office for a *living;* men that will crawl, where they cannot climb: *these* are not the men to make a state.

3. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE BRAVE MEN. I do not mean the men that pick a *quarrel*. I do not mean the men that carry *dirks*. I do not mean the men that call themselves hard names; as Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that *do*, but do not *talk*. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are *to-day* where they were *yesterday*, and *will* be there *to-morrow*. I mean the

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men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to *kill*, but not afraid to *die*. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his *last* drop of blood, but never sheds the *first*: *these* are not the men to make a state.

4. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE RELIGIOUS MEN. States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. To leave God out of states, is to be Atheists. I do not mean that men must *cant*. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of *conscience*, while they take your *spoons*. One shrewdly called hypocrisy, the tribute which vice pays to virtue. These masks and vizors, in like manner, are the forced concession which a moral nature makes to him, whom, at the same time, it dishonors. I speak of men who feel and own a God. I speak of men who feel and own their sins. I speak of men who think the Cross no shame. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are *not* the men to make a *state*.

5. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY FAITH. A man that has no faith, is so much *flesh*. His heart, a *muscle*; nothing more. He has no *past*, for *reverence*; no *future*, for *reliance*. He lives. So does a clam. Both die. Such men can never make a state. There must be *faith*, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes* could not find, for the long lever that should move the world. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily on high as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can lay hold on Heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must be faith that can afford to sink the *present* in the *future*; and let *time* go, in its strong grasp upon *eternity*. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

* AR CHI ME′ DES, a celebrated mathematician of antiquity, born on the island of Sicily about the year 287 before Christ.

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6. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY SELF-DENIAL. The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a *willow*, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shoulders through the blast. It *asks* no favor, and *gives* none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up toward the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It *will* be an oak for *seven times* seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell: and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

7. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE THEMSELVES MADE BY OBEDIENCE. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action: and he can never govern men who does not govern first *himself*. Only such men *can* make a state.

EXERCISE XXII.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, one of the best of German poets and historians, was born in Würtemberg in the year 1759, and died in 1805. "The primary vocation of his nature," says Carlyle, "was poetry; the acquisitions of his other faculties served but as the materials for his poetical faculty to act upon, and seemed imperfect till they had been sublimated into the perfect forms of beauty, which it is the business of this to elicit from them."

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Lord Lytton, the celebrated English novelist and politician, was born in the county of Norfolk, in 1805. He is the

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author of many works, and, among them, one entitled "Poems and Ballads of Schiller," being translations from the German into English meter. From this work we take the following very interesting piece.

[1] CHARYB'DIS (*ka ryb dis*), a whirlpool between Italy and Sicily, said, in ancient times, to have been very dangerous; hence, generally, a *gulf*, or *whirlpool*.

[2] MAEL'STROM (*male strum*) is, literally, *a mill-stream;* the fearful vortex, or whirlpool off the coast of Norway, being so called because of its violent whirling motion. The word is thence often applied, like Charybdis, to any dangerous gulf, or whirlpool.

THE DIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER BY BULWER.

I.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis[1] below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

II.

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maëlstrom[2] that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

III.

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

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IV.

And all, as before, heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

V.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

VI.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

VII.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean,
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

VIII.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,

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Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

IX.

All was still on the hight, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrilled from lip unto lip,—"Gallant youth, fare thee well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

X.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry,—"Who may find it, shall win it and wear;
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown, at such hazard, were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

XI.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm, ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

XII.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

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XIII.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!
Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

XIV.

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

XV.

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring.
And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King!

XVI.

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
The vail which is woven with terror and night!

XVII.

"Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.

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Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

XVIII.

"From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me,
In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me by,
And, lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

XIX.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

XX.

"Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And, with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

XXI.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of death.

XXII.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
I saw a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!—

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And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

XXIII.

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled: quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

XXIV.

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!

XXV.

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree.
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

XXVI.

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

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XXVII.

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

EXERCISE XXIII.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NEW AM. CYCLOPÆDIA.

1. The wide range of Mr. Longfellow's studies, at an early period of life, as well as his introduction to the picturesque and quaint features of society and manners in foreign nations, has served to give a certain cosmopolitan character to the productions of his pen. As a translator, he is singularly happy in transfusing not only the *ideas*, but the *spirit* of his originals, into apt and expressive diction; as a critic, whether commenting on character or literature, he is the genial interpreter, rather than the censorious judge; and, as a poet, he appeals to the universal affections of humanity, by thoughts and images derived from original perceptions of nature and life.

2. His fellow feeling with his kind gives him easy admission to the common heart. Averse, both by temperament and habit, to everything harsh, bitter, disdainful, or repellent, there is no element in his poetry to call forth an ungracious or discordant emotion. It is always tolerant and human, kindled by wide sympathies, and with a tender sense of every variety of human condition. Mr. Longfellow combines, in a rare degree, the sentiment of the artist, with the practical instincts of the man of the world. His thoughts are uniformly lucid and transparent, and never clouded by fanciful speculations. The clearness, simplicity, and force of his leading conceptions, leave the impression of unity even on his longest poems. However vivid his imagery, it never seduces the attention from his main idea.

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3. Without attempting to represent the depths of passion, in his own sphere of feeling, he is a genuine master, and the purity, sweetness, and refinement with which he delineates the affections of the heart, make him the most welcome of visitants at the domestic fireside. Though not destitute of the creative and shaping faculty, the best expression of his imagination is, perhaps, to be found in the subtle essence of beauty which pervades his writings, and seems to form the natural atmosphere of his mind. His susceptibility to the historical associations of Europe lends a peculiar charm to his poetry. The antiquities of Nuremburg and Bruges make but a faint impression on the Bavarians and Belgians who grow up in the shade of the quaint town hall, or within the sound of the lofty belfry; but they cast a spell over the imagination of the poet, and haunt him with perpetual visions of romance.

EXERCISE XXIV.

"The Song of Hiawatha," says Mr. Longfellow, "is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians. The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior." The following are among the opening lines of this interesting poem.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

LONGFELLOW.

I.

In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

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There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed, and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people.

II.

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha.

III.

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

IV.

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart *is* human,
That in even *savage* bosoms,
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,

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Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

EXERCISE XXV.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

LONGFELLOW.

I.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the *past* the old man's thoughts were
And the maiden's of the *future*.

II.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days, when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wildgoose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not *fight* without *his* arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth, as they were!
Now the men were all like *women*,
Only used their *tongues* for weapons!

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III.

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the spring time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back, as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his *courage* and his *wisdom;*
Would he come *again* for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

IV.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And, with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

V.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside th' unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,—
"*Hiawatha, you are welcome!*"
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,

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Said with gentle look and accent,—
"*You are welcome, Hiawatha!*"

VI.

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains;
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

VII.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food, and set before them
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lip she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

VIII.

Yes, as in a dream, she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful

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IX.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,—
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me, as my wife, this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

X.

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"*Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;*
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

XI.

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,—
"*I will follow you my husband!*"
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

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XII.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,—
"*Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!*"

XIII.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,—
"*Happy are you, Hiawatha,*
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,—
"*Happy are you, Laughing Water,*
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them,—"*O my children,*
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

XIV.

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them,—"*O my children,*
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

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XV.

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

EXERCISE XXVI.

JAMES USHER, the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin, in 1581. He died in 1656. His chief production, as a writer, is his great chronological work, entitled "ANNALS." The chronological system developed in this work, is that which has been generally followed even down to the present time.

[1] ANECDOTE is made up of three Greek words (AN, *not*, EC, *out*, and DOTE, *given*), meaning together *not given out*, that is, something not yet formally *published* or *edited*. This was the original sense of the word. It is, therefore, properly applied to any brief story or incident; any minute passage of private history.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT:—AN ANECDOTE.[1]

1. The eminent Archbishop Usher, being once on a visit in Scotland, heard a great deal of the piety and devotion of the famous Mr. Samuel Rutherford, who, he understood, spent whole nights in prayer, especially before the Sabbath. The bishop wished much to witness such extraordinary down-pouring of the Spirit; but was utterly at a loss how to accomplish his design. At length, it came into his mind to dress himself like a pauper; and on a Saturday evening, when turning dark, he called at Mr. Rutherford's house, and asked if he could get quarters for the night, since he could go to no other house at so late an hour for that purpose. Mr. Rutherford consented to

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give the poor man a bed for a night, and desired him to sit down in the kitchen, which he did cheerfully.

2. Mrs. Rutherford, according to custom on Saturday evening, that her servants might be prepared for the Sabbath, called them together, and examined them. In the course of examination that evening, she asked the stranger how many commandments there were. To which he answered *eleven*. Upon receiving this answer, she replied,—"What a shame is it for you! a man with gray hairs, living in a Christian country, not to know how many commandments there are! There is not a child of six years old in this parish but could answer this question properly." She troubled the poor man no more, thinking him so very ignorant; but lamented his condition to her servants; and, after giving him some supper, desired a servant to show him up stairs to a bed in a garret.

3. This was the very situation in which he desired to be placed, that he might hear Mr. Rutherford at his secret devotion. However, he was disappointed; for that night the good man went to bed, but did not fall asleep for some hours. The stranger did not go to bed, but sat listening, always hoping to hear Mr. Rutherford at prayer; and, at length, concluding that all the family were asleep, the bishop thought, if he had been disappointed of hearing *another* offering up his desires to God at the throne of grace, he would embrace the opportunity *himself;* and poured out his heart to God with so much liberty and enlargement, that Mr. Rutherford, immediately below, overheard, and getting up, put on his clothes.

4. Should this have awakened Mrs. Rutherford, she could have suspected nothing of his design, seeing he commonly rose every day at three o'clock in the morning; and, if she could have heard one at prayer afterwards, she would naturally have concluded it was her husband. Mr. Rutherford went up stairs, and stood waiting at the garret door till the bishop concluded his devotion; upon which he knocked gently at the door, and the other opened it with surprise, thinking none were witness to his devotion. Mr. Rutherford took him by the hand saying,—"Sir, I am persuaded you can be none other than Archbishop

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Usher; and you must certainly preach for me to-day for it was now Sabbath morning. The bishop confessed who he was; and, after telling Mr. Rutherford what induced him to take such a step, said he would preach for him, on condition he would not discover who he was. Happy union of souls, although of different persuasions! yet not *marvelous*. God makes but *two* distinctions among mankind—the righteous and the wicked.

5. The bishop, being provided by Mr. Rutherford with a suit of his own clothes, went out early in the morning into the fields; whither, also, Mr. Rutherford following, soon after returned, bringing in the bishop as a strange minister passing by, who had promised to preach for him. Mrs. Rutherford found that the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship, and breakfast. the family went to the kirk, and the bishop had for his text John xiii. 34—"*A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;*" a suitable subject for the occasion. In the course of this sermon, he observed that this might be reckoned the ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT: upon which Mrs. Rutherford said to herself,—"*That is the answer the poor man gave me last night;*" and looking up to the pulpit, said,—"*It cannot be possible this is he!*" After public worship the strange minister and Mr. Rutherford spent the evening in mutual satisfaction; and, early on Monday morning, the former went away in the dress he came in, and was not discovered.

6. When Mrs. Rutherford came to know for certain that the strange preacher was none other than the poor man whom she had kindly taken in, on the night before, she must have had a new and singularly impressive illustration of the famous text in Hebrews (xiii. 2),—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" Hospitality is a high Christian virtue, and never fails of its just reward

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EXERCISE XXVII.

CHARITY, in the New Testament, never means mere *alms*, or *almsgiving*, which is the common acceptation of the word in these days. It means LOVE; of which *charity*, in the sense of giving aid or relief to the poor, is merely one manifestation. This being understood, the following beautiful chapter will serve, not only as an excellent exercise in reading, but, also, as an admirable sequel to the preceding anecdote of Archbishop Usher.

CHARITY.

1 COR. CHAP. XIII.

WITHOUT CHARITY ALL GIFTS ARE AS NOTHING.

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And, though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and, though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And, though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and, though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

2. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not: charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

3. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

4. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth *faith, hope, charity*, these three; but the greatest of these is CHARITY

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EXERCISE XXVIII.

SKETCH OF SHAKSPEARE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON*

1. Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpracticed by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare, it is commonly a species. It is from this wide extension of design, that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides,† that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue.

2. It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but

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* For a sketch of Johnson, see Exercise CXVI.

† A celebrated Greek dramatist who flourished about the year 450 B. C.

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that of Shakspeare. The theater, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

3. Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist.

4. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the drama of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity. Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet, perhaps, no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are, which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right when there is reason for choice.

5 Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical

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or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life.

6. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book, will not know them in the world; Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents, will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

7. This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstacies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

8. Shakspeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

9. The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution

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from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and, therefore, durable: the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luster; but the discriminations of true passion are the colors of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them.

10. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous* modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

11. If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered, this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction, forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness, and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is, therefore, more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and, among his other excellencies, deserves to be studied, as one of the original masters of our language.

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* For the analysis of this word, see Sanders & McElligott's Analysis of English Words, page 210

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EXERCISE XXIX.

WILLIAM HAZLITT was born in Maidstone, England, in 1778, and died in London, in 1830. Few English writers have been more remarkable for bold, vigorous, and discriminating thought, than Hazlitt. The following is from his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays."

CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

1. Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. But are they not *real?* They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play is a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a specter; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences. This is the true Hamlet.

2 We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticise it, any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays, that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity

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Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves; because he applies it so himself, as a means of general reasoning.

3. He is a great moralizer, and what makes him worth attending to, is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If LEAR shows the greatest depth of passion, HAMLET is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. There is no attempt to force an interest: every thing is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do, if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point.

4. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted, as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on.

5. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only "the outward pageants and the signs of grief," but "we have that within which passes show." We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comment, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

6. The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will, or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as man well can be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility,—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune,

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and refining on his own feelings; and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation

EXERCISE XXX.

THE PLAY OF HAMLET is founded upon a story derived, it is said, by Shakspeare, from Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian, who died in the year 1204. Hamlet's father, the king of Denmark, while asleep in his orchard, is murdered by his own brother; the queen, Hamlet's mother, being privy to it. The story is given out, that he came to his death by the sting of a serpent. But the ghost of the murdered king appearing to Hamlet, reveals the terrible secret, and summons his son to the task of vengeance.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

SHAKSPEARE.

ELSINORE. *Room of State in the Castle.* THE KING, (Hamlet's uncle,) THE QUEEN, (his mother,) HAMLET, POLONIUS, (the Lord Chamberlain,) and others.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind.*

[*Aside*

King How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

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Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, forever, with thy vailed lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. *Seems*, madam, nay, it *is;* I know not *seems.*
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with the modes, forms, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might *play;*
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Ham
To give these mourning duties to your father,
But you must know, *your* father lost a father;
That father lost, lost *his;* and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubborness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschooled.
For what we know *must* be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead a fault to nature,

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To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,—
This must be so! We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father. For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. [*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion* to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe,† all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,—

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* *Hypē'rion* is but another name for Apollo, who was distinguished for his *beauty;* a *sā' tyr* was a sort of demi-god monstrous in *deformity.*

† *Nī' o be,* daughter of an ancient king of Lydia, being deprived of her children, is said to have wept herself to *stone!*

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Ere the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.
It is not, nor it can not come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO (a friend to Hamlet,) BERNARDO and MARCELLUS (officers.)

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever

Ham. But what is your affair in Elsinore?

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's *wedding*.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did cōldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O, where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father!

Ham. The king, my father

Hor. Season your admiration for a while,
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear

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Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: A figure like your father,
Armed at all points, exactly cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But *where* was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not *speak* to it?

Hor. My lord, I did.
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it *would* speak;
But even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. *I* will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

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Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And, whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come!
Till then, sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes

EXERCISE XXXI.

SCENE FROM HAMLET (*continued*).

SHAKSPEARE.

HAMLET, HORATIO, AND MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No; it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein this spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

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The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't.
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honored in the breach, than the observance.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the regions of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground!
But do not go with it.
Hor. No; by no means.
Ham. It will not *speak;* then I will follow it.

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Hor Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to *that*,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my ord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still.
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Ghost. Mark me!
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity *me* not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;

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Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of my death,
Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful love
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

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But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leprous distillment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unanēled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But, howsoe'er thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave *her* to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

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In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the tables of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by Heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, curséd villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!

EXERCISE XXXII.

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

JAMES HOGG.*

I.

"Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen;
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."—
Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan:
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."

II.

"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
Three days round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here,
"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;

* See Exercise X.

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This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.

III.

"Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man:
But I've sworn, by the cross, by my God, and my all!
An oath which I can not, and dare not recall—
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

IV.

"Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
And looks, such as never were fastened on man.
I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well!
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained
So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while,
Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
With length of existence no man can enjoy,
The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!
The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
The present to shun and some respite to find,
I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

V.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone·

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That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun:
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

VI.

"A parting embrace, in one moment she gave;
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!
Then flitting illusive, she said, with a frown,
'The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!'"

VII.

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind,
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!
Ay, that was M'Nab, in the hight of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue;
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

VIII.

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—
"No! not for the universe!" low he replied.
Away went Macgregor, but went not alone:
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!
O'er mountains inverted, the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

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IX.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:
Young Malcolm, at distance couched, trembling the while—
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

X.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom;
The glow-worm her wake-light, the rainbow her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if born on the waves of the sea.
Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

XI.

The fox fled in terror; the eagle awoke
As slumbering he dozed on the shelve of the rock;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.
Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

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XII.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
Macgregor is vanished forever and aye!

EXERCISE XXXIII.

WINTHROP M. PRAED was an English poet of considerable distinction. He was born in London in 1802, and died in 1839. The two beautiful Charades following, are selected from many efforts in this way from his pen.

CHARADE is a species of Enigma or Riddle, and is so called from the name (*Charade*) of the person who invented it. The subject of the Charade is a name or word enigmatically described or indicated by its several syllables and their combination, when taken together as a whole.

CHARADE

ON THE NAME OF CAMPBELL THE POET.

W. M. PRAED.

I.

Come from my FIRST, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell,
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward! and farewell!

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II.

Toll ye, my SECOND! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

III.

Call ye my WHOLE, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

CHARADE

ON THE WORD BLOCKHEAD.

I.

Sir Harry is famed for his amiable way
Of talking a deal when he's nothing to say:
Sir Harry will sit by our Rosalie's side,
And whisper from morn until eventide;
Yet, if you would ask of that maiden fair,
What Sir Harry said while he lingered there;
Were the maiden as clever as L. E. L.,
Not a word that he said could the maiden tell.

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II.

Sir Harry has ears, and Sir Harry has eyes,
And Sir Harry has teeth of the usual size;
His nose is a nose of the every-day sort—
Not exceedingly long nor excessively short;
And his breath, though resembling in naught "the sweet south,"
Is *in*haled through his lips, and *ex*haled from his mouth;
And yet from the hour that Sir Harry was nursed,
People said that his *head* was no more than my FIRST!

III.

Sir Harry has ringlets he curls every day,
And a fortune he spends in pomatum, they say;
He is just such a youth as our Rosalie bides with,
When she has'nt got *me* to take waltzes or rides with;
But not such a one, as, I ween, she would choose,
Were a youth that *I* know to be caught in the noose;
For I've oft heard her say—though so flighty she's reckoned—
That she'd ne'er take a bridegroom who hadn't my SECOND!

IV.

Sir Harry sat out, the last visit he paid,
From when breakfast was over, till dinner was laid!
He talked, in his usual lady-like way,
Of the ball and the ballet—the park and the play.
Little Rosa, who hoped, ere the *whole* day had passed,
That the youth would speak out, to the purpose, at last,
When evening, at length, was beginning to fall,
Declared that Sir Harry was naught but my ALL!

CHARADE

ON THE NAME OF DR. BARNARD.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

My FIRST shuts thieves from your house or your room;
My SECOND expresses a Syrian perfume;
My WHOLE is a man in whose converse I shared
The strength of a *bar* and the sweetness of *nard*.

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EXERCISE XXXV.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, one of the ablest of British philosophers and statesmen, was born near Inverness, in Scotland, October 24th, 1765, and died May 22d, 1832. He was considered a prodigy of learning, while yet a mere boy; and, in after life, was regarded as one of the ablest lawyers, the wisest statesmen, the profoundest philosophers, and the most elegant writers, that Britain has ever produced. His reputation for forensic eloquence was raised to its highest pitch by the splendid speech from which we have taken the following extract. It was delivered in discharge of his duty, as counsel for Mr. Peltier (February 21st, 1803), who was on his trial in England for libel on Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul of France.

THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH LIBERTY.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

1. In the court where we have now met, gentlemen, Cromwell twice sent a satirist on his tyranny to be convicted and punished as a libeler, and in this court,—almost in sight of the scaffold streaming with the blood of his Sovereign,—within hearing of the clash of his bayonets which drove out Parliaments with scorn and contumely,—a jury twice rescued the intrepid satirist from his fangs, and sent out with defeat and disgrace the usurper's Attorney-general from what he had the impudence to call *his* court.

2. Even then, gentlemen, when all law and liberty were trampled under the feet of a military banditti,—when those great crimes were perpetrated, in a high place and with a high hand, against those who were the objects of public veneration, which more than anything else upon earth overwhelm the minds of men, break their spirits and confound their moral sentiments, obliterate the distinctions between right and wrong in their understanding, and teach the multitude to feel no longer any reverence for that justice which they thus see triumphantly dragged at the chariot wheels of a tyrant,—even then, when this unhappy country, triumphant, indeed, abroad, but enslaved at home, had no prospect but that of a long succession of tyrants "wading through slaughter to a throne,"—even then, I say, when all seemed lost, the unconquerable spirit of English liberty survived in the hearts of English jurors.

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3. That spirit is, I trust in God, not extinct: and, if any modern tyrant were, in the plenitude of his insolence, to hope to overawe an English jury, I trust and I believe that they would tell him:—"Our ancestors braved the bayonets of Cromwell; we bid defiance to yours!"

4. What would be such a tyrant's means of overawing a jury? As long as their country exists, they are girt round with impenetrable armor. Till the destruction of their country, no danger can fall upon them for the performance of their duty. And I do trust that there is no Englishman so unworthy of life as to desire to outlive England.

5. But, if any of us are condemned to the cruel punishment of surviving our country,—if, in the inscrutable counsels of Providence, this favored seat of justice and liberty,—this noblest work of human wisdom and virtue, be destined to destruction (which I shall not be charged with national prejudice for saying would be the most dangerous wound ever inflicted on civilization), at least, let us carry with us into our sad exile the consolation that we ourselves have not violated the rights of hospitality to exiles,—that we have not torn from the altar the suppliant who claimed protection as the voluntary victim of loyalty and conscience.

EXERCISE XXXVI.

JUNIUS is the assumed name of one of the most extraordinary writers in the whole range of literature. His compositions are in the form of Letters, addressed to various leading men of his day, and were published in a newspaper, called the "London Advertiser." The time, during which they appeared, reaches from January 1769 to January 1772. The whole number of letters, admitted to be his, is about sixty. As specimens of withering rebuke, and caustic satire, clear, condensed, and elegant diction, fine, pointed personal application, with all the grace and power of striking and appropriate metaphor, they are, even at this distant period, the admiration of the literary world. Who he was, has never yet been certainly ascertained, though scores

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of pamphlets and essays have been written upon the subject. The following is one of the sharpest and bitterest of the whole series.

LETTER TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

JUNIUS.

To His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

My Lord:—

1. You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and, perhaps, an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offense, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or, possibly, they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

2. You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank; a splendid fortune; and a name, glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honorable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

3. The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honor, was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England; the noble independence, which he might have maintained in parlia-

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ment, and the real interest and respect, which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and, though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see, with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he *might* be in this country, then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell, in theory, what such a man might be.

4. Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition.

5. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard, by the most profligate minister, with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him, as to their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with domestic misfortune,* he would submit to the stroke, with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation, in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

6. Your Grace may probably discover something more in

* The duke had lately lost a son by death.

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telligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described, would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favorite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favorite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honor of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps, in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind.

7. His own honor would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to the humiliating, dishonest necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependents, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation.

8. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had labored to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible, even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man,—his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love nor esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House!

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EXERCISE XXXVII.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, who, a few years since, acquired, by the publication of a book entitled *Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People*, a conspicuous place among writers of wide and well-deserved popularity, was born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, in July, 1819. His studies, in preparation for college, were pursued with such assiduity as to impair his health, and, on that account, were discontinued before he was ready to enter.

Some time after this, however, he commenced the study of medicine, and in 1845, received the degree of M.D. at the Berkshire Medical College, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He then went to Springfield, and there entered upon the practice of his profession. Not long after this he was married.

The proceeds of his practice, after a trial of two years, proving inadequate to his support, he left Springfield to take charge of a private school in Richmond, Virginia. Here he remained but a short time, having received the appointment of Superintendent of Public Instruction in Vicksburg, Mississippi.

While discharging the duties of this latter office, he wrote often and well for the press; and his ability, in this way, soon secured him an offer of the editorship of the Springfield Republican. This he accepted, and still holds.

Besides the *Letters to Young People*, which first made him known, he has written a number of works, from the last of which—*Lessons in Life*—we have taken the paragraphs which constitute the following Exercise.

In this piece will be found something of that which seems to be the main spring of all his success as a writer, namely, the power clearly to perceive, and sharply to expose, the follies and errors and vices that so often and so widely work mischief in life, only because they work under decent disguises and mistaken views. To this task of exposure he brings a style singularly vivid, full of apt illustration, often aphoristic, and always abounding in good sense and good humor.

MEN OF ONE IDEA.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

1. I suppose it is useless to undertake to reform men of one idea. The real trouble is that the pebble is in them; and whole freshets of truth are poured upon them, only with the effect to make it more lively in its grinding, and more certain in its process of wearing out itself and them. The little man who, when ordered by his physician to take a quart of medicine, informed him with a deprecatory whimper that he did not hold but a pint, illustrates the capacity of many of those who are subjects of a single idea. They do not hold but one, and it would be useless to prescribe a larger number.

2. In a country like ours, in which everything is new and everybody is free, there are multitudes of self-constituted doctors,

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each of whom has a nostrum for curing all physical and moral disorders and diseases,—a patent process by which humanity may achieve its proudest progress and its everlasting happiness. The country is full of hobby-riders, booted and spurred, who imagine they are leading a grand race to a golden goal, forgetful of the truth that their steeds are tethered to a single idea, around which they are revolving only to tread down the grass and wind themselves up, where they may stand at last amid the world's ridicule, and starve to death.

3. Man can not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God, whether spoken through nature or revelation. There is no one idea in all God's universe so great and so nutritious that it can furnish food for an immortal soul Variety of nutriment is absolutely essential, even to physical health. There are so many elements that enter into the structure of the human body, and such variety of stimuli requisite for the play of its vital forces, that it is necessary to lay under tribute a wide range of nature; and fruits and roots and grain, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, and fish of the sea, juices and spices and flavors, all bring their contributions to the perfection of the human animal, and the harmony of its functions.

4. A mind that surrenders itself to a single idea becomes essentially insane. I know a man who has dwelt so long upon the subject of a vegetable diet, that it has finally taken possession of him. It is now of such importance in his eyes that every other subject is thrown out of its legitimate relations to him. It is the constant theme of his thought—the study of his life. He questions the properties and quantities of every mouthful that passes his lips, and watches its effects upon him. He reads upon this subject everything he can lay his hands on. He talks upon it with every man he meets.

5. He has ransacked the whole Bible for support to his theories; and the man really believes that the eternal salvation of the human race hinges upon a change of diet. It has become a standard by which to decide the validity of all other truth. If he did not believe that the Bible was on his side of the question, he would discard the Bible. Experiments or opinions that make against his faith are either contemptuously rejected or ingeniously

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explained away. Now this man's mind is not only reduced to the size of his idea, and assimilated to its character, but it has lost its soundness. His reason is disordered.

6. His judgment is perverted—depraved. He sees things in unjust and illegitimate relations. The subject that absorbs him has grown out of proper proportions, and all other subjects have shrunk away from it. I know another man—a man of fine powers—who is just as much absorbed by the subject of ventilation; and though both of these men are regarded by the community as of sound mind, I think they are demonstrably insane.

7. If we rise into larger fields, we shall find more notable demonstration of the starving effect of the entertainment of a single idea. Scattered throughout the country we shall find men who have devoted themselves to the cause of temperance, or abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Here is a grand, a humane, a most worthy and important cause; yet temperance as an idea is not enough to furnish food for a human soul. Some of these men have only room in them for one idea, and, so far as they are concerned, it might as well be temperance as anything, though it is bad for the cause; but the majority of them were, at starting, men of generous instincts, a quick sense of that which is pure and true, and a genuine love of mankind.

8. They dwelt upon their idea—they lived upon it for a few years—and then they "showed their keeping." If I should wish to find a narrow-minded, uncharitable, bigoted soul, in the smallest possible space of time, I would look among those who have made temperance the specialty of their lives—not because temperance is bad, but because one idea is bad; and the men afflicted by this particular idea are numerous and notorious.

9. They have no faith in any man who does not believe exactly as they do. They accuse every man of unworthy motives who opposes them. They permit no liberty of individual judgment and no range of opinion; and when they get a chance, they drive legislation into the most absurd and harmful extremes Men of one idea are always extremists, and extremists are always nuisances. I might truthfully add that an extremist is never a man of sound mind.

10. The whole tribe of professional agitators and mis-called

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reformers are men of one idea. That these men do good, sometimes directly and frequently indirectly, I do not deny; and it is equally evident that they do a great deal of harm, the worst of which, perhaps, falls upon themselves. Like the charge of a cannon, they do damage to an enemy's fortifications, but they burn up the powder there is in them, and lose the ball. Like blind old Samson, they may prostrate the pillars of a great wrong, but they crush themselves and the Philistines together The greatest and truest reformer that ever lived was Jesus Christ; but ah! the difference between his broad aims, universal sympathies, and overflowing love, and the malignant spirit that moves those who angrily beat themselves to death against an instituted wrong!

11. If a man undertake to live upon a single idea, it really makes very little difference to him whether that idea be a good or a bad one. A man may as well get scurvy on beans as beef. I suppose a diet of potatoes would be quite as likely to support life comfortably as a diet of peaches. It is because the human soul cannot live upon one thing alone, but demands participation in every expression of the life of God, that it will dwarf and starve upon even the grandest and most divine idea.

12. This selection of a single idea from the great world of ideas to which the mind is vitally related, and making it food and drink, and motive and pivotal point of action, and supreme object of devotion, is mental and moral suicide. It makes that a despotic king which should be a tributary subject. It enslaves the soul to a base partisanship. It is right to make money, and it is right to be rich when wealth is won legitimately; but when money becomes the supreme object of a man's life, the soul starves as rapidly as the coffers are filled. It is right to be a temperance man and an anti-slavery man, and an advocate of any special Christian reform; but the effect of adopting any one of these reforms as the supreme object of a man's pursuit, never fails to belittle him.

13. One of the most pitiable objects the world contains is a man of generous natural impulses grown sour, impatient, bitter, abusive, uncharitable, and ungracious, by devotion to one idea, and the failure to impress it upon the world with the strength

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by which it possesses himself. Many of these fondly hug the delusion to themselves that they are martyrs, when, in fact, they are only suicides. Many of these look forward to the day when posterity will canonize them, and lift them to the glory of those who were not received by their age because they were in advance of their age. So they regard with contempt the pigmy world, wrap the mantles of their mortified pride about them, and lie down in a delusive dream of immortality.

14. Whether the effect of devotion to a single idea be disastrous or otherwise to the devotees, nothing in all history is better proved—nothing in all philosophy is more clearly demonstrable—than the fact that it is a damage to the idea. If I wished to disgust a community with any special idea, I would set a man talking about it and advocating it, who would talk of nothing else. If I wished to ruin a cause utterly, I would submit it to the advocacy of one who would thrust it into every man's face, who would make every other cause subordinate to it, who would refuse to see any objections to it, who would accuse all opponents of unworthy motives, and who would thus exhibit his absolute slavery to it. Men have an instinct which tells them that such people as these are not trustworthy—that their sentiments and opinions are as valueless as those of children.

15. We have only to learn that a man can see nothing but his pet idea, and is really in its possession, to lose all confidence in his judgment. When in a court of justice a man testifies upon a point that touches his personal interests or feelings or relations, we say that his testimony is not valuable—not reliable. It decides nothing for us. We say that the evidence does not come from the proper source. We do not expect candor from him, for we perceive that his interests are too deeply involved to allow sound judgment and utterly truthful expression. It is precisely thus with all professional agitators and reformers—all devotees of single ideas. They are personally so intimately connected with their idea—have been so enslaved by their idea—are so interested in its prosperity—that they are not competent to testify with relation to it.

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EXERCISE XXXVIII.

Bryan Waller Procter, distinguished as the author of some admirable songs and other writings, was born in the year 1790. He is better known under the assumed name of **Barry Cornwall**, which is merely an *anagram* formed by transposing the letters of his real name.

IMAGINATION.

PROCTER.

1. Imagination differs from Fancy, inasmuch as it does by a single effort what the latter effects by deliberate comparison. Generally speaking, imagination deals with the passions and the higher moods of the mind. It is the fiercer and more potent spirit; and the images are flung out of its burning grasp, as it were molten, and massed together. It is a complex power, including those faculties which are called by metaphysicians, Conception, Abstraction, and Judgment. It is the genius of personification. It concentrates the many into the one, coloring and investing its own complex creation with the attributes of all. It multiplies and divides and remodels, always *changing*, in one respect or other, the literal fact, and always *enriching* it, when properly exerted.

2. It merges ordinary nature and literal truth in the brilliant atmosphere which it exhales, till they come forth like the illuminations of sunset, which were nothing but clouds before. It acts upon all things drawn within its range; sometimes in the creation of character, and sometimes in figures of speech only. It is different in different people; in Shakspeare, bright and rapid as lightning, *fusing* things by its power; in Milton, awful as collected thunder. It peoples the elements with fantastic forms, and fills the earth with unearthly heroism, intellect, and beauty.

3. It is the parent of all those passionate creations which Shakspeare has bequeathed to us. It is the origin of that terrible generation of Milton,—**Sin**, and the shadowy **Death**, **Rumor**, and **Discord** with its thousand tongues, **Night** and **Chaos**; ancestors of Nature; down to all those who lie

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"Under the boiling ocean, *wrapped in chains*"—

of all phantasies born beneath the moon, and all the miracles of dreams. It is an intense and burning power, and comes

"*Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage*"—

(which line is itself a magnificent instance of imagination)—and is, indeed, a concentration of the intellect, gathering together its wandering faculties, and bursting forth in a flood of thought, till the apprehension is staggered which pursues it.

4. The exertion of this faculty is apparent in every page of our two great poets; from

"The shout that tore Hell's concave,"

to the "*care*" that "*sate* on the faded cheek" of Satan; from the *wounds* of Thammuz* which *allured*

"The Syrian damsels to *lament* his fate,"

to those

"Thoughts that wander through eternity;"

from the *curses* of Lear upon his daughters, which

"*Stamp wrinkles* in her brow of youth,"

to Hamlet,

"*Benetted* round with *villainies*,"

and thousands of others which meet us at every opening of the leaves.

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* Thammuz, or Tammuz, was a Syrian deity for whom the Hebrew idolatresses were accustomed to hold an annual lamentation. See Ezek. viii. 14.

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EXERCISE XXXIX.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD is an eloquent English barrister, and, also, a chaste, clear and imaginative writer. "He is the author of two classic plays," says Chambers, "*Ion* and *The Athenian Captive*, remarkable for a gentle beauty, refinement and pathos."

HENRY BROUGHAM, late lord chancellor of England, the subject of the following sketch, was born in Edinburgh in September, 1778. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, was for twenty-five years one of its ablest contributors, and is even now one of the most remarkable of public men in England.

SKETCH OF LORD BROUGHAM.

T. NOON TALFOURD.

1. True it is, that this extraordinary man, who, without high birth, splendid fortune, or aristocratic connection, has, by mere intellectual power, become the parliamentary leader of the whigs of England, is, at last, beginning to succeed in the profession he has condescended to follow.

2. But, stupendous as his abilities, and various as his acquisitions are, he does not possess that one presiding faculty—*imagination*, which, as it concentrates all others, chiefly renders them unavailing for inferior uses. Mr. Brougham's powers are not thus united and rendered unwieldly and prodigious, but remain apart, and neither assist nor impede each other. The same speech, indeed, may give scope to several talents; to lucid narration, to brilliant wit, to irresistible reasoning, and even to heart-touching pathos; but these will be found in parcels, not blended and interfused in one superhuman burst of passionate eloquence. The single power in which he excels all others is sarcasm, and his deepest inspiration—*scorn!*

3. Hence he can awaken terror and shame far better than he can melt, agitate, and raise. Animated by this blasting spirit, he can "bare the mean hearts" which "lurk beneath" a hundred "stars," and smite a majority of lordly persecutors into the dust! His power is all directed to the practical and earthy

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It is rather that of a giant than a magician,—of Briareus* than of Prospero.* He can do a hundred things well, and almost at once; but he cannot do the one highest thing; he cannot, by a single touch, reveal the hidden treasures of the soul, and astonish the world with truth and beauty unknown till disclosed at his bidding. Over his vast domain he ranges with amazing activity, and is a different man in each province which he occupies.

4. He is not one, but legion. At three in the morning, he will make a reply in Parliament, which shall blanch the cheeks and appall the hearts of his enemies; and, at half-past nine, he will be found in his place in court, working out a case in which a bill of five pounds is disputed, with all the plodding care of a most laborious junior. This multiplicity of avocation, and division of talent, suit the temper of his constitution and mind.

5. Not only does he accomplish a greater variety of purposes than any other man,—not only does he give anxious attention to every petty cause, while he is fighting a great political battle, and weighing the relative interests of nations—not only does he write an article for the Edinburgh Review while contesting a county, and prepare complicated arguments on Scotch appeals, by way of rest from his generous endeavors to educate a people —but he does all this as if it were perfectly natural to him, in a manner so unpretending and quiet, that a stranger would think him a merry gentleman, who had nothing to do but enjoy himself and fascinate others.

6. The fire which burns in the tough fibers of his intellect, does not quicken his pulse, or kindle his blood to more than a genial warmth. He, therefore, is one man in the senate, another in the study, another in a committee-room, and another in a petty cause; and, consequently, is never above the work which he has to perform.

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* Bri a're us was a fabled giant of old, who is reported to have had a *hundred hands;* Prospero is the rightful Duke of Milan, a character in one of Shakspeare's plays [The Tempest], who is represented as having acquired power over "*potent spirits*" to make them obedient to his will.

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EXERCISE XL.

DEMOS'THENES, the greatest of the Grecian orators, was born at Athens. His principal orations, called "Philippics," were designed to incite his countrymen against the encroachments of Philip, king of Macedon, upon the liberties of Greece. After the death of Alexander the Great, the Athenians revolted, but were subdued; and Demosthenes, to avoid falling into the hands of Antipater, the Macedonian General, took poison, B. C. 322.

CHER SO NESE', or CHER SO NE' SUS (CHERSO, *land*, or *mainland*, and NESUS, *an island*), means, literally, *a land-island*, or *an island attached to the mainland*, that is, *a peninsula*. There were several places so called by the ancients; but the one here meant, is that long, narrow strip of land running out in a southwesterly direction from the mainland of European Turkey, between the Dardanelles and the Gulf of Melas. It is now called *the peninsula of the Dardanelles*.

This Chersonese had been ceded by its sovereign to Athens; but Cardia, one of the principal cities, had put itself under the protection of Philip, king of Macedon. A Grecian general had been sent out to plant a colony in the peninsula. He regarded Philip's conduct towards Cardia, as sufficient to justify hostile action on his part, although he had no orders to that effect. He, accordingly, made a vigorous attack; relying of course on support from the party of Demosthenes at home. The opposite party, however, or Macedonian party, as they were called, inveighed bitterly against the proceedings of the general, and against all who favored them, as being an infraction of the peace nominally subsisting between Athens and Macedon. Hence the admirable speech from which the following extract is taken.

REPLY TO THE PARTY OF PHILIP.

DEMOSTHENES (*translated by Lord Brougham*).

1. Whence is it, after all, O men of Athens, that Philip is thus openly carrying on military operations, doing acts of violence, taking towns, and yet no one of these creatures of his ever thinks of charging *him* with committing outrages, or even going to war at all, while the whole blame of beginning hostilities is cast upon those who are for resisting such violence, and against abandoning everything to his mercy? I can tell you the reason of all this:—That indignation which you are likely to feel when you *suffer* by the war, our accusers would fain turn off upon us who gave you the sound advice, in order that you

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may condemn *us*, instead of punishing Philip, and that themselves may play the part of prosecutors against us, instead of paying the penalty of their own misconduct.

2. But I perceive that some of our politicians by no means lay down the same rule for themselves and for you. They would have you remain quiet, whatever wrongs are done to you; while they can never remain quiet themselves, though no one is wronging them at all. Then, whoever rises, is sure to taunt me with—"*So you will not bring forward a proposition for war; you will not venture upon that, timid and spiritless as you are?*"

3. For my part, self-confident, and forward, and shameless, I am not, and may I never be! Yet do I account myself by a great deal more courageous than those whose counsels are marked with such temerity. He, in truth, Athenians, who, regardless of the interests of the country, condemns, confiscates, rewards, impeaches, by no means proves his *courage* in all this; for, if he insures his own safety by such speeches and such counsels as are calculated to win your favor, he may be daring with very little hazard.

4. But he who for your good oftentimes thwarts your inclinations; who never speaks to gain your good graces, but consults your interests always; who, should he recommend some course of policy, in which fortune may baffle the calculations of reason, yet makes himself accountable for the event—he is indeed courageous—an invaluable citizen he truly is; not like those who to an ephemeral popularity have sacrificed the highest interests of their country—men whom I am so far from wishing to rival, or from regarding as true patriots, that were I called upon to declare what services I had rendered our common country, although I have to tell, Athenians, of naval commands, and public shows, of supplies raised and of captives ransomed, and other passages of like description, to none of them all would I point but to this one thing, that *my* policy has never been like *theirs*.

5. Able I may be, as well as others, to impeach, and distribute, and proscribe, and whatever else it is *they* are wont to do;

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yet on none of these grounds did I ever choose to take my place, or rest my pretensions, either through avarice or ambition. I have persevered in holding that language which lowers me in your estimation as compared with others, yet which must greatly exalt you, so you will only listen to me. Thus much to have said, may, perhaps, not be deemed invidious.

6. Nor do I conceive that I should be acting an honest part, were I to devise measures, which, while they raised me to the first rank in Athens, sank you to the lowest station among the Greeks. But the state ought to be exalted by the counsels of patriots, and it is the duty of us all to render, not the most easy, but the most profitable advice. Towards the former, our nature is of itself but too prone; to enforce the latter, a patriot's lessons and eloquence are required.

7. I not long since heard some one talking as if my advice was always sound enough, but *words* were all I gave the state; whereas it wanted deeds and actions. Now upon this point I will tell you what I think, and without any reserve. I do not hold it to be the province of those who advise you, to do *any* act whatever beyond giving you sound counsel; and that this is a correct view of the subject, I think I shall easily show You remember how the celebrated Timotheus harangued you upon the necessity of succoring the Eubœans and saving them from the Theban yoke. "What!" he said, "do you deliberate how to proceed and what to do, when the Thebans are actually in the island? Men of Athens! will you not cover the sea with your ships? Will you not instantly arise and fly to the Piræus?* Will you not draw down your vessels to the beach?"

8. These were Timotheus' words; this was what you did; and, from both concurring, the work was accomplished But, had he given, as, indeed, he did, the best of counsels; if you had remained immovable, giving ear to nothing that he said; would any of those things have been performed which were then done for the country? impossible! And so it is with what I am now urging and what others may urge. For *deeds* you

* Pi ræ' us is the name of the celebrated harbor of ancient Athens

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must rely on yourselves; looking to statesmen only for the capacity to give you salutary *counsels*. And now after summing up in a word what I have to urge, I have done. I say you should levy the necessary supplies, should maintain the army on its necessary establishment—correcting whatever abuses may be found to exist, but not disbanding it altogether upon the first clamor that is raised—should send ambassadors, wherever they can be useful in informing, admonishing, or anywhere furthering the interests of this country.

9. But you should, beside all this, bring the men to punishment whose administration has been stained with corruption, and consign them to abhorrence in all times and all places, to the end that those whose conduct has been temperate and pure, may be shown to have consulted at once their own interests and yours. If such shall be your course, and you no longer neglect your most important concerns, it may be that our affairs shall take a better turn. But, if you sit down inactive and confining your exertions to acclamations and applause, shrink back the moment anything is required to be *done*, I can conceive no eloquence which, in the absence of every necessary effort on your part, will have the power to save the country.

EXERCISE XLI.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, author of the following humorous effusion, was one of the most distinguished poets and philosophers of his time. He was born in Devonshire in the year 1772, and died in 1834. "The literary character of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," says an able critic, "resembles some vast but unfinished palace: all is gigantic, beautiful, and rich; but nothing is complete, nothing compact. He was all his days, from his youth to his death, laboring, meditating, projecting: and yet all that he left us, bears a painful character of fragmentariness and imperfection. His mind was eminently dreamy; he was deeply tinged with that incapacity of *acting*, which forms the characteristic of the German intellect: his genius was multiform, many-sided; and for this reason, perhaps, could not at once seize upon the right point of view. No man, probably, ever existed, who thought more, and more intensely, than Coleridge; few ever possessed a vaster treasury of learning and knowledge; and yet how little has he given us! or rather how few of his works are in any way worthy of the undoubted majesty of his genius!"

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ODE TO RAIN.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COMPOSED BEFORE DAYLIGHT, ON THE MORNING APPOINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY, BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT VISITOR, WHOM IT WAS FEARED THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN.

I.

I know it is dark; and though I have lain
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once opened the lids of my eyes,
But lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain, that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best;
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest,
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep,
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

II.

O Rain! with your dull twofold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round,
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both day and night, but ill agree:
For days, and months, and almost years,
Have limped on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together.
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken and knees should swell,
I'll nothing speak of you but well.

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But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

III.

Dear Rain! I ne'er refuse to say
You're a good creature in your way.
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.
What then? sometimes it must be fair.
And, if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

IV.

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offense! I'll tell you why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset
With three dear Friends! in truth, we groan
Impatiently to be alone.
We three you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

V.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could;
(And, by the by, 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant, as you're good;)

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Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stay a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

EXERCISE XLII.

The following curious piece, found in an old English collection, was written in answer to the question once put to the author—"*Why turns your hair white?*" It is a good example of labored *alliteration*, that is, the style in which the same sound is made frequently to recur in the same line; as where Milton says—"*B*ehemoth, *b*iggest *b*orn of earth."

WHY DOES YOUR HAIR TURN WHITE?

W. RUNIS

I.

Where seething sighs and sorrow sobs
Hath slain the slips that nature set;
And scalding showers with stony throbs,
The kindly sap from them hath *fet*,*
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, *white hairs* to be?

II.

Where thought hath thrilled, and thrown his spears,
To hurt the heart that harmeth him not;
And groaning grief hath ground forth tears,
Mine eye to stain, my face to spot:
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, *white hairs* to be?

* *Fetch*, or bring out. The word is obsolete.

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III.

Where pinching pain himself has placed,
There peace with pleasures *were* possessed:
And, where the walls of wealth lie waste,
And *poverty* in them is pressed;
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, *white hairs* to be?

IV.

Where wretched woe will weave her web,
Where care the clue can catch, and dust:
And floods of joy are fallen to ebb,
So low, that life may not long last;
What wonder, then, though that you see,
Upon my head, *white hairs* to be?

V.

These hairs of age are messengers
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That doth prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore I *joy* that you may see,
Upon my head, *such* hairs to be.

VI.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How far my race is yet to run:
They show my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is weak begun:
The which I *feel*, and you may see,
Upon my head, *such lines* to be.

VII.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical:
Their tunes declare what time from ground
I *came*, and how thereto I shall:

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Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head, *such* strings to be.

VIII.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No *worse* them take than I have meant.
That, after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy their lives well spent:
God grant likewise that *you* may see,
Upon *your* head, such hairs to be.

EXERCISE XLIII.

EPITAPH is from the Greek (EPI, *upon*, and TAPHOS, *tomb*), and signifies what is *written on a tomb*, that is, *a monumental inscription*. It is usually very brief. Its general tone is serious. But often it has been made the vehicle of wit, humor, and satire, and not seldom the channel of gross flattery or slander.

EPITAPHS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. An epitaph, as the word itself implies, is an *inscription on the tomb*, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise. But, as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the word, so that it signifies, in the general acceptation, an *inscription engraven on a tomb in honor* of the person deceased.

2. As honors are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life. Those epitaphs are, therefore, the most perfect, which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas and rouse his emulation.

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3. The best subject for epitaphs is private virtue; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression, or freed the world from ignorance and error, can excite the emulation of a very small number; but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue, may animate multitudes, by his example, to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

I.

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

BEN JONSON.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou canst find another,
Good, and fair, and wise as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

II.

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

III.

COLERIDGE ON HIMSELF.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Stop, Christian passer-by, stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who, many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!

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Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same

IV.

PUNNING EPITAPH ON JOSEPH BLACKETT.*

BYRON

Stranger! behold, interred together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all:*
You'll find his relics in a *stall.*
His works were neat, and often found
Well *stitched*, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid,
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole.
With verse immortal as his *sole.*
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the *last.*
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella?"
For character—he did not lack it;
And, if he did, 'twere shame to "*Black*-it."

V.

EPITAPH ON SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred, may well make England proud;
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and strong,
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man, immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies!

* Blackett was a shoemaker and a poet.

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VI.

ON CHARLES II.

ROCHESTER.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never *said* a foolish thing,
And never *did* a wise one.

VII.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said—*Let Newton be!* and there was light.

VIII.

A LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

COWLEY.

From life's superfluous cares enlarged,
His debt of human toil discharged,
Here Cowley lies, beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead:
With decent poverty content;
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe professed,
And, hating wealth, by all caressed.
'Tis sure he's dead! for lo! how small
A spot of earth is now his all!
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers, the short-lived roses bring,
To life deceased fit offering!
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow

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IX.

ON A MISER.

Here crumbling lies beneath this mold
A man whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest,
Though twice ten thousand filled his chest;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more!

EXERCISE XLIV.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

I.

Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

II.

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves!

III.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No vail to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day—
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

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IV.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Savior looks for perfect fruit,—
We stand before him, humbled, mute;
Waiting the words he breathes,—
"*Nothing but leaves?*"*

EXERCISE XLV.

LAURENCE STERNE was born in Clonmel, Ireland, in the year 1713. He died in 1768. Though a member of the clerical profession, he was by no means exemplary in walk and conversation. As a writer, however, he was not without extraordinary claims to distinction. He excelled in the delineation of comic character, in coarse, and often vulgar humor, in occasional touches of pure and tender sentiment, and in the command of a style and diction powerful to interest the fancy and move the heart. The following is a specimen in his best manner.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

STERNE.

1. It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain) when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over

* He found nothing thereon but leaves. Matt. chap. xxi. v. 19.

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him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

2. He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty vial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast; I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me. If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God, he will still mend, continued he; we are all of us concerned for him.

3. Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good. Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host. And of his whole family, added the corporal; for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, said my uncle Toby; do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.

4. I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal; but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night

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and day He has not stirred from the bedside these two days. My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

5. Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. Corporal! said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

6. Trim, said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaur,* and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honor's roquelaur, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaur, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your back. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't† please your honor, to me, quoth the corporal. I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoiter, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour. Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.

7. It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honor any kind of

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* Roquelaur, (*rok' e lor*) a cloak.

† An't is old English for *if't*, that is, *if it*.

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intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant. Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby. He is, said the corporal. And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby. I'll tell your honor, replied the corporal, everything straightforwards as I learned it. Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honor is good. And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered; and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

8. I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby —I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came. If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me; for I heard the deathwatch all night long: and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

9. I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the

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name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.

10. I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; but that thou art a good-natured fellow. When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar—And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby—he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honor; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong, added the corporal. I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

11. When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

12. I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it? replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But, when a soldier, said I

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an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; benumbed in his joints; perhaps, without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.

13. I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby; for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done his duties in this world and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim. It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that, if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. I hope not, said the corporal. But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

14. When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

15. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up

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close to his bedside. If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant. I told him your honor was. Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his goodature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing. Possibly he may my story, added he. Pray, tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot as she lay in my arms in my tent. I remember the story, an't please your honor, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I. In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

16. I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—I wish, Trim, I was asleep. . Your honor, replied the corporal, is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby. I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon. 'Tis finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

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17. It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that, nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

18. Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madst an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your honor knows, said the corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

19. In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and, if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set

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him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.

20. He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world, said the corporal. He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. An' please your honor, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the corporal. He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the corporal; and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall *not* die, with an oath, cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

21. My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his breeches pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep. The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside; and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him. And, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter:

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and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

22. There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on? No.

EXERCISE XLVI.

LAUGH ON, LAUGH ON, TO-DAY!

WM. M. PRAED.*

I.

Laugh on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

* See Note on Exercise XXXIII.

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II.

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

III.

Oh, yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least, he'll run with you a league,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

IV.

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you *are* you *will* not be,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

V.

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
I am no more a boy!

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I've never had the gout, 'tis true,
  My hair is hardly gray;
But now *I* cannot laugh like you;
  Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

VI.

I used to have as glad a face,
  As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race
  As you are running now;
But never mind how *I* behave,
  Don't interrupt your play,
And, though I look so very grave,
  Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

EXERCISE XLVII.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE is an Episcopal clergyman, and was born at Mendham, in New Jersey, in the year 1818. He is a lyric poet of remarkable merit, and writes chiefly on religious themes. The following is one of his best productions.

HYMN OF BOYHOOD.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

I.

The first dear thing that I ever loved,
  Was a mother's gentle eye,
That smiled, as I woke on the dreamy couch
  That cradled my infancy.
I never forget the joyous thrill
  That smile in my spirit stirred,
Nor how it could charm me against my will,
  Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

II.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved,
  Was a bunch of summer flowers,

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With odors, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as from Eden's bowers.
I never can find such hues again,
Nor smell such sweet perfume;
And, if there be odors as sweet as then
'Tis I that have lost the bloom.

III.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved,
Was a fawn-like little maid,
Half pleased, half awed by the frolic boy
That tortured her doll, and played:
I never can see the gossamer
Which rude, rough zephyrs tease,
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

IV.

And the next good thing that ever I loved,
Was a bow-kite in the sky;
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,
And a dog for my company;
And a jingling hoop, with many a bound
To my measured strike and true;
And a rocket sent up to the firmament,
When Even was out so blue.

V.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love,
Was a field of wavy grain,
Where the reapers mowed; or a ship in sail
On the billowy, billowy main:
And the next was a fiery prancing horse
That I felt like a man to stride;
And the next was a beautiful sailing-boat
With a helm it was hard to guide.

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VI.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love,
  Is tenderer far to tell;
'Twas a voice, and a hand, and gentle eye
  That dazzled me with its spell:
And the loveliest things I had loved before,
  Were only the landscape now,
On the canvas bright where I pictured her,
  In the glow of my early vow

VII.

And the next good thing I was fain to love,
  Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er all these lovely things,
  Forever, forever flown.
Then out I walked in the forest free,
  Where wantoned the autumn wind,
And the colored boughs swung shiveringly,
  In harmony with my mind.

VIII.

And a spirit was on me that next I loved,
  That ruleth my spirit still,
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,
  Albeit against my will.
And I walked the woods till the winter came,
  And then did I love the snow;
And I heard the gales, through the wild wood aisles,
  Like the LORD'S own organ blow.

IX.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk,
  I saw it afar away,
Surpliced with snows, like the bending priest
  That kneels in the church to pray:

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And I thought of the vaulted fane, and high,
Where I stood when a little child,
Awed by the lauds sung thrillingly,
And the anthems undefiled.

X.

And again to the vaulted church I went,
And I heard the same sweet prayers,
And the same full organ-peals upsent,
And the same soft soothing airs;
And I felt in my spirit so drear and strange
To think of the race I ran,
That I loved the lone thing that knew no change,
In the soul of the boy and man.

XI.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,
And that froze on my lids, did fall,
And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,
Like scales on the eyes of Paul:
And the dear thing I was fond to love,
Was that holy service high,
That lifted my soul to joys above
And pleasures that do not die.

XII.

And then, said I, one thing there is
That I of the LORD desire,
That ever, while I on earth shall live,
I will of the LORD require,—
That I may dwell in His temple blest,
As long as my life shall be;
And the beauty fair of the LORD of HOSTS,
In the home of His glory see.

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EXERCISE XLVIII.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D., was born at Newport, in Rhode Island, in the year 1780. He died in 1842. He wrote chiefly on theological subjects, and was a profound thinker, an admirable writer, and an excellent man. From one of his discourses on the practical duties of life, we take the first extract following, and from one of his occasional addresses the second.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM—WHAT IS IT?

CHANNING.

1. *I call that mind free*, which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

2. *I call that mind free*, which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison-wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

3. *I call that mind free*, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

4. *I call that mind free*, which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

5. *I call that mind free*, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrents

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of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

6. *I call that mind free*, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

7. *I call that mind free*, which, through confidence in God, and, in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

8. *I call that mind free*, which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

9. *I call that mind free*, which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

10. In fine, *I call that mind free*, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

THE PRESENT AGE.

1. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that

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every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man, this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all,—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life. . . . . .

2. The Present Age! In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have been bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted!

3. And at the same time, what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible.

4. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its center, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will, indeed, gather more and more as time rolls away; but, in that night, two forms will appear, Washington* and Napoleon,† the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star.

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* See Exercise CXII. † See Exercise XCI

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5. Another American name will live in history, your Franklin;* and the kite† which brought lightning from heaven, will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. There is, however, something greater in the age than in its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on that stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone.

6. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps, much of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps, some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages.

7. Perhaps, some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the whole earth. Perhaps, there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring. What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all;—I mean the Soul, the Immortal Spirit.

8. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time how obscure! The future into which it opens, who of us can foresee? To the Father of all Ages I commit this future with humble, yet courageous and unfaltering hope.

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* See Exercise CXXXIII.

† The reference here is to Dr. Franklin's well-known experiment with a kite made in Philadelphia, in June 1752, whereby he succeeded in actually conducting the lightning to the earth, and so establishing the identity of lightning with electricity.

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EXERCISE XLIX

WILLIAM MURRAY, first *Earl of Mansfield*, was born near Perth, in Scotland, in the year 1705, and died in 1793. While a student he gave himself to study with that extraordinary diligence for which he was always remarkable. Being destined for the bar, he made everything subservient to that object. "In closeness of argument," says an able writer, quoted by Prof. Goodrich, "in happiness of illustration, in copiousness and grace of diction, the oratory of Murray was unsurpassed." The speech, part of which we give below, is regarded as his best effort in Parliament. It was delivered during a debate on a bill for taking away all privilege from the servants of members of Parliament. As an exercise in reading, to show the tone and manner proper in dignified debate, it has no superior

SPEECH OF LORD MANSFIELD ON PRIVILEGE.

1. I come now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that *I* likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race,—to what purpose all-trying time can alone determine; but, if that noble lord means that mushroom popularity which is raised without *merit*, and lost without a *crime*, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations.

2. I thank God, I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have forgone that pleasing adviser, and given up their minds to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity; I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many who, by the popularity of the times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the histo-

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rian's page, where truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty.

3. Why, then, the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships *will* be popular; it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not *be* popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very *un*popular bill. It may not be popular, neither, to take away any of the privileges of Parliament: for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privileges; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that privilege protected members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with this doctrine. It was indubitably an *abominable* doctrine: I thought so *then*, and think so *still;* but nevertheless, it *was* a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty—how *deservedly* time will show.

4. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all—to the king and to the beggar. Where is the *justice*, then, or where is the *law*, that protects a member of Parliament more than any other man from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow no place nor employment to be a sanctuary for crimes; and, where I have the honor to sit as a judge, neither royal favor nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty. I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your lordships' time, and am sorry a bill fraught with so good consequences, has not met with an abler advocate; but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires, with your *lordships*, but very little support.

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EXERCISE L.

SLEEP, MR. SPEAKER!

W. M. PRAED.*

ON SEEING THE SPEAKER ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR IN ONE OF THE DEBATES OF THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

I.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker! 'tis surely fair
If you mayn't in your *bed*, that you should in your **chair**.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, *Ay*, and *No!*
Talking by night, and talking by day,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

II.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

III.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then;
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than *they*—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

IV.

Sleep Mr. Speaker; Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;

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* See Note on Exercise XXXIII.

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Hume will, no doubt, be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

V.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime;
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Dear me! how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

EXERCISE LI.

THOMAS HOOD, chiefly known as a comic poet and humorist, was born in London in 1795, and died in 1845. Though best known as a humorous writer, he was capable of moving the higher feelings to an extent that makes us regret that his tastes or his necessities kept him almost constantly in the region of fun, frolic, and gayety. Yet "even in his puns and levities," says an able judge, "there is a '*spirit of good*' directed to some kindly or philanthropic object." We give below two of his most celebrated pieces, in which he appears in the opposite lights of *gayety* and *gravity*—for which he is so remarkable.

PARENTAL ODE TO MY LITTLE SON.

THOMAS HOOD.

I.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear:)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

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II.

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

III.

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport, and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint!)

IV.

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life.
(He's got a knife!)

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Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

V.

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

EXERCISE LII.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD

I.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

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II.

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work

III.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

IV.

"Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

V.

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—

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It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

VI.

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags,—
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

VII.

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

VIII.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

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IX.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one sweet hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

X.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blesséd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But, in their briny bed,
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

XI.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt"

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EXERCISE LIII.

MAN'S WORKS SHALL FOLLOW HIM.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.*

I.

'Tis truth that painter, bard, and sage,
Even in earth's cold and changeful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
The fruits and flowers of time.

II.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

III.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown

IV.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall
The Past shall re-appear.

V.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

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* See Note, Exercise V.

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VI.

Oh, no! We live our life again:
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
MAN'S WORKS SHALL FOLLOW HIM!

EXERCISE LIV.

JOSEPH STORY, the eminent jurist, and accomplished scholar, was born at Marblehead, in Massachusetts, in 1782. In 1811 he was made a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1830 he was appointed Dane Professor of the Law School of Harvard University. In both these situations he acquitted himself with distinguished ability. He died in 1845. The following is from a discourse on the occasion of the consecration of Mount Auburn Cemetery in 1831.

RESTING-PLACES FOR THE DEAD INTERESTING TO THE LIVING.

JUDGE STORY.

1. "*Bury me not, I pray thee,*" said the patriarch Jacob, "*bury me not in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt; and bury me in their burying-place.*" "*There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah.*"

2. Such are the natural expressions of human feeling, as they fall from the lips of the dying Such are the reminiscences that forever crowd on the confines of the passes to the grave. We seek again to have our home there with our friends, and to be blest by a communion with them. It is a matter of instinct, not of reasoning. It is a spiritual impulse, which supersedes belief, and disdains question.

3. It is to the living mourner—to the parent, weeping over his dear dead child—to the husband, dwelling in his own solitary desolation—to the widow, whose heart is broken by untimely sorrow—to the friend, who misses at every turn the

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presence of some kindred spirit,—it is to these that the repositories of the dead bring home thoughts full of admonition, of instruction, and slowly, but surely, of consolation also. They admonish us, by their very silence, of our own frail, transitory being They instruct us in the true value of life, and in its noble purposes, its duties, and its destination. They spread around us, in the reminiscences of the past, sources of pleasing, though melancholy reflection.

4. I have spoken but of feelings and associations common to all ages, and all generations of men—to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian and the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitant of the dreary forests of the north, and the sultry regions of the south—to the worshiper of the sun, and the worshiper of idols—to the heathen, dwelling in the darkness of his cold mythology, and to the Christian, rejoicing in the light of the true God. Everywhere we trace them, in the characteristic remains of the most distant ages and nations, and as far back as human history carries its traditionary outlines. They are found in the barrows, and cairns, and mounds of olden times, reared by the uninstructed affection of savage tribes; and everywhere the spots seem to have been selected with the same tender regard to the living and the dead; that the magnificence of nature might administer comfort to human sorrow, and incite human sympathy.

5. If this tender regard for the dead be so absolutely universal, and so deeply founded in human affection, why is it not made to exert a more profound influence on our lives? Why do we not enlist it with more persuasive energy in the cause of human improvement? Why do we not enlarge it as a source of religious consolation? Why do we not make it a more efficient instrument to elevate ambition, to stimulate genius, and to dignify learning? Why do we not connect it indissolubly with associations, which charm us in nature, and engross us in art? Why do we not dispel from it that unlovely gloom, from which our hearts turn, as from a darkness that ensnares, and a horror that appalls our thoughts?

6 To many, nay, to most of the heathen, the burying-place

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was the end of all things. They indulged no hope, at least, no solid hope, of any future intercourse or reunion with their friends. The farewell at the grave was a long, and an everlasting farewell. At the moment, when they breathed it, it brought to their hearts a startling sense of their own wretchedness. Yet, when the first tumults of anguish were passed, they visited the spot, and strewed flowers, and garlands, and crowns around it, to assuage their grief, and nourish their piety. They delighted to make it the abode of the varying beauties of nature; to give it attractions, which should invite the busy and the thoughtful; and yet, at the same time, afford ample scope for the secret indulgence of sorrow.

7. Why should not Christians imitate such examples? They have far nobler motives to cultivate moral sentiments and sensibilities; to make cheerful the pathways to the grave; to combine with deep meditations on human mortality the sublime consolations of religion. We know, indeed, as they did of old, that "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." But that home is not an everlasting home; and the mourners may not weep, as those who are without hope.

8. What is the grave to us, but a thin barrier, dividing time from eternity, and earth from Heaven? What is it, but "the appointed place of rendezvous, where all the travelers on life's journey meet," for a single night of repose?

> "'Tis but a night—a long and moonless night,
> We make the grave our bed, and then are gone."

Know we not,

> "The time draws on
> When not a single spot of burial earth,
> Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
> But must give up its long-committed dust
> Inviolate?"

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EXERCISE LV.

THE BELL AT GREENWOOD.*

ARTHUR MORRELL.

I.

A mournful office is thine, old Bell,
To ring forth naught but the last sad knell
Of the coffined worm, as he passeth by,
And thou seem'st to say,—"*Ye all must die!*"

II.

No joyful peal dost thou ever ring;
But ever and aye, as hither they bring
The dead to sleep 'neath the greenwood tree,
Thy sound is heard, pealing mournfully.

III.

No glad occasion dost thou proclaim;
Thy mournful tone is ever the same—
The slow measured peal, that tells of woe,
Such as hearts that feel it, may only know.

IV.

Hadst thou the power of speech, old Bell,
Methinks strange stories thou'dst often tell;
How some are brought here, with tear and moan,
While others pass by, unmourned, alone;

V.

How strangers are hither brought to sleep,
Whose home, perhaps, was beyond the deep;
Who, seeking our shores, come but to die,
And here, in this hallowed spot, to lie;

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* A beautiful cemetery in Brooklyn, New York.

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VI.

How a wife hath followed a husband's bier,—
How a husband hath followed a wife most dear,—
How brother and sister have come in turn,
To shed their tears o'er a parent's urn;

VII.

How father and mother, in accents wild,
Have bewailed the loss of a darling child;
How a friend o'er a friend hath shed the tear,
As he laid him down to slumber here;

VIII.

How the victim of sorrow's ceaseless smart,
Hath given up life with a willing heart,
And thought of this spot with a smiling face,
Glad, at last, to find him a resting-place

IX.

I wonder if thou dost ring, old Bell,
For the rich man, a louder, longer knell,
Than thou dost for the poor who enter here,
Or the humble and unpretending bier;

X.

And dost thou ring forth a peal less sad
For the pure and the good, than for the bad?
Or dost thou toll the same knell for all—
The rich and the poor, the great and the small?

XI.

Oh, a mournful office is thine, old Bell!
To ring forth naught but the last sad knell
Of the coffined worm, as he passeth by,
And thou seem'st to say,—"*Thus all must die!*"

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EXERCISE LVI.

"CHARLES LAMB," says an acute critic, "is one of the most admirable of those *humorists* who form the peculiar feature of the *literature*, as the ideas they express, are the peculiar distinction of the *character* of the English people. He was born in 1775, and died in 1834; and forms a bright light in that intellectual galaxy of which Wordsworth is the center. He was essentially a Londoner: London life supplied him with his richest materials; and yet his mind was so imbued, so saturated with our older writers, that he is original by the mere force of self-transformation into the spirit of the elder literature: he was, in short, an old writer, who lived by accident a century or two after his real time. Wordsworth is peculiarly the poet of solitary rural nature; Lamb drew an inspiration as true, as delicate, as profound, from the city life in which he lived; and from which he never was, for a moment, removed but with pain and a yearning to come back."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

CHARLES LAMB.

1. Every man hath *two birthdays:* two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which, in an especial manner, he termeth *his.* In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday, hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

2. Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

"I saw the skirts of the departing Year!"

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It is no more than what, in sober sadness, every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

"*Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.*"

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armor-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamester's phrase it, games for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well contrived novel.

3. The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me.

4. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it, indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than, in a hot June, we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the

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years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel.

EXERCISE LVII.

ALFRED TENNYSON, author of the following spirited verses, was born about the year 1810. He has written some things so true to nature, so simple, so touchingly pathetic,—as "*The May Queen*," for example,—as to entitle him to the praise of a true poetic inspiration. His father was a clergyman in Lincolnshire, England.

RING OUT THE OLD YEAR.

TENNYSON.

I.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

II.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true!

III.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind!

IV.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

V.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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VI.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

VII.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

VIII.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be

EXERCISE LVIII.

ROBERT POLLOK was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, in the year 1799. He died near Southampton, in 1827, just after his entrance upon duty, as a minister in the Presbyterian Church. He was the author of several works both in prose and verse. That, however, which gave him his chief distinction, is his "Course of Time:" a work abounding in fine passages and noble sentiments, but clouded to excess with gloomy reflection, often deficient in care and polish, and oftener still inflated in style and diction. Had he lived, however, time might have cured these defects, and brought out to the highest advantage, what doubtless he had, a rare combination of natural endowments

PASSAGES FROM POLLOK

I.

FRIENDS.

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen

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In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.

II.

THE MISER.

Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased.
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils! died of utter want.

III.

FAME.

Of all the phantoms flecting in the mist
Of Time, though meager all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone;
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought; but gabbled ever on;
Applauding most what least deserved applause;
The *motive*, the *result*, was naught to her:
The *deed* alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually, and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamation loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

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IV.

FATE OF BYRON.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honor took delight
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died. He died of what? of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died;
Died all, but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.

V.

THE WANT ABOVE ALL OTHER WANTS.

I.

There was another, large of understanding,
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep;
Who knew all learning, and all science knew;
And all phenomena, in heaven and earth,
Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
Of thought, association, passion, will;
And all the subtle nice affinities
Of matter traced; its virtues, motions, laws;
And most familiarly and deeply talked
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.

II.

Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
And read the glorious visions of the skies;
And to the music of the rolling spheres

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Intelligently listened; and gazed far back
In the awful depths of Deity;
Did all that mind assisted most could do;
And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
Because he wanted holiness of heart.

EXERCISE LIX.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

ANON.

Father. Touch not thy mother, boy. Thou canst not wake her.

Child. Why, father? She still wakens at this hour.

F. Your mother's dead, my child.

C. And what is dead?
If she be dead, why, then, 'tis only sleeping;
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother,—rise:—
Her hand is very cold!

F. Her *heart* is cold.
Her limbs are bloodless; would that mine were so!

C. If she would waken, she would soon be warm.
Why is she wrapped in this thin sheet? If I,
This winter morning, were not covered better,
I should be cold like her.

F. No, not like her:
The fire might warm you, or thick clothes; but her—
Nothing can warm again!

C. If I could wake her,
She would smile on me, as she always does,
And kiss me.—Mother, you have slept too long.
Her face is pale; and it would frighten me,
But that I know she loves me.

F. Come, my child.

C. Once, when I sat upon her lap, I felt
A beating at her side, and then she said

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It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,
Only mine was the quickest. And I feel
My own heart yet; but hers I cannot feel.
F. Child, child, you drive me mad. Come hence, I say.
C. Nay, father, be not angry; let me stay here
Till my mother wakens.
F. I have told you,
Your mother cannot wake—not in this world;
But in another she *will* wake for us.
When we have slept like her, then we shall see her.
C. Would it were night then!
F. No, unhappy child;
Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep
That last, long sleep. Thy father soon shall sleep it;
Then wilt thou be deserted upon earth:
None will regard thee; thou wilt soon forget
That thou hadst natural ties,—an orphan, lone,
Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,
And women still more wicked.
C. Father, father,
Why do you look so terribly upon me?
You will not hurt me!
F. Hurt thee, darling? no!
Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,
That it should fright my boy? Come, dearest, come.
C. You are not angry, then?
F. Too well I love you.
C. All you have said I can not now remember,
Nor what it meant, you terrified me so;
But this, I know, you told me,—I must sleep
Before my mother wakens; so, to-morrow—
Oh! father, that to-morrow were but come!

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EXERCISE LX.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN, an American poet and journalist, was born in Fryeburg, Maine, in the year 1816. He has been a large contributor to various periodicals, and his poems have gained him no small reputation.

A DIRGE is a hymn for the dead, or a funeral song. The word is most probably a contraction from DIRIGE, which is the first word in the line Dirige, Domine Deus! (*Direct* us, O Lord God!) which forms part of an old Latin funeral service.

DIRGE.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN

I.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

II.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

III.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to Heaven has passed!

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EXERCISE LXI.

BELSHAZZAR is the name given in the Book of Daniel to the last king of the Chaldees, during whose reign Babylon was taken by the Medes and Persians. Out of the striking account of his impious feast, found in the fifth chapter of that Book, Procter has made the following spirited piece. For a Note on Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, see Exercise XXXVIII.

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

Belshazzar is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;—
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,—
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

II.

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old:
Bring forth; and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!"—and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,—
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

III.

Now, what cometh?—look, look!—Without menace, or call,
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

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"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read;—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark!—the Persian is come,
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

EXERCISE LXII.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29th, 1809. In 1832 he went to Europe to pursue the study of medicine, where he spent some years in attendance on the great hospitals. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and, in 1847, he was chosen to fill the same office in the medical college of Harvard University. His chief distinction, however, is that of an author. his productions, both in prose and poetry, having given him a very elevated rank in the world of letters. As a writer of songs and lyric poems, he has few superiors. His papers, first published in "*The Atlantic Monthly*" under the title—"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE," furnish some very rare and racy reading: mingling, in pleasant proportions, wit, humor, pathos, fancy, fact, keen discernment, large information, and great felicity of style and diction. The following excerpts are from several of these papers.

EXCERPTS (EX, *out*, and CERPT, *plucked*) are pieces *plucked out* of their proper places in an author's work, and presented separately; extracts.

EXCERPTS

FROM THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I.

I really believe some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for *conversation*. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things,—good enough to *print*? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate as nearly as I can tell, of *fifty dollars an hour!*" The talker took him to the window, and asked him to look out and tell him what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street," he said "and a man driving a sprinkling-machine through it."

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"Why don't you tell the man he is *wasting* that *water*? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open, sometimes?"

II.

Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It *shapes* our thoughts for us;—the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my thoughts in *talk*, as an artist models in *clay*. Spoken language is so plastic, you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on, so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for *modeling*. Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may *hit* your reader's mind or *miss* it,—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have *time* enough, you can't *help* hitting it.

III.

The company agreed that this last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, "*Fust rate.*" I acknowledged the compliment, but gently rebuked the expression. "*Fust rate,*" "*prime,*" "*a prime article,*" "*a superior piece of goods,*" "*a handsome garment,*" "*a gent in a flowered vest,*"—all such expressions are final.

There is one other phrase which will soon come to be decisive of a man's social *status*,* if it is not already: "*That tells the whole story*" It is an expression which vulgar and conceited people particularly affect, and which well-meaning ones, who know better, catch from them. It is intended to stop all debate, like the previous question in the General Court. Only it *don't*, simply because "*that*" does not usually tell the *whole*, nor one *half* of the whole story.

* *Sta'tus*, position.

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IV.

I think there is one habit,—I said to our company a day or two afterwards,—worse than that of *punning*. It is the gradual substitution of *cant* or *flash* terms for words which characterize their object. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary had deliquesced into some half dozen expressions All things fell into one of two great categories,—*fast* or *slow*. Man's chief end was to be a *brick*. When the great calamities of life overtook their friends, these last were spoken of, as being *a good deal cut up*. Nine-tenths of human existence were summed up in the single word, *bore*. These expres sions come to be algebraic symbols of minds which have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy;—you may fill them up with what idea you like; it makes no difference; for there are no funds in the treasury upon which they are drawn.

The young fellow called John spoke up sharply and said it was "*rum*" to hear me "*pitchin' into fellers*" for "*goin' it in the slang line*," when *I* used all the flash words myself just when I pleased.

I replied with my usual forbearance!

V.

The business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour, more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say; for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing.

There are men of *esprit** who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull companion affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding the squirrel.

* *Esprit* (*ĕs prē'*), wit; genius.

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VI.

Talk about *conceit* as much as you like; it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it *sweet*, and renders it endurable.

When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles, that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve.

Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequaled, is almost sure to be a *good-humored* person, though liable to be *tedious* at times.

VII.

I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;—long arguments on especial points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these depend.

No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata** of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and, unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending on the ultimate beliefs to their source.

VIII.

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship *authorizes* you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do *tact* and *courtesy* become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his *enemies; they* are ready enough to tell them. Good-breeding *never* forgets that *self-love* is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh,

* *Ultima'ta*, final conditions or propositions.

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if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

IX.

I always believed in *life* rather than in *books*. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and sometl ing more of births,—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written put together. I believe the flowers, growing at this moment, send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the *essences* ever distilled.

Don't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere? No; that is the *last* thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. *Talk* about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what *others* say about subjects you have studied but recently. *Knowledge* and *timber* shouldn't be much used till they are *seasoned*

EXERCISE LXIII.

JOHN PIERPONT, an American poet and clergyman, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in the year 1785. His longest poem, "THE AIRS OF PALESTINE," was published in 1816. He has written much, and is deservedly ranked among the best of American poets.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

JOHN PIERPONT.

I.

O, no, no—let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,

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Be in my hand, when Death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

II.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald Eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

III.

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:
I know that bards have sung
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;
I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

IV.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout
But, as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No! let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly

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V.

And, in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up and have given
Already fruits of which to taste is Heaven!

VI.

And, though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
And breathe a humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering there.

EXERCISE LXIV.

JOHN TOBIN was born in Salisbury, England, in the year 1770. He died in 1804. "He passed," says Mrs. Inchbald, "many years in the anxious labor of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted '*The Honey-Moon*,' than he died, and never enjoyed the recompense of seeing it performed." The Honey-Moon, however, from which we take the following dialogue, proved a splendid success. The scene is laid in Spain. The Duke of Aranza, after marrying Juliana, the proud and pretty daughter of an humble artist, takes her to a cottage in the country.

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pretending that he himself is but a poor peasant, though he had wooed her in the character of a duke. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, yields, and the husband having gained his object, which was to tame her haughty spirit, discloses his true rank, and conducts his bride to his palace.

SCENE FROM THE HONEY-MOON.

JOHN TOBIN.

BALTHAZAR, *and* VOLANTE, *sister of* JULIANA.

Balthazar. Not yet appareled?
Volante. 'Tis her wedding day, sir;
On such occasions women claim some grace.
Bal. How bears she
The coming of her greatness?
Vol. Bravely, sir.
Instead of the high honors that await her,
I think that, were she now to be enthroned,
She would become her coronation;
For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,
Or fixed, at last, some sparkling ornament,
She views her beauty with collected pride,
Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says,—
"Look I not like an empress?"—But she comes.

Enter JULIANA, *in her wedding dress.*

Juliana. Well, sir, what think you? Do I to the life
Appear a duchess, or will people say,
She does but poorly play a part which nature
Never designed her for?—But, where's the duke?
Bal. Not come yet.
Jul. How? not come?—the duke not come?
Vol. Patience, sweet sister; oft, without a murmur,
It has been his delight to wait for you.
Jul. It was his duty.—Man was born to wait
On woman, and attend her sovereign pleasure!
This tardiness upon his wedding-day
Is but a sorry sample of obedience
Bal. Obedience, girl?
Jul. Ay, sir, obedience!

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Vol. Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will make
The man you marry!—I suppose, ere long,
You'll choose how often he shall walk abroad
For recreation; fix his diet for him;
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions
He may put on his finest suit—
Jul. Proceed.
Vol. Keep all the keys, and, when he bids his friends,
Mete out a modicum of wine to each.
Had you not better put him in a livery
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,
Such as some school-girl, when the pie is made,
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard
Out of the remnant paste,—a paper man,
Cut by a baby! Heaven preserve me ever
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!
Jul. And make you an obedient wife!—A thing
For lordly man to vent his humors on;
A dull domestic drudge, to be abused.
"If you think so, my dear;" and, "As you please;"
And, "You know best;"—even when he nothing knows.
I have no patience—that a free-born woman
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound
Of frail mortality, they call a man,
And give her charter up to make a tyrant!
Bal. You talk it most heroically. Pride
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,
But, trust me, daughter, 'twill not hold a husband.
Jul. Leave that to me;—and what should I have caught,
If I had fished with your humility?
Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen,
Who would have bought me; some poor gentleman,
Whose high patrician blood would have descended
To wed a painter's daughter and—her ducats!
I felt my value, and still kept aloof;

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Nor stopped my eye till I had met the man,
Picked from all Spain, to be my husband, girl;
And him I have so managed, that he feels
I have conferred an honor on his house,
By coyly condescending to be his.

Bal. He comes.

Vol. Smooth your brow, sister.

Jul. For a man!
He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

Enter the DUKE.

O! you are come, sir? I have waited for you!—
Is this your gallantry? at such a time, too?

Duke. I do entreat your pardon;—if you knew
The pressing cause—

Vol. Let me entreat for him.

Bal. Come, girl, be kind!

Jul. Well, sir, you are forgiven.

Duke. You are all goodness; let me on this hand—
[*Taking her hand, which she withdraws.*

Jul. Not yet, sir!—'tis a virgin hand as yet,
And my own property;—forbear awhile,
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.

Duke. Exquisite modesty!—Come, let us on!
All things are waiting for the ceremony;
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch
Burns dim and sickly.—Come, my Juliana.

[*Scene after the marriage.—Enter the* DUKE, *leading in* JULIANA.]

Duke. [*Brings a chair forward, and sits down.*] You are welcome home.

Juliana. Home! You are merry!—this retired spot
Would be a palace for an owl!

Duke. 'Tis ours.

Jul. Ay, for the time we stay in it.

Duke. Madam,
This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

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Jul. This!—You are not in earnest, though you bear it
With such a sober brow. Come, come, you jest!
Duke. Indeed, I jest not; were it ours in *jest*,
We should have *none*, wife.
Jul. Are you serious, sir?
Duke. As true, as I'm your *husband*, and no *duke*.
Jul. No duke?
Duke. But of my own creation, lady.
Jul. Am I betrayed?—Nay, do not play the fool!
It is too keen a joke.
Duke. You'll find it true.
Jul. You are no *duke*, then?
Duke. None.
Jul. Have I been cozened?
And have you no estate, sir,—
No palaces nor houses?
Duke. None but this:—
A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.
Jul. Nor money, nor effects?
Duke. None that I know of.
Jul. And the attendants who have waited on us—
Duke. They were my friends; who, having done *my* business,
Are gone about their *own*.
Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear.
That I was ever born!—What are you, sir?
Duke. [*Rises.*] I am an honest man,—that may content you
Young, nor ill-favored,—should not that content you?
I am your husband, and that must content you.
Jul. I will go home! [*Going*
Duke. You are at home already. [*Staying her*
Jul. I'll not endure it!—But remember this—
Duke, or no duke, I'll be a *duchess*, sir!
Duke. A duchess! You shall be a queen,—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will call you so.
Jul. And I will have attendance!
Duke. So you shall,—
When you have learned to wait upon yourself.

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Jul. To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!
Duke. And, if you should, 'twould grow again.
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife
(For such, my *would-be* duchess, you will find me)
You were cut out by nature.
Jul. You will find, then,
That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.
Why! do you think I'll work?
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.
Jul. What! Rub and scrub
Your noble palace clean?
Duke. Those taper fingers
Will do it daintily.
Jul. And dress your victuals?
(If there be any).—O! I could go mad!
Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly;
Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—
Jul. Or, like a clock, talk only once an hour?
Duke. Or, like a *dial;* for that quietly
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.
Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs!—O, monstrous!
And, when I stir abroad, on great occasions,
Carry a squeaking tithe-pig to the vicar;
Or jolt with higgler's wives the market trot,
To sell your eggs and butter!
Duke. Excellent!
How well you sum the duties of a wife!
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!
Jul. A blessing!
Duke. When they talk of you and me,
Darby and Joan shall no more be remembered;
We shall be happy!
Jul. Shall we?
Duke. Wondrous happy!
O, you will make an admirable wife!

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Jul. I'll make a vixen!
Duke. What?
Jul. A very vixen!
Duke. O, no! We'll have no vixens.
Jul. I'll not bear it!
I'll to my father's!—
Duke. Gently; you forget
You are a perfect stranger to the road.
Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one!
Duke. Softly!
You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.
Jul. What!—confine me?
Duke. 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.
Jul. Am I a truant schoolboy?
Duke. Nay, not so;
But you must keep your bounds.
Jul. And, if I break them,
Perhaps, you'll beat me.
Duke. Beat you!
The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
I'll *talk* to you, lady, but not *beat* you.
Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father,
I may write to him, surely!—And I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom,
Three such unhoped-for miracles, at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.
Duke. You will find them
In the next room. A word before you go.
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred;
The partner of my fortune and—
Jul. Your fortune!
Duke. Peace!—No fooling, idle woman!
Beneath the attesting eye of Heaven I've sworn
To love, to honor, cherish, and protect you.

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No human power can part us. What remains, then?
To fret, and worry and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate,
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?—
Or, like a loving and a patient pair
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend
Upon their daily labor for support),
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment?
Now to your chamber,—write whate'er you please;
But pause before you stain the spotless paper
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

Jul. Why, what a patient worm you take me for!

Duke. I took you for a wife; and, ere I've done,
I'll know you for a good one.

Jul. You shall know me
For a right woman, full of her own sex;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger;
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man,
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge! [*Exit.*

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on!
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb.—I've broke the ice, however.
Write to her father!—She may write a folio;
But, if she send it!—'Twill divert her spleen,
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting.
Perchance she may have fits!—They are seldom mortal
Save when the doctor's sent for.
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,
A woman's honor is her safest guard,
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key. [*Locks the door*
So, thus begins our honey-moon.—'Tis well!
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April, she may wear a changeful face

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Of storm and sunshine; and, when that is past,
She will break glorious as unclouded May;
And, where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms
Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.
Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy,
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,
That after to the very lees shall relish;
And, to the close of this frail life, prolong
The pure delights of a well-governed marriage.

EXERCISE LXV.

The story so charmingly told in the following lines of Tennyson, is said to have had a foundation in the actual history of an old English family. It presents a scene the exact opposite of that in the Exercise preceding; seeing that here an humble, unaspiring spirit is suddenly surprised into social position and circumstances undesired and overpowering. For a Note on Tennyson, see Exercise LVIII.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

TENNYSON.

I.

In her ear he whispers gayly,—
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,—
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his, without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.

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"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife;
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

II.

They, by parks and lodges going,
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,—
"Let us see these handsome houses,
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes, by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great;
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

III.

All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage, growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O, but she will love him truly;
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns,
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns,—

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Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant, gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.

IV.

And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round, and kindly,—
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face, from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.

V.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank;
Shaped her heart, with woman's meekness,
To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

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VI.

But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured,—"O, that he
Were once more that landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then, before her time, she died.

VII.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House, by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,—
"Bring the dress, and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body dressed
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

EXERCISE LXVI

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM MOZART, the great German musical composer, was born in Saltzburg, January 27th, 1756. He died December 5th, 1791. Even in early youth he discovered wonderful musical talents, which were afterwards brought to the highest pitch of cultivation. His last and greatest composition engaged his attention on the very day of his death, which took place under the following affecting circumstances.

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REQUIEM signifies *rest;* the name being taken from the first word of an old Latin service for the repose of the dead. It is, therefore, a hymn for the dead or in honor of the dead.

LAST MOMENTS OF MOZART.

1. A few months before the death of the celebrated Mozart, a mysterious stranger brought him an anonymous* letter, in which his terms for a requiem were required. Mozart gave them Soon after the messenger returned, and paid a portion of the price in advance. To the composition of this requiem he gave the full strength of his powers. Failing to learn the name of him who had ordered it, his fancy soon began to connect something supernatural with the affair. The conviction seized him that he was composing a requiem for his own obsequies. While engaged in this work, and under this strange inspiration, he threw himself back, says his biographer, on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated; yet there was a strange fire in his eye, and the light of gratified joy on his brow that told of success.

2. His task was finished, and the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks; and, though his form was wasted by disease, yet the spirit seemed to acquire more vigor, and already claim kindred to immortality; for oft, as the sound of his own composition stole on his ear, it bore an unearthly sweetness that was to him too truly a warning of his future and fast coming doom.

3. Now it was finished, and, for the first time for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber. A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when, turning towards a fair young girl who entered,—"Emilie, my daughter," said he, "come near to me—my task is over—the requiem is finished *My* requiem," he added, and a sigh escaped him.

4. "Oh! say not so, my father," said the girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, "you must be better, you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me

* For an analysis of the word *anonymous*, see Sanders & McElligott's Analysis, p. 88.

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bring you something refreshing, and I am sure we will nurse you well again."

5. "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death, I will claim His help who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him; and soon, very soon, must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it."

6. The dying father then raised himself on his couch;—"You spoke of refreshment, my daughter; it can still be afforded my fainting *soul*. Take these notes, the last I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight since my earliest remembrance."

Emilie did as she was desired; and it seemed as if she sought a relief from her own thoughts; for, after running over a few chords of the piano, she commenced, in the sweetest voice, the following lines:

I.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

II.

Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

III.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find,
A Heaven—a mansion of rest.

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IV.

Spirit! how bright is the road,
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Savior and God,
Their loud halleluiahs to sing!

7. As she concluded the last stanza, she dwelt for a few moments on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited in silence for the mild voice of her father's praise. He spoke not—and, with something like surprise, she turned towards him. He was laid back on the sofa, his face shaded in part by his hand, and his form reposing as if in slumber. Starting with fear, Emilie sprang towards him and seized his hand; but the touch paralyzed her, for she sank senseless by his side. He was *gone!* With the sound of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.

EXERCISE LXVII.

Horatius Bonar, D. D., is a distinguished clergyman of the Scottish Church. The beautiful lines below form one of his "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" which, to use his own words, "are not the expressions of one man's or one party's faith and hope; but are meant to speak what may be thought and spoken by all to whom the Church's ancient faith and hope are dear."

OUR ONE LIFE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be *earnest* in a world like ours.

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II.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,—
One, only one;—
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!—
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

III.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never *were*,
But only *seem*.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

IV.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

V.

O life *below*—how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh.
O life *above*—how long, how fair, and glad,—
An endless joy.
Oh, to be done with daily *dying* here;
Oh, to begin the *living* in yon sphere!

VI.

O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue;
O day of Christ—how bright! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

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EXERCISE LXVIII.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1804 After quitting college, in 1825, he resided many years in Salem: leading a life solitary and meditative, though diversified by the composition of occasional tales and sketches of a wild and romantic character. Some of these he published in newspapers and magazines; many he destroyed. In 1837 he published a number of his papers which had before appeared in an annual called "The Token," and which, for that reason, he called "*Twice-Told Tales.*" In 1843 he was married, and went to reside "in the old manse at Concord, which adjoins the battle-field of the Revolution, a parsonage which had never before been profaned by a lay occupant." This explains the title of his volume of tales and sketches which appeared, in 1846, under the name of "*Mosses from an Old Manse.*" Mr. Hawthorne is, also, the author of several other works, and is conceded to be a writer of exquisite grace and finish; abounding in kindly humor and ever exercising the healthiest moral influence. The following extract is from the "Twice-Told Tales."

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

HAWTHORNE.

1. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves! It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat.

2. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down! Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the

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flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand.

3. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

4. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout? Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences

5. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and, when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

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6. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

7. But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean.

8. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates.* Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

9. No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream,

* Hip poc′ rat es, a famous Grecian physician.

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that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The TOWN PUMP and the COW! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally, monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation!

10. Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot.

EXERCISE LXIX.

A SONNET, as a general rule, is a poem consisting of *fourteen lines* forming two stanzas of four lines each, followed by two more of three lines each. In the first two stanzas, called *quatrains*, the 1st and the 4th, the 5th and the 8th lines rhyme together; while in the last two, called *tercets*, the rhymes are made at the pleasure of the poet, but never in couplets. This is held to be the rule, though deviations from it are not wanting even among the best writers. We have, in English, many admirable sonnets, among which those of Milton and Wordsworth hold pre-eminent rank. Of the latter it has been well remarked that "whether the prevailing emotion be patriotic enthusiasm, religious fervor, or the tenderer influences of beautiful scenery, historic spots of national interest, or the impressions of art, he never fails to give that unity of feeling, that gradual swell of gentle harmony—rising, like a summer wave, till it softly breaks into melody in the last line—which is the peculiar charm and merit of this most difficult kind of composition

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SONNETS.

I.

A SONNET *upon* SONNETS.

WORDSWORTH.*

Scorn not the Sonnet, critic! you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors: with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoëns soothed with it an exile's grief:
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante bound
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas! too few.

II.

ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

MILTON.†

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies,—"God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They, also, serve who only stand and wait."

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* For a sketch of Wordsworth, see Exercise CVIII.

† See Exercise CXXXVII.

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III.

TO MILTON.

WORDSWORTH

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

IV.

TO SLEEP.

WORDSWORTH

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields; white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I thought of all by turns, and yet I lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth;
So do not let me wear to-night away.
Without thee, what is all the morning's wealth!
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health

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V.

THE MOON'S MILD RAY.

JOHN S BRYANT.*

There is a magic in the moon's mild ray,—
What time she softly climbs the evening sky,
And sitteth with the silent stars on high,—
That charms the pang of earth-born grief away.
I raise my eye to the blue depths above,
And worship Him whose power, pervading space,
Holds those bright orbs at peace in His embrace,
Yet comprehends earth's lowliest things in love.
Oft, when that silent moon was sailing high,
I've left my youthful sports to gaze, and now,
When time with graver lines has marked my brow,
Sweetly she shines upon my sobered eye.
O, may the light of truth, my steps to guide,
Shine on my eve of life—shine soft, and long abide.

VI.

ON THE PRIMROSE.

JOHN CLARE.†

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and woods' warm side!
And, where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;

* Brother of William Cullen Bryant, and born in July 1807.

† John Clare, an English poet, born in 1793. His personal history is interesting, as showing what industry and perseverance, even in early youth, and under the heaviest embarrassments, can achieve.

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O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

VII.

ON SABBATH MORN.

JOHN LEYDEN.*

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The sky a placid yellow luster throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their drowsy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So soft the day when the first morn arose!

VIII.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.†

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed center. Like that ark,
Which, in its sacred hold, uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

* Born in Denholm, Scotland, in 1775, and died in 1811.

† Son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born in 1796, and died in 1849

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IX.

ON BEAUTY.

SHAKSPEARE.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

X.

DWELLINGS OF THE DEAD.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

A sweet and soothing influence breathes around
The dwellings of the dead. Here on this spot,
Where countless generations sleep forgot,
Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound
There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
That bids me be contented with my lot,
And suffer calmly. O! when passions hot,
When rage or envy doth my bosom wound;
Or wild designs—a fair deceiving train—
Wreathed in their flowery fetters me enslave,
Or keen misfortune's arrowy tempests roll
Full on my naked head,—O, then, again
May these still, peaceful accents of the grave
Arise like slumbering music on my soul!

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EXERCISE LXX.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, the great Roman orator, statesman and philosopher, was born at Arpinum, January 3d, 106 before Christ. He was slain, in the 64th year of his age, by the hand of an assassin whom he had once successfully defended. This was done at the instigation of Mark Antony, whom he had bitterly assailed in fourteen scorching invectives; from one of which we select the following.

CICERO AGAINST MARK ANTONY.

(*Translated by*) LORD BROUGHAM.*

1. This one day—this blessed individual day—I say, this very point of time in which I am speaking—defend it, if you can! Why is the Forum hedged in with armed troops? Why stand your satellites listening to me sword in hand? Why are the gates of the Temple of Peace not flung open? Why have you marched into the town, men of all nations,—but chiefly *barbarous* nations,—savages from Ituræa, armed thus with slings?

2. You pretend that it is all to protect your *person*. Is it not better far to die a thousand deaths, than be unable to live in one's own country without guards of armed men? But trust me, there is no safety in defenses like these. We must be fenced round by the affections and the good-will of our countrymen, not by their *arms*, if we would be secure.

3. Look back, then, Mark Antony, on that day when you abolished the Dictatorship; set before your eyes the delight of the Senate and People of Rome; contrast it with the traffic you and your followers are *now* engaged in—then you will be sensible of the vast difference between glory and gain. Yet, as some stricken with a morbid affection, an obtuseness of the senses, are unable to taste the flavor of their food, so profligate, rapacious, desperate men, lose the relish of true fame.

4. But, if the glory of great actions has no charms for you, can not even *fear* deter you from wicked deeds? You have no apprehension of criminal prosecutions—be it so; if this arises

* For a sketch of Brougham, see Exercise XXXIX.

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from conscious innocence, I commend it; but, if it proceeds from your reliance upon mere *force*, do you not perceive what it is that awaits him who has thus overcome the terrors of the law?

5. But, if you have no dread of brave men and patriotic citizens, because your person is protected from them by your satellites, believe me your own partisans will not bear with you much longer; and what kind of life is his whose days and nights are distracted with the fear of his own followers? Unless, indeed, you have bound them to you by greater obligations than those by which Cæsar had attached some of the very men who put him to death; or that *you* can, in any one respect, be compared to him.

6. In *him* there was genius, judgment, memory, learning, circumspection, reflection, application. His exploits in war, how mischievous soever to his country, were yet transcendent. Bent for years upon obtaining supreme power, he had accomplished his object with vast labor, through countless perils. By his munificence, by public works, by largesses, by hospitality, he had won over the thoughtless multitude; he had attached his followers by his generosity, his adversaries by his specious clemency. In a word, he had introduced into a free state, partly through fear of him, partly through tolerance of him, a familiarity with slavery.

7. With that great man I may compare you as regards the lust of power: in no other thing can you be, in any manner or way, likened to him. But out of a thousand ills which he forced into the constitution of our commonwealth, this one good has come, that the Roman people have now learned how far each person is to be trusted, to whom they may commit themselves, against whom they must be on their guard. Do these things never pass through your mind? Do you not comprehend that it suffices for brave men to have learned how beautiful the deed, how precious the service, how glorious the fame of extirpating a *tyrant?* When mankind could not endure *Cæsar*, will they hear *thee?* Henceforward, trust me, they will flock emulously to this work, nor wait for the lingering opportunity.

8 Regard the commonwealth for a moment, Mark Antony, I do

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beseech you. Think of the race you are sprung from, not the generation you live with. Be on what terms you please with *me;* but return into favor with your country. That, however, is your own affair—I will declare *my* course. Young, I stood by the country—old, I will not desert her. I defied the arms of Catiline--I will not tremble at yours! Nay, I should cheerfully fling myself into the gulf, if my death would restore the public freedom, and the sufferings of the Roman people could thus be exasperated at once to the crisis which has been so long coming on!

9. For truly, if it is well nigh twenty years since I denied, in this very temple, that death ever could come before its time to a man of consular rank, how much more truly may I say so now, in my old age? To me, Senators, death is even desirable, having lived to finish all I have undertaken to achieve. For two things only I feel anxious; the one, that my eyes may close upon the liberties of Rome—a greater boon than this Heaven has not to bestow; the other, that *that* fate may befall every one, which his conduct to his country has earned.

EXERCISE LXXI.

RICHARD THE THIRD AND MACBETH.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.*

1. The leading features in the character of Macbeth are striking enough, and they form what may be thought, at first, only a bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing it with other characters of the same author, we shall perceive the absolute truth and identity which is observed in the midst of the giddy whirl and rapid career of events. Thus he is as distinct a being from Richard the Third, as it is possible to imagine, though these two characters, in common hands, and, indeed, in the

* See Note on Hazlitt, Exercise XXIX.

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hand of any other poet, would have been a repetition of the same general idea, more or less exaggerated.

2. For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers,—both aspiring and ambitious,—both courageous, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is cruel from nature and constitution. Macbeth becomes so from accidental circumstances. Richard is, from his birth, deformed in body and mind, and naturally incapable of good. Macbeth is full of "the milk of human kindness," is frank, sociable, generous. He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. "Fate and metaphysical aid" conspire against his virtue and his loyalty.

3. Richard, on the contrary, needs no prompter; but wades through a series of crimes to the hight of his ambition, from the ungovernable violence of his temper, and a reckless love of mischief. He is never gay but in the prospect or in the success of his villainies: Macbeth is full of horror at the thoughts of the murder of Duncan, which he is with difficulty prevailed on to commit; and of remorse after its perpetration. Richard has no mixture of common humanity in his composition, no regard to kindred or posterity—he owns no fellowship with others; he is "himself alone."

4. Macbeth is not destitute of feelings of sympathy, is accessible to pity, is even made, in some measure, the dupe of his uxoriousness; ranks the loss of friends, of the cordial love of his followers, and of his good name, among the causes which have made him weary of life; and regrets that he has ever seized the crown by unjust means, since he cannot transmit it to his posterity. There are other decisive differences inherent in the two characters.

5. Richard may be regarded as a man of the world, a plotting hardened knave, wholly regardless of everything but his own ends, and the means to secure them—not so Macbeth. The superstitions of the age, the rude state of society, the local scenery and customs, all give a wildness and imaginary grandeur to his character. From the strangeness of the events that surround him, he is full of amazement and fear; and stands in

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doubt between the world of reality and the world of fancy. He sees sights not shown to mortal eye, and hears unearthly music.

6. All is tumult and disorder within and without his mind; his purposes recoil upon himself, are broken and disjointed; he is the double thrall of his passions and his destiny. Richard is not a character of either imagination or pathos, but of pure self-will.

7. There is no conflict of opposite feelings in his breast. In the busy turbulence of his projects, he never loses his self-possession, and makes use of every circumstance that happens, as an instrument of his long-reaching designs. In his last extremity, we regard him but as a wild beast in the toils. But we never entirely lose our concern for Macbeth; and he calls back all our sympathy by that fine close of thoughtful melancholy.

EXERCISE LXXII.

The story on which is founded the play of Macbeth is told by Holinshed, an old English chronicler, who died about the year 1580. Duncan, king of Scotland, in reward for meritorious services, had determined to make Macbeth, one of his generals, thane of Cawdor: the previous incumbent having proved a traitor. Meantime, Macbeth had been told by three witches, that he should be made, not only thane of Cawdor, but king of Scotland. From that moment he began to meditate the death of the king, so as to realize that part of the prophecy which pointed to the possession of the crown. In this, his wife proves his evil minister; and soon, in pursuance of their foul purpose, Duncan is murdered, while a guest and asleep in Macbeth's castle. The scenes below powerfully portray the workings of guilty ambition.

SCENE FROM MACBETH.

SHAKSPEARE.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

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Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To goad the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?

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And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward, in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I, with wine and wassail, so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck* only: When in swinish sleep,
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death.
What can not you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?†

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* Alembic, a still. † Murder

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Macb. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done it?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

Court within the Castle. Enter MACBETH *and a Servant with a torch.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Thou sure and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,

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Which LOW suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

The merciless monarch whose character is portrayed in the play of Richard III., was born in the year 1452. The story of the savage means by which he reached the throne is one of the blackest in all history. In the scene below he appears just after waking out of a frightful dream. In that dream had appeared to him severally the ghosts of all those whom he had murdered. Each, in terrible terms, announces the doom that awaited him on the following day; on which (August 22d, 1485) he was slain in the celebrated battle of Bosworth Field.

SCENE FROM RICHARD III.

SHAKSPEARE.

KING RICHARD *starting out of his dream.*

Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Heaven!—Soft; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I *fear?* Myself? There's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, *I* am *I.*
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; *I* am.
Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason! Why?
Lest I revenge. *What?* Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? For any *good*
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather *hate* myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain; yet I *lie*,—I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

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My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all— *Guilty! Guilty!*
I shall despair.—There is no creature *loves* me;
And, if I die, no soul will *pity* me:
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered,
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

EXERCISE LXXIV.

RICHARD OF GLOSTER.

JOHN G. SAXE.*

I.

Perhaps, my dear boy, you may never have heard
Of that wicked old monarch, KING RICHARD THE THIRD,—
Whose actions were often extremely absurd;
And who led such a sad life,
Such a wanton and mad life;
Indeed, I may say, such a wretchedly bad life,
I suppose I am perfectly safe in declaring,
There was ne'er such a monster of infamous daring;
In all sorts of crime he was wholly unsparing;
In pride and ambition was quite beyond bearing,
And had a bad habit of cursing and swearing.

* See Note on Exercise IX.

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II.

And yet Richard's tongue was remarkably smooth·
Could utter a lie quite as easy as truth;
(Another bad habit he got in his youth;)
And had, on occasion, a powerful battery
Of plausible phrases and eloquent flattery,
Which gave him, my boy, in that barbarous day,
(Things are different now, I am happy to say,)
Over feminine hearts a most perilous sway.

III.

He murdered their brothers,
And fathers and mothers,
And, worse than all that, he slaughtered by dozens
His own royal uncles and nephews and cousins;
And then, in the cunningest sort of orations,
In smooth conversations,
And flattering ovations,
Made love to their principal female relations!
'Twas very improper, my boy, you must know,
For the son of a king to behave himself so;
And you'll scarcely believe what the chronicles show
Of his wonderful wooings
And infamous doings;
But here's an exploit that he certainly *did* do—
Killed his own cousin NED,
As he slept in his bed,
And married next day the disconsolate widow!

IV.

I don't understand how such ogres arise,
But beginning, perhaps, with things little in size,
Such as torturing beetles and blue-bottle flies,
Or scattering snuff in a poodle-dog's eyes,—
King Richard had grown so wantonly cruel,
He minded a murder no more than a duel;

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He'd indulge, on the slightest pretense or occasion,
In his favorite amusement of decapitation,
Until "*Off with his head!*"
It is credibly said,
From his majesty's mouth came as easy and pat—
As from an old constable, "*Off with his hat!*"

V.

And now King Richard has gone to bed;
But e'en in his sleep
He can not keep
The past or the future out of his head.
In his deep remorse,
Each mangled corse,
Of all he had slain,—or, what was worse,
Their ghosts,—came up in terrible force,
And greeted his ear with unpleasant discourse,
Until, with a scream
He woke from his dream,
And shouted aloud for "another horse!"

VI.

But see! the murky Night is gone!
The Morn is up, and the Fight is on!
The Knights are engaging, the warfare is waging;
On the right—on the left—the battle is raging;
King Richard is down!
Will he save his crown?
There's a crack in it now!—he's beginning to bleed!
Aha! King Richard has lost his steed!
(At a moment like this 'tis a terrible need!)
He shouts aloud with thundering force,
And offers a *very* high price for a horse.
But it's all in vain—the battle is done—
The day is lost!—and the day is won!—
And Richmond is King! and Richard's a *corse!*

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EXERCISE LXXV

ARCHIBALD ALISON, the distinguished Scotch advocate and historian, was born at Kenley in 1792. He has published several able works on Law, but is best known by his "History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo." He has been for many years, also, a large contributor to Blackwood's and other Magazines, and a selection from these papers has been published under the title of "*Essays*." His style is singularly animated and interesting.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, a French author and statesman, was born at St. Malo, in the year 1768. He died in Paris in 1848.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the celebrated Scottish poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, September 21st, 1832. He was made a baronet in 1820.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALISON.

1. Though pursuing the same pure and ennobling career, though gifted with the same ardent imagination, and steeped in the same fountains of ancient lore, no two writers were ever more different than Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott. The great characteristic of the French author, is the impassioned and enthusiastic turn of his mind. Master of immense information, thoroughly imbued with the learning of classical and Catholic times, gifted with a retentive memory, poetical fancy, and a painter's eye, he brings to bear upon every subject the force of erudition, the images of poetry, the charm of varied scenery, and the eloquence of impassioned feeling.

2. Hence his writings display a reach and variety of imagery, a depth of light and shadow, a vigor of thought, and an extent of illustration, to which there is nothing comparable in any other writer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted All that he has seen, or read, or heard, seem present to his mind, whatever he does, or wherever he is. He illustrates the genius of Christianity by the beauties of classical learning, inhales the spirit of ancient prophecy on the shores of the Jordan, dreams on the banks of the Eurotas of the solitude and gloom of the American forests, visits the Holy Sepulcher with a mind alternately devoted to the devotion of a pilgrim,

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the curiosity of an antiquary, and the enthusiasm of a crusader, and combines, in his romances, with the tender feelings of chivalrous love, the heroism of Roman virtue, and the sublimity of Christian martyrdom.

3. His writings are less a faithful portrait of any particular age or country, than an assemblage of all that is grand, and generous, and elevated in human nature. He drinks deep of inspiration at all the fountains where it has ever been poured forth to mankind, and delights us less by the accuracy of any particular picture, than the traits of genius, which he has combined from every quarter where its footsteps have trod. His style seems formed on the lofty strains of Isaiah, or the beautiful images of the book of Job, more than all the classical or modern literature with which his mind is so amply stored.

4. He is admitted by all Frenchmen, of whatever party, to be the most perfect living master of their language, and to have gained for it beauties unknown to the age of Bossuet* and Fenelon.† Less polished in his periods, less sonorous in his diction, less melodious in his rhythm, than these illustrious writers, he is incomparably more varied, rapid, and energetic; his ideas flow in quicker succession, his words follow in more striking antithesis; the past, the present, and the future rise up at once before us; and we see how strongly the stream of genius, instead of gliding down the smooth current of ordinary life, has been broken and agitated by the cataract of revolution.

5. With far less classical learning, fewer images derived from traveling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of a less impassioned and energetic cast, our own Sir Walter is far more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human heart. This is his unequaled excellence—there he stands, since the days of Shakspeare, without a rival. It is to this cause that his astonishing success has been owing. We feel, in his characters, that it is not romance, but real life

* Bossuet (*Bosswā*), a most renowned pulpit orator of France, born in the year 1627, and died in 1704

† Fenelon, the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, so renowned for his eloquence and his virtues, was born in 1651, and died in 1715.

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which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch novels, is nature itself. Homer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the deep substratum of character, which, however, disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is, at bottom, everywhere the same; and thence they have found a responsive echo in every human heart.

6. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Horn, feels that what the characters they contain, are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature, that the Scottish Novelist, like his great predecessors, is, but for them, without a rival. Powerful in the pathetic, admirable in dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind as much by the varied excellencies which they exhibit, as the powerful interest which they maintain.

7. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination, and sensibility into the walks of actual life. We feel interested in his characters, not because they are ideal beings with whom we have become acquainted for the first time when we began the book, but because they are the very persons we have lived with from our infancy. His descriptions of scenery are not luxuriant and glowing pictures of imaginary beauty, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe, having no resemblance to actual nature, but faithful and graphic portraits of real scenes, drawn with the eye of a poet, but the fidelity of a consummate draughtsman.

8. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we live with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid coloring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollections, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed.

9. Disdaining to flatter the passions, or pander to the ambition of the populace, he has done more than any man alive to

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elevate their character; to fill their minds with the noble sentiments which dignify alike the cottage and the palace; to exhibit the triumph of virtue in the humblest stations over all that the world calls great; and without ever indulging a sentiment which might turn them from the scenes of their real usefulness, bring home to every mind the "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm."

10. Above all, he has uniformly, in all his varied and extensive productions, shown himself true to the cause of virtue. Amidst all the innumerable combinations of character, event, and dialogue, which he has formed, he has ever proved faithful to the polar star of duty; and alone, perhaps, of the great romance writers of the world, has not left a line which on his death-bed he would wish recalled.

EXERCISE LXXVI.

HI ə RO GLYPH′ IC is a sacred character or symbol: the word being compounded of two Greek words (HIERO, *sacred*, and GLYPHIC, *relating to carving* or *carved work*), and used to denote, especially, the ancient Egyptian *picture-writing*.

NO RELIGION WITHOUT MYSTERIES.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

1. There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly, are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

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2. If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

3. If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought, also, have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests — those forests — the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollection of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but, if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveler! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two vailed phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

4. It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare the mysteries of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they, with the *sacrifice*, which everywhere constitute the *essence* of the worship.

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EXERCISE LXXVII.

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN CAVALIER: A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

1. The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

2. Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accouterments of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country.

3. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

4. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight, also, bore, secured to his saddle with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards,

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* See Exercise LXXV.

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and displayed its little pennoncelle,* to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer.

5. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "*I sleep—wake me not.*" An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

6. The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breast-plate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle bow; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

7. But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent, and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

8. Nature, which cast his limbs in a mold of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him

* Pennoncelle, a small flag or banner.

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with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

9. Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

10. As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, proved to be a Saracen cavalier.* "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as

* This Saracen cavalier turns out, in the course of the story, (*The Talisman*) to be the celebrated Saladin. See Note on Exercise LXXVIII

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friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

11. The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light, round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

12. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

13. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to

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retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

14. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him.

15. But the latter had in the mean while recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

16. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by

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his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

17. "There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

18. The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

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EXERCISE LXXVIII.

SALADIN, the celebrated Sultan of Syria and Egypt, whose virtues and whose courage have been equally lauded by both Christians and Mohammedans, was born in 1137, and died of a bilious fever, after twelve days' illness, in the year 1193. He was a man of noble, generous disposition, which characteristic feature is finely brought out in the following touching scene.

SALADIN AND MALEK ADHEL.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your Highness.
Saladin. Whence comes he?
Attendant. That I know not.
Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—
Saladin. Whom?
Attendant. Thy royal brother!
Saladin. Bring him instantly. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!
[*Enter Attendant and Malek Adhel.*]
Leave us together. [*Exit Attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unvail thyself.
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.
Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!
Saladin. I see a traitor's visage.
Malek Adhel. A brother's!
Saladin. No!
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Malek Adhel. O, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

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Saladin. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betrayed him!

Malek Adhel. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst,—
My tongue can never utter the base title!

Saladin. Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these hands
Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee; for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
O, what a wretch art thou! O! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Malek Adhel. Go on! go on!
'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin;

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And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.
Saladin. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!
Malek Adhel. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.
Saladin. O, doubt it not!
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.
Malek Adhel. Defer not, then, their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer:—O, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!
Saladin. This very hour!
[*Aside.*] For, O, the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?
[*Enter Attendant.*]
Attendant. Did your Highness call?
Saladin. Assemble quickly
My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom traitor.
And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Malek Adhel. Now, Saladin,
The word is given; I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not

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About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justness of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
One wish still clinging round the heart; which soon
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?

Saladin. Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.

Malek Adhel. I have not!
Yet will I ask for it. We part forever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then,
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
But now I ask,—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—
O, torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness
Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports!—are they forgotten?—
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory

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Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yet, yet thou wilt! O, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face,—thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—
Saladin. [*Seizing his hand.*] Brother! brother!
Malek Adhel. [*Breaking away.*] Now call thy followers;
Death has not now
A single pang in store. Proceed! I'm ready.
Saladin. O, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—
Malek Adhel. O, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life. I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offenses with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go!
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*]
Saladin. Thou shalt not. [*Enter Attendant.*]
Attendant. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.
Malek Adhel. O faithful friends! [*To Attendant.*] Thine shalt.
Attendant. Mine? Never!
The other first shall lop it from the body.
Saladin. They teach the Emperor his duty well.

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Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Attendant. O joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*]

Saladin. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,
Hardened, and rendered callous,—these who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who can not, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"
And seen that form, like lightning, rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own,—I could forget
That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!

Malek Adhel. By these tears, I can!
O brother! from this very hour, a new,
A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

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EXERCISE LXXIX.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the great American ornithologist, was born on a plantation in Louisiana, May 4th, 1780, and died in New York city, January 27th, 1851. His early childhood was marked by a passion for the study of birds. He soon acquired skill in drawing their forms, and went early to France to perfect himself in that art. On his return, after marrying a lady of congenial tastes, he entered upon other pursuits, as a *business*; giving himself largely, however, to the study of birds, as a *pleasure*. But the birds happily got the mastery, and thenceforward absorbed his whole time and attention. With what zest he pursued his inquiries, the following extract will show. The results of his labors he has embodied in two splendid works—"Birds of America" and "Ornithological Biographies"—works which fully entitle him to the grateful and lasting remembrance of all his countrymen

THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1. Reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the west, or, perhaps, on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable, saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light.

2. Refreshed and re-invigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout affords him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit.

3. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his

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meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or, perhaps, the breast of a turkey or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day.

4. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good-night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and, closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.

EXERCISE LXXX.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER is the eldest daughter of the great American novelist. As a writer, she is best known by her "Rural Hours"—a work, in journal form, devoted to the record of scenes and circumstances in rural life, during the changes of the several seasons, all which bear the impress of fresh observation and the charm of easy, natural description. In 1860 appeared her last work—"Pages and Pictures from the Writings of James Fenimore Cooper." This we regard as a most valuable contribution to the history of literature: giving, as it does, in the form of notes, a most interesting view of the circumstances under which each of Cooper's novels came into being. The notes, moreover, discover no small sagacity in the matter of criticism. They show, also, thought, culture, refinement, high moral tone, good sense, and a style at once effective and graceful.

The following is from her note on the character of "Red Rover," who, according to the novel, despite of the happiest early training, had become a pirate, but is suddenly, by the sound of a sister's voice, awakened to the recollection of his better days, and thenceforward leads the life of a repentant, reformed man. The story is recited by her in order to show the probability of the *fiction* by an appeal to the recorded experience of *fact*.

OR NITH OL'OGIST (ORNITHO, *bird*, and LOGIST, *a reasoner*), is one who *studies and reasons about birds*, and, therefore, understands their habits, character, and scientific classification.

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THE MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

1. On the shores of Southern Florida, and among the rocky islets, or "keys," of the Gulf of Mexico, there is a rare and beautiful bird, to which the name of the Zenaïda Dove has been given by Prince Charles Buonaparte, the ornithologist. This creature is very beautiful in its delicate form and in its coloring of a warm and rosy gray, barred with brown and white on back and wing; its breast bears a shield of pure and vivid blue, bordered with gold, its cheeks are marked with ultramarine, and its slender legs and feet are deep rose-color tipped with black nails. Innocent and gentle, like others of its tribe, this little creature flits to and fro, in small family groups, over the rocky islets, and along the warm, sandy beaches of the Gulf—"Tampa's desert strand."

"On that lone shore, loud moans the sea."

2. There are certain keys, where it loves especially to alight, attracted by the springs which here and there gush up pure and fresh among the coral rocks. The low note of this bird is more than usually sweet, pure, and mournful in its tone. But the doves are not the only visitors of those rare springs. A few years since, pirates haunted the same spots, seeking, like the birds, water from their natural fountains.

3. It chanced one day that a party of those fierce outlaws came to a desolate key to fill their water-casks, ere sailing on some fresh cruise of violence. A little flock of the rosy-gray doves—and their flocks are ever few and rare—were flitting and cooing in peace about the rocky basin when the pirates appeared; in affright they took wing, and flew away. The casks were filled, and the ruffian crew rowed their boat off to their craft lying at anchor in the distance. For some reason, apparently accidental, one of the band remained awhile on the island alone. In a quiet evening hour, he threw himself on the rocks, near the spring, looking over the broad sea, where here and there a low desert islet rose from the deep, while the vessel with which his

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own fate had long been connected lay idle, with furled canvas, in the offing.

4. Presently the little doves, seeing all quiet again, returned to their favorite spring, flitting to and fro in peace, uttering to each other their low gentle notes, so caressing, and so plaintive. It may have been that in the wild scenes of his turbulent career the wretched man had never known the force of solitude. He was now gradually overpowered by its mysterious influences, pressing upon heart and mind. He felt himself to be alone with his Maker. The works of the Holy One surrounded him—the pure heavens hanging over his guilty head, the sea stretching in silent grandeur far into the unseen distance. One object alone, bearing the mark of man, lay within range of his eye—that guilty craft, which, like an evil phantom, hovered in the offing, brooding sin.

5. The sounds most familiar to him for years had been curse, and ribald jest, and brutal threat, and shriek of death. But now those little doves came hovering about him, uttering their guileless notes of tenderness and innocence. Far away, in his native woods, within sight of his father's roof, he had often listened in boyhood to other doves, whose notes, like these, were pure and sweet. Home memories, long banished from his breast, returned. The image of his Christian mother stood before him. Those little doves, still uttering their low, pure, inoffensive note, seemed bearing to him the far-off echoes of every sacred word of devout faith, of pure precept, of generous feeling, which, in happier years, had reached his ear. A fearful consciousness of guilt came over the wretched man. His heart was utterly subdued. The stern pride of manhood gave way. A powerful tide of contrition swept away all evil barriers. Bitter tears of remorse fell upon the stone on which his head rested. And that was to him the turning point of life.

6. He rose from the rock a penitent, firmly resolved to retrace his steps—to return to better things. By the blessing of God, the resolution was adhered to. He broke away from his evil courses, thrust temptation aside, returned to his native soil to lead a life of penitence and honest toil. Many years later a

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stranger came to his cabin, in the wild forests of the southern country, a man venerable in mien, shrewd and kindly in countenance—wandering through the woods on pleasant errands of his own The birds of that region were the stranger's object. The inmate of the cabin had much to tell on this subject; and, gradually, as the two were thrown together in the solitude of the forest, the heart of the penitent opened to his companion. He avowed that he loved the birds of heaven: he had cause to love them—the doves, especially; they had been as friends to him; they had spoken to his heart in the most solemn hour of life! And then came that singular confession. The traveler was Audubon,* the great ornithologist, who has left on record in his works this striking incident. In olden times, what a beautiful ballad would have been written on such a theme: fresh and wild as the breeze of the forest, sweet and plaintive as the note of the dove!

EXERCISE LXXXI.

THE CHURCH AT BELEM.

T. NOON TALFOURD.

1. The church at Belem, a fortified place on the Tagus, three or four miles from Lisbon, where the kings and royal family of Portugal have, for many generations, been interred, must not be forgotten. It is one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, having originally been erected by the Romans, and splendidly adorned by the Moorish sovereigns. Formed of white stone, it is now stained to a reddish brown by the mere influence of years, and frowns over the water "cased in the unfeeling armor of old time."

2. Its shape is oblong, its sides of gigantic proportion, and its massive appearance most grand and awe-inspiring. The princi-

* See Exercise LXXIX.

† See Note on Talfourd, Exercise XXXIX.

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pal entrance is by a deep archway, reaching to a great hight, and circular within, ornamented above and around with the most crowded, venerable, and yet fantastic devices—martyrs and heroes of chivalry—swords and crosiers—monarchs and saints—crosses and scepters—"the roses and flowers of kings," and the sad emblems of mortality—all wearing the stamp of deep antiquity, all appearing carved out of one eternal rock, and promising, by their air of solid grandeur, to survive as many stupendous changes as those which have already left them unshaken.

3. The interior of this venerable edifice is not less awe-breathing or substantial. Eight huge pillars of barbaric architecture, and covered all over with strange figures and grotesque ornaments in relievo,* support the roof, which is white, ponderous, and of a noble simplicity, being only divided into vast square compartments by the beams which cross it. Such a pile, devoted to form the last resting-place of a line of kings who have, each in his brief span of time, held the fate of millions at his pleasure, cannot fail to excite solemn and pensive thought.

4. And yet what are the feelings thus excited, to those meditations to which the great repository of the illustrious deceased in England invites us? Here we think of nothing but the perishableness of man in his best estate—the emptiness of human honors—the low and frail nature of all the distinctions of earth. A race of monarchs occupy but a narrow vault: they *were* kings, and *now* are dust; and this idea forced home upon us, makes us feel that the most potent and enduring of worldly things—thrones, dynasties, and the peaceable succession of high families—are but as feeble shadows. We learn only to feel our weakness.

5. But, in the sacred place where all that could perish of our orators, philosophers, and poets, is reposing, we feel our mortality only to lend us a stronger and more ethereal sense of our eternal being. Life and death seem met together, as in a holy fane, in peaceful concord. While we feel that the mightiest must yield

* Relievo (*re lee' vo*), prominence of figures in statuary, &c.

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to the stern law of necessity, we know that the very monuments which record the decay of their outward frame, are so many proofs and symbols that they shall never really expire.

6. We feel that those whose remembrance is thus extended beyond the desolating power of the grave, over whose *fame* death and mortal accidents have no power, are not themselves destroyed. And, when we recollect the more indestructible monuments of their genius, those works, which live, not only in the libraries of the studious, but in the hearts and imaginations of men, we are conscious at once, that the spirit which conceived, and the souls which appreciate and love them, are not of the earth, earthy. Our thoughts are not wholly of humiliation and sorrow; but stretch forward, with a pensive majesty, unto the permanent and the immortal.

EXERCISE LXXXII.

ANTITHESIS, whence the adjective *antithetical*, is from the Greek (ANTI, *against*, and THESIS, *the act of putting*), and signifies *the act of putting things over against one another* for the purposes of comparison and contrast. Passages of this sort furnish fine exercises for practice in reading

SHORT ANTITHETICAL PASSAGES.

I.

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE NATURAL.

1 COR. CHAP. XV.

The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they, also, that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they, also, that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall, also, bear the image of the heavenly.

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II.

THE BIBLE ADAPTED TO ALL.

MRS. SARAH S. ELLIS.*

Simple as the language of a child—it charms the most fastidious taste. Mournful as the voice of grief—it reaches to the highest pitch of exultation. Intelligible to the unlearned peasant—it supplies the critic and the sage with food for earnest thought. Silent and secret as the reproofs of conscience—it echoes beneath the vaulted dome of the cathedral, and shakes the trembling multitude. The last companion of the dying and destitute—it seals the bridal vow, and crowns the majesty of kings. Closed in the heedless grasp of the luxurious and the slothful—it unfolds its awful record over the yawning grave. Bright and joyous as the morning star to the benighted traveler—it rolls like the waters of the deluge over the path of him who willfully mistakes his way.

III.

TACT *versus* TALENT.

LONDON ATLAS.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

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* Sarah Stickney Ellis, wife of William Ellis, an English missionary, is the author of some twenty or thirty different publications, all written in excellent style, and devoted to the moral and intellectual culture of her own sex

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IV.

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

SHERIDAN.*

1. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

2. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes:—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection!—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise.

V.

CATILINE'S FORCES IN CONTRAST WITH THE ROMAN ARMY.

CICERO.†

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and, first, to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your Consuls and Generals; next, against that miserable, outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side, chastity contends; on the other, wantonness; here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair.

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* See Note on Sheridan, Exercise XCV.

† See Note on Exercise LXX.

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VI.

CONTRASTS IN MAN.

YOUNG.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself.
O what a miracle to man *is* man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed,
What can *preserve* my life? or what *destroy*?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't *confine* me there!

VII

THE TRUE CRITIC.

POPE.†

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know;
Unbiased, or by favor, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learned, well-bred; and, though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanely severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact, but unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human-kind?

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* See Note on Young, Exercise CXXXVI.
† See Exercise CXLVIII.

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VIII.

CHIVALRY AND PURITANISM.

BANCROFT.*

1. Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits of Chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The Knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The Knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans of liberty. The Knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus.

2. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of Chivalry were subverted by the gradually-increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

IX.

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

POPE.

Homer was the greater genius; Virgil, the better artist. In one we most admire the man; in the other, the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets

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* See Note on Exercise CXXXIII.

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resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counseling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

WAR SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT *

I.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by.
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

* See Exercise LXXV.

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II.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.
Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
  For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
  For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
  Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
  Both head and heart shall feel.

III.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.
Burst, ye clouds, in tempest shower
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
  See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame:
Elemental rage is tame
  To the wrath of man.

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EXERCISE LXXXIV.

HUNTING SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day.
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

II.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

III.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

IV.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay.

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Tell them youth and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

EXERCISE LXXXV.

SONG OF PEACE.

COWPER.

I.

No longer I follow a sound;
No longer a dream I pursue;
O Happiness! not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

II.

I have sought thee in splendor and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste,
I have sought thee, and seemed to possess,
But have proved thee a vision at last.

III.

A humble ambition and hope
The voice of true wisdom inspires;
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope
And the summit of all our desires.

IV.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

* See sketch in Exercise XVIII.

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EXERCISE LXXXVI.

DANIEL WEBSTER, the great American orator and statesman, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782. He died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24th, 1852.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, author of the following fine, discriminative sketch, is one of the best of American essayists. He is, also, distinguished as an able and interesting lecturer: few excelling him either in the power to sway the feelings of an audience or to repay with instructive discourse an attentive hearing. He was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 8th, 1819.

SKETCH OF WEBSTER.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. Earnestness, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and a massive strength of expression, characterize all his works. We feel, in reading them, that he is a man of principles, not a man of expedients; that he never adopts opinions without subjecting them to stern tests; and that he recedes from them only at the bidding of reason and experience. He never seems to be playing a part, but always acting a life.

2. The ponderous strength of his powers strikes us not more forcibly than the broad individuality of the man. Were we unacquainted with the history of his life, we could almost infer it from his works. Everything, in his productions, indicates the character of a person who has struggled fiercely against obstacles, who has developed his faculties by strenuous labor, who has been a keen and active observer of man and nature, and who has been disciplined in the affairs of the world. There is a manly simplicity and clearness in his mind, and a rugged energy in his feelings, which preserve him from all the affectations of literature and society.

3. He is great by original constitution. What nature originally gave to him, nature has to some extent developed, strengthened, and stamped with her own signature. We never consider him as a mere debater, a mere scholar, or a mere statesman; but as a strong, sturdy, earnest man. The school and the college could not fashion him into any foreign shape, because they

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worked on materials too hard to yield easily to conventional molds.

4. The impression of power we obtain from Webster's productions,—a power not merely of the brain, but of the heart and physical temperament, a power resulting from the mental and bodily constitution of the whole man,—is the source of his hold upon our respect and admiration. We feel that, under any circumstances, in any condition of social life, and, at almost any period of time, his great capacity would have been felt and acknowledged.

5. A large majority of those who are called educated men have been surrounded by all the implements and processes of instruction; but Webster won his education by battling against difficulties. "A dwarf behind a steam-engine can remove mountains; but no dwarf can hew them down with a pick-ax, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms." Every step in that long journey, by which the son of the New Hampshire farmer has obtained the highest rank in social and political life, has been one of strenuous effort. The space is crowded with incidents, and tells of obstacles sturdily met and fairly overthrown. His life and his writings seem to bear testimony, that he can perform whatever he strenuously attempts.

6. His words never seem disproportioned to his strength. Indeed, he rather gives the impression that he has powers and impulses in reserve, to be employed when the occasion for their exercise may arise. In many of his speeches, not especially pervaded by passion, we perceive strength, indeed, but strength "half-leaning on his own right arm." He has never yet been placed in circumstances where the full might of his nature, in all its depth of understanding, fiery vehemence of sensibility, and adamantine strength of will, have been brought to bear on any one object, and strained to their utmost.

7. We have referred to Webster's productions as being eminently national. Every one familiar with them will bear out the statement. In fact, the most hurried glance at his life would prove, that, surrounded as he has been from his youth by American influences, it could hardly be otherwise. His

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earliest recollections must extend nearly to the feelings and incidents of the Revolution. His whole life, since that period, has been passed in the country of his birth, and his fame and honors are all closely connected with American feelings and institutions.

8. His works all refer to the history, the policy, the laws, the government, the social life, and the destiny, of his own land They bear little resemblance, in their tone and spirit, to productions of the same class on the other side of the Atlantic. They have come from the heart and understanding of one into whose very nature the life of his country has passed. Without taking into view the influences to which his youth and early manhood were subjected, so well calculated to inspire a love for the very soil of his nativity, and to mold his mind into accordance with what is best and noblest in the spirit of our institutions, his position has been such as to lead him to survey objects from an American point of view.

9. His patriotism has become part of his being. Deny him that, and you deny the authorship of his works. It has prompted the most majestic flights of his eloquence. It has given intensity to his purposes, and lent the richest glow to his genius. It has made his eloquence a language of the heart, felt and understood over every portion of the land it consecrates. On Plymouth Rock, on Bunker's Hill, at Mount Vernon, by the tombs of Hamilton, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jay, we are reminded of Daniel Webster

10. He has done what no national poet has yet succeeded in doing,—associated his own great genius with all in our country's history and scenery which makes us rejoice that we are Americans. Over all those events in our history which are heroical, he has cast the hues of strong feeling and vivid imagination. He can not stand on one spot of ground, hallowed by liberty or religion, without being kindled by the genius of the place; he can not mention a name, consecrated by self-devotion and patriotism, without doing it eloquent homage. Seeing clearly, and feeling deeply, he makes us see and feel with him.

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11. That scene of the landing of the Pilgrims, in which his imagination conjures up the forms and emotions of our New England ancestry, will ever live in the national memory. We see, with him, the "little bark, with the interesting group on its deck, make its slow progress to the shore." We feel, with him, "the cold which benumbed," and listen, with him, "to the winds which pierced them." Carver, and Bradford, and Standish, and Brewster, and Allerton, look out upon us from the pictured page, in all the dignity with which virtue and freedom invest their martyrs; and we see, too, "chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast," till our own blood almost freezes.

12. The readiness with which the orator compels our sympathies to follow his own, is again illustrated in the orations at Bunker Hill, and in the discourse in honor of Adams and Jefferson. In reading them, we feel a new pride in our country, and in the great men and great principles it has cherished. The mind feels an unwonted elevation, and the heart is stirred with emotions of more than common depth, by their majesty and power.

13. Some passages are so graphic and true that they seem gifted with a voice, and to speak to us from the page they illumine. The intensity of feeling with which they are pervaded, rises, at times, from confident hope to prophecy, and lifts the soul as with wings. In that splendid close to a remarkable passage in the oration on Adams and Jefferson, what American does not feel assured, with the orator, that their fame will be immortal?

14. "Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record to their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, molder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, 'THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch the solemn song, I echo

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that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'"

15. Throughout the speeches of Mr. Webster we perceive this national spirit. He has meditated so deeply on the history, the formation, and the tendencies of our institutions; he is so well acquainted with the conduct and opinions of every statesman who has affected the policy of the government; and has become so thoroughly imbued with the national character, that his sympathies naturally flow in national channels, and have their end and object in the land of his birth and culture. His motto is,—"Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is the alpha and omega of his political alphabet. It is felt in his blood, and "felt along his heart." It is twined with all his early recollections, with the acts of his life, with his hopes, his ambition, and his fame.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.

WEBSTER.

1. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit.

2. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits

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It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

3. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

4. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

5. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—liberty first, and union afterward—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—liberty *and* union, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

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EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

LEO. H. GRINDON, who is Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester, is the author of several works of considerable literary and scientific worth. Among these is one entitled "Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena," which—for sober, thoughtful speculation, occasional vigor and beauty of diction, for variety and felicity of illustration, for good sense and timely truth, for rare, if not altogether original views of life, in all its various manifestations—is seldom surpassed in these days of rapid book-making. The following is a good example of his manner.

LIFE INTENDED TO BE HAPPY.

GRINDON.

1. How inestimable a prerogative is human life! And what ingratitude to misuse it. Life may be *mis*used without being *ab*used. It is misused, if it be not so employed as to be enjoyed, that is, by making the most of its opportunities; in other words, devoting it to honorable deeds, affectional as well as intellectual. The more strenuously we enact such deeds, the more genuine, because practical, is our acknowledgment of the Divine goodness in bestowing life, and the keener becomes our aptitude for sucking the honey of existence.

2. Work or activity, of whatever kind it be, uprightly and earnestly pursued, is a living hymn of praise. It is truest obedience, also, for it is God's great law that whatever powers and aptitudes he has given us, shall be honorably and zealously employed. The energy of life, when fairly brought out, is immense; immense beyond what any one who has not tried it can imagine. Too often neglected, and allowed to lapse into weakness; trained and exercised, it will quicken into grandeur. It is better to wear out than to rust out, says a homely proverb, with more meaning than people commonly suppose. Rust consumes faster than use. To "wear out" implies life and its pleasures; to "rust," the stagnation of death.

3. Life, rightly realized, is embosomed in light and beauty. The world is not necessarily a "vale of tears." God never intended it to be so to any one. All his arrangements are with an opposite design, and to be fulfilled, only need man's response and coöperation. True, in his all-wise providence, he sends troubles upon men, and grievous ones; but they are never so

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great as those they bring upon themselves, and willingly suffer. What shall be our experience of life, rests mainly with ourselves. The world may render us unfortunate, but it cannot make us miserable; if we are so, the fault lies in our own bosoms. It is not only the great who order their own circumstances.

4. On the wide, wild sea of human life, as on that where go the ships, the winds and the waves are always on the side of the clever sailor. Though one breast prove unfaithful, there are plenty of others that do not. It is still our own to rejoice in the belief of the good and beautiful, and to weave out of this belief a perennial happiness. If we take precautions to form and preserve a sound estimate of what is past, the joyful experience and the sorrowful alike, we rarely have cause for regret, and always abundance for hope and thankfulness; for that which spoils life, is seldom so much the *occurrence* of certain events, as the *perverted recollection* of them, and of this, happy events no less than unhappy ones may be the subject.

5. Even if a man make no effort of himself—if he be so neglectful as not to realize the brilliant opportunities permitted to him, so fully as he may, still is life crowded with pleasures. When there is shadow, it is because there is sunshine not far off. Its weeds and thorns are known by contrast with surrounding flowers, and, though upon many even of the latter there may be rain-drops, those that are without are yet more abounding. There are more smiles in the world than there are tears; there is more love than hate, more constancy than forsaking: those that murmur the contrary, choose not for thy companions.

6. When the mist rolls away from the mountains, and the landscape stands suddenly revealed, we find that Nature always has beauty for her end. However long and dreary may be the winter, we are always indemnified by the spring—not merely by the enjoyment of it when it comes, but by the anticipation. So with the mists and wintry days of life; while they last, they are painful, but their clearing away is glorious, and we find that they are only veils and forerunners of something bright. Nature never forgets her æstivalia,* nor Divine love its compensations.

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The common course of things, says Paley, is uniformly in favor of happiness. Happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Else would our attention be called to examples of wealth and comfort, instead of disease and want.

7. Giving full, fair play to the intellect and affections, we not only discover what it is to live, and how easy to live happily; but the period of our existence upon earth ceases to be short, and becomes immensely long. It is only the life of the body which is short, or need be so. Real, human life, is immeasurable, if we will have it so. Each day, remarks Goethe in his autobiography, is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if we will actually *fill it up*; that is, with thoughts and feelings, and their expression into deeds, as elevated and amiable as we can reach to.

8. It needs little reflection to perceive that life truly consists only in such exercises. "The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep, to be exposed to the darkness and the light, to pace round the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and convert thought into an implement of trade; this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence."

9. Grandly expressed in "Festus:"—

> Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood;
> 'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

10. If the expanding intellect and affections be affixed, under kindly guidance, to what is truthful and good, youth spreads its

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* Æstivalia (*æs ti va' li a*), summer seasons.

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wings, and goes on growing in everlasting life; if they be affixed, under vicious or repressing influences, to what is base or ignoble, the beautiful progression is arrested, and the spirit relapses into its original vacant old age.

EXERCISE LXXXIX.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in New York city, August 7th, 1795, and died September 21st, 1820. He wrote well in verse from early boyhood. His most finished effort is a poem entitled "The Culprit Fay," which justly ranks him among the most gifted of poets.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

J. RODMAN DRAKE

I.

When Freedom, from her mountain hight,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,

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To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye

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V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

EXERCISE XC.

WORDS FROM HOLY WRIT.

I.

WHENCE COMETH WISDOM?

JOB XXVIII.

But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. It can not be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold. Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? Behold, the fear of the Lord, *that* is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

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II.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

III.

MAXIMS AND OBSERVATIONS.

PROVERBS XXVII.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips. A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both. Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy? Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

IV.

CALL TO FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

ISAIAH LV.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

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V.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

JEREMIAH VII.

Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, are these. For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings; if ye thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor; if ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt; then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, forever and ever.

VI.

SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

MATTHEW VI.

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? but seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

VII.

DUTIES ENJOINED.

ROMANS XII.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospi-

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tality. Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

VIII.

GENERAL EXHORTATION.

PHILIP. IV.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

IX.

THE TONGUE AN UNRULY MEMBER.

JAMES III.

For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed, of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive-berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh. Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

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EXERCISE XCI.

MADAME JUNOT (*Juno*), DUCHESS OF ABRANTES, wife of the celebrated Junot, one of Napoleon's generals, was born at Montpelier, in the year 1784, and died near Paris in 1838. Her father was born in Corsica, and had been an early friend of the Bonaparte family. Her own family connections and Junot's interest with Bonaparte brought her into the highest Parisian circles, for which she was well fitted by her superior manners and education. After the fall of Napoleon, and the death of her husband, she was obliged to follow literature as a means of living. She died very poor. Her chief work is entitled "*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*," from which comes the following interesting extract.

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

MADAME JUNOT.

1. Before day-break, on the 2d of December, 1804, all Paris was alive and in motion; indeed, hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs, until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilette. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries,* for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour.

2. Who that saw Notre-Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals, but never did I see anything at all approximating to the splendor exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar.

3. Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the state, the deputies from every city, in short, the Representatives of all France, assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the

* Tuileries (*Tweel're*), residence of the French monarchs, on the Seine.

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people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counselors of state, and tribunes—the splendid uniforms of the military—the clergy, in all their ecclesiastical pomp—and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—altogether presented a picture which has, perhaps, rarely been equaled, and certainly never excelled.

4. The Pope arrived first; and, at the moment of his entering the cathedral, the anthem, *Tu es Petrus*,* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the palace. From an early hour in the morning, the weather had been exceedingly unfavorable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it. But, as if by the especial favor of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral, enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

5. On his arrival at Notre-Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the Guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety

* Thou art Peter.

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6. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil, rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying *that* was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of anointing, the holy father delivered that impressive prayer which concludes with these words:—*Diffuse, oh Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, we this day anoint Emperor, in your name.*

7. Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion. But, just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the *crown of Charlemagne*, from the altar, Napoleon *seized it and placed it on his own head!* At that moment, he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, rendered him perfectly handsome.

8. When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne, and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the princesses, Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louise. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine, was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment, altogether, was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honor of being presented to many *real princesses*, but I never saw one, who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty.

9. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at

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the Empress, as she advanced towards him; and, when she knelt down—when the tears, which she could not repress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to heaven, or rather to Napoleon—both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity, which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a vacuum of years. The Emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable.

10. After receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress; when the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and, finally, put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly.

EXERCISE XCII.

CHARLES PHILLIPS, a distinguished Irish barrister, was born in Sligo in the year 1789, and died in London in 1859. As an author, he is best known by his "Recollections of Curran and some of his Contemporaries." The following is from one of his occasional addresses.

SKETCH OF BONAPARTE.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

1. He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary

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character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

2. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition, and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

3 Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

4. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no

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obstacle that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity!

5. The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant.

6. It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin* bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

7. In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist—a republican and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

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* See a Note on the Jacobins, Exercise CI.

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EXERCISE XCIII.

MIRABEAU, the celebrated French orator and publicist, so remarkable for personal deformity, for the hardships endured during the season of his youth, for the fierce passions that swayed his manhood, for the fiery and impetuous eloquence wherewith he moved, as by a miracle, the men of his times, was born near Sens, March 9th, 1749, and died in Paris, April 2d, 1791. The following eulogy was delivered, in June, 1790, before the National Assembly of France, of which he was then a member.

EULOGY ON FRANKLIN.*

MIRABEAU.

1. Franklin is dead! The genius, that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of Divinity.

2. The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

3. Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The Representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

4. The Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and, at this moment, America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

5. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth! Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token

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* See Exercise CXXXIII.

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of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty

EXERCISE XCIV.

RICHARD BAXTER, an eminent English divine, was born in Shropshire, in the year 1615. He died in 1691. In the civil wars, he took part with the Parliament, though he had no sympathy with those who compassed the death of Charles I. He denounced Cromwell's assumption of supreme power, and advocated the return of Charles II. He received, consequently, considerable favor from the king, though always harassed by persecuting enemies. After the accession of James II., in 1685, he was arrested and brought before the merciless Jeffreys, where occurred the shocking scene described in the piece following. It should be added that he was, also, a voluminous writer, chiefly on religious subjects. He is best known, however, by his "*Saints' Everlasting Rest*" and his "*Call to the Unconverted.*"

GEORGE JEFFREYS, an English judge, whose brutality has condemned his name to immortal infamy, was born in Wales, in the year 1648, and died in the Tower of London in 1689. James II., whose tool he was, made him a peer in 1685, and soon after, in the same year, lord high chancellor: these offices being among the rewards of his infamous services.

JAMES STEPHEN, author of the following graphic sketch, is one of the ablest of English critics and reviewers. The extract, given below, is from an article published in the Edinburgh Review in 1839.

TRIAL OF RICHARD BAXTER.

JAMES STEPHEN.

1. The judge entered the court with his face flaming: "he snorted and squeaked, blew his nose and clenched his hands, and lifted up his eyes, mimicking their manner, and running on furiously, as he said they used to pray." The ermined buffoon extorted a smile from the Nonconformists themselves. Pollexfen, the leading counsel for the defense, gave into the humor, and attempted to gain attention for his argument by a jest "My lord," he said, "some will think it a hard measure to stop these men's *mouths*, and not to let them speak through their *noses*."

2. "Pollexfen," said Jeffreys, "I know you well. You are

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the patron of the faction; this is an old rogue who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine. He encouraged all the women to bring their bodkins and thimbles, to carry on the war against their king, of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave—a hypocritical villain." "My lord," replied the counsel, "Mr. Baxter's loyal and peaceable spirit King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric, when he came in, if he would have conformed." "Ay," said the judge, "we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? Is he wiser or better than other men? He hath been, ever since, the spring of the faction. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-wolsey doctrine, a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog."

3. After one counsel and another had been overborne by the fury of Jeffreys, Baxter himself took up the argument. "My lord," he said, "I have been so moderate with respect to the Church of England, that I have incurred the censure of many of the Dissenters on that account." "Baxter for bishops!" exclaimed the judge, "is a merry conceit, indeed. Turn to it, turn to it!" On this one of the counsel turned to a passage in the libel, which stated that "great respect is due to those truly called bishops amongst us."

4. "Ay," said Jeffreys, "this is your Presbyterian cant; *truly* called to be bishops; that is of himself and such rascals, called the bishops of Kidderminster, and other such places. The bishops set apart by such factious, sniveling Presbyterians as himself; a Kidderminster bishop he means, according to the saying of a late learned author, every parish shall maintain a tithe-pig metropolitan."

5. Baxter offering to speak again, Jeffreys exploded in the following apostrophe: "Richard! Richard! dost thou think here to poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow—an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. I know that thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners

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waiting to see what will become of their mighty don, and a doctor of your party at your elbow; but I will crush you all Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave—come, speak up; what doth he say? I am not afraid of him, or of all the sniveling calves you have got about you,"—alluding to some persons who were in tears at this scene.

6 "Your lordship need not," said Baxter, "for I'll not hurt you But these things will surely be understood one day; what fools one sort of Protestants are made, to prosecute the other" Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said,—"I am not concerned to answer such stuff, but am ready to produce my writings, in confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

7. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and but for the resistance of other judges, Jeffreys would have added whipping through the city to the sentence of imprisonment. It was to continue until the prisoner should have paid five hundred marks. Baxter was at that time in his 70th year. A childless widower, groaning under the agonies of bodily pain, and reduced by former persecutions to sell all that he possessed; he entered the King's Bench prison in utter poverty, and remained there for nearly two years, hopeless of any other abode on earth.

8. But the hope of a mansion of eternal peace and love raised him beyond the reach of human tyranny. He possessed his soul in patience. Wise and good men resorted to his prison, and brought back greetings to his distant friends, and maxims of piety and prudence. Happy in the review of a well spent life, and still happier in the prospect of its early close, his spirit enjoyed a calm for which his enemies might have well exchanged their miters and their thrones. The altered policy of the court restored him for awhile to the questionable advantage of bodily freedom. But age, sickness, and persecution had done their work. In profound lowliness, with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he soon passed away from a life of almost unequaled toil and suffering to a new condition of existence

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EXERCISE XCV.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, an English dramatist and politician, was born in Dublin in 1751, and died in 1816. As a dramatist, his most brilliant and popular works are "*The Rivals*" and "*The School for Scandal*,"—two comedies of almost unrivaled excellence. In 1780 he was elected a member of Parliament. His first attempt, as a speaker, in Parliament, was considered a failure; but he afterward shone as a Parliamentary orator. In 1787, he brought forward the charge against the celebrated Warren Hastings in respect to the spoliation of the princesses of Oude. This he did in a speech which is regarded by some as the best of his life. From this we take the following beautiful extract.

FILIAL PIETY.

SHERIDAN.

FILIAL PIETY!—It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an emanation of that gratitude, which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast, countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honorable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love!—it asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law, or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the *sacrament* of our nature!—not only the duty—but the indulgence of a man—it is his first great privilege—it is among his last, most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle—it renders habituated instinct into a master passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the aching eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution!

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EXERCISE XCVI.

ENIGMA is derived from a Greek word signifying *to speak darkly*, that is, *to hint at*. It is, therefore, applied to all compositions in which the language is designedly obscure and ambiguous, and is left to the reader to be made out by conjecture. The following are beautiful specimens of this kind of composition.

ENIGMA.

MISS FANSHAWE.

I.

'Twas whispered in heaven, and muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
'Twas seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twill be found in the spheres, when riven asunder;
'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

II.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
It softens the heart; and, though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—
O, breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour.*

* The letter H.

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ANOTHER ENIGMA.

JANE TAYLOR.*

I.

Where Nature wears her wildest dress,
In colors all her own,
Where howling winds rage merciless,
I spread my stormy throne:
And loud and angry, wild and rude,
I reign in dreary solitude.

II.

When summer skies are clear to view,
And sunbeams dance around,
I wear a robe of purest blue,
With silvery fringes bound;
And blush and sparkle, smile and play,
Like beauty on a festal day.

III.

Sweet evening sets her earliest star
Upon my peaceful breast,
And I restore the gems afar,
To deck Aurora's vest;
The host of heaven, in bright array,
To me, by turns, their homage pay.

IV.

The silent cave, the sparkling grot,
In unknown realms, I ween,
Where foot of mortal enters not,
Nor vulture's eye hath seen—
'Tis there I love to steal along,
And pour my everlasting song.

* See Note on Exercise XVII.

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V.

And there, with pearl and amber crowned,
I hold my gentler court,
While freshest breezes play around,
And merry mermaids sport;
And thousand graceful Naiads stand,
With streaming urns in either hand.

EXERCISE XCVII.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in the year 1791. Early in the field of authorship and assiduous in its culture, she has continued to labor till some fifty or more volumes, it is said, stand forth to attest her claims to deserved distinction. She is known chiefly as a poetess; but she has written much in prose, and, thus, has richly earned the praise of having ministered gracefully and successfully to the well-being and well-doing of her fellow-creatures.

E PHEM′ E RAL (EP, *on*, and HEMERAL, *pertaining to a day*) is a Greek word, meaning *pertaining to*, or *lasting for a day;* transitory; short-lived.

THE CORAL-INSECT.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on!—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock:
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

II.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone.
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;

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Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And the mountains exult where the wave hath been

III.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison drop in the man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath;
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

IV.

With moldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

V.

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

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EXERCISE XCVIII.

GEORGE TICKNOR was born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 1st, 1791. After ample study and travel abroad, he entered, in 1820, upon the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University. In this position, he achieved a reputation for richness, variety, and depth of learning, and for extraordinary power and polish of diction, such as belongs only to merit of the highest order. For fifteen years he continued his labors in this connection. Then again he visited Europe. Nine years after his return, in 1840, he published his great work—"*The History of Spanish Literature*," which, with his other contributions to literature, immediately fixed his claims to distinction on the most enduring foundation.

THE AIM OF DON QUIXOTE.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

1. At the very beginning of his great work, Cervantes announces it to be his sole purpose to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry, and at the end of the whole, he declares anew, in his own person, that "he had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry;" exulting in his success, as an achievement of no small moment. And such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain, during the sixteenth century, as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious.

2. To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men, to break up the only reading which, at that time, could be considered widely popular and fashionable, was certainly a bold undertaking, and one that marks anything rather than a scornful or broken spirit, or a want of faith in what is most to be valued in our common nature. The great wonder is, that Cervantes succeeded. But that he *did*, there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of Don Quixote in 1605; and from that date, even those already enjoying the greatest favor ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted: so that, from that time to the present, they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities.

3. The general plan Cervantes adopted to accomplish this object, without, perhaps, foreseeing its whole course, and still

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:ess all its results, was simple as well as original. In 1605, he published the First Part of Don Quixote, in which a country gentleman of La Mancha—full of genuine Castilian honor and enthusiasm, gentle and dignified in his character, trusted by his friends, and loved by his dependents—is represented as so completely crazed by long reading the most famous books of chivalry, that he believes them to be true, and feels himself called on to become the impossible knight-errant they describe,—nay, actually goes forth into the world to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, like the heroes of his romances.

4. To complete his chivalrous equipment,—which he had begun by fitting up for himself a suit of armor strange to his century,—he took an esquire out of his neighborhood; a middle-aged peasant, ignorant and credulous to excess, but of great good-nature; a glutton and a liar; selfish and gross, yet attached to his master; shrewd enough occasionally to see the folly of their position, but always amusing, and sometimes mischievous in his interpretations of it.

5. These two sally forth from their native village, in search of adventures of which the excited imagination of the knight, turning windmills into giants, solitary inns into castles, and galley-slaves into oppressed gentlemen, finds abundance wherever he goes; while the esquire translates them all into the plain prose of truth with an admirable simplicity, quite unconscious of its own humor, and rendered the more striking by its contrast with the lofty and courteous dignity and magnificent illusions of the superior personage. There could, of course, be but one consistent termination of adventures like these. The knight and his esquire suffer a series of ridiculous discomfitures, and are, at last, brought home, like madmen, to their native village, where Cervantes leaves them with an intimation that the story of their adventures is by no means ended.

6. The latter half of Don Quixote is a contradiction of the proverb Cervantes cites in it,—that *second* parts were never yet good for much. It is, in fact, better than the first. But, throughout both parts, Cervantes shows the impulses and instincts of an original power with most distinctness in his

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development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho; characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages. He delights, therefore, to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene.

7. The knight becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was, to mourn over his death.

8. The case of Sancho is, again, very similar, and, perhaps, in some respects stronger. At first, he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in a more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterwards the staple of his conversation and humor; and it is not until the opening of the Second Part, and, indeed, not till he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as governor of Barataria, that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque, yet congruous proportions.

9. But, if we would do Cervantes the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his Don Quixote, we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling, and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high: but that, with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue, it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of

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death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of Don Quixote, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both.

EXERCISE XCIX.

MIGUEL DE SAAVEDRA CERVANTES was born in the vicinity of Madrid, in Spain, in October, 1547. He died in April, 1616. In early life he was much given to poetry, but wrote largely afterwards both in verse and prose. His chief work, however, is the celebrated romance called "Don Quixote." For the aim of this famous production and a further account of its author, see Exercise XCVIII. preceding. In the extract which follows, Sancho Panza is represented as receiving instructions from Don Quixote, respecting his new office, as governor of an island, which had long been promised him as the reward of faithful service to his master.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.

CERVANTES.

1. Don Quixote, hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his new government, took him by the hand, and led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice, respecting his conduct in office:—"First, my son, fear God: for, to fear him is wisdom; and being wise, thou canst not err. Secondly, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog who foolishly vied with the ox, will serve thee as a caution: the recollection, too, of having been formerly *a swineherd*, in thine own country, will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock."

2. "It is true," said Sancho, "that I once did keep swine, but I was only a *boy* then; when I grew towards *manhood*, I looked after *geese*, and not *hogs*. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from kings." "That I grant," replied Don Quixote: "and, therefore, those

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who have not the advantage of noble descent, should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear, with gentleness and modesty, which, when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

3. "Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants: for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born low of extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

4. "Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if, peradventure, any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight, nor affront him; but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for, in so doing, thou wilt please God, who allows none of his creatures to be despised; and thou, also, wilt manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

5. "Be not under the dominion of thine own will; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding. Let the tears of the poor find more *compassion*, but not more *justice* from thee, than the applications of the wealthy. Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, and the sighs and entreaties of the poor. Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity. If, perchance, the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to *pity*, not to *gold*. If, perchance, the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case. Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the

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errors thou shalt thereby commit, are often without remedy, and at the expense of both thy reputation and fortune.

6. When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her *tears* or her *sighs*, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other. Revile not with *words* him whom thou hast to correct with *deeds:* the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language. When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst, without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for, though all the attributes of God are equally adorable, yet his mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than his justice.

7. "If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days wil be long and thy fame eternal: thy recompense full and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes.

8. "But here let it rest, Sancho, for, if thou governest ill, though the fault will be thine, the shame will be mine. However, I am comforted in having given the best counsel in my power; and, therein having done my duty, I am acquitted both of my obligation and my promise; so God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the fears I entertain, that thou wilt turn the whole island topsy-turvy!"

9. "Look you, sir," replied Sancho, "if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this time; for I have more regard for a single nail's breadth of my *soul*, than for my *whole body;* and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onions, as governor Sancho upon capon and partridge

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Besides, sleep makes us all alike, great and small, rich and poor. Call to mind, too, who first put this whim of governing into my head—who was it but yourself? for, alack, I know no more about governing islands than a bustard; and, if you fancy that, in case I should be a governor, the devil will have me—in God's name, let me rather go to Heaven plain Sancho, than a governor to Hell"

10. "Before God, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "for those last words of thine, I think that thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands! Thou hast a good disposition, without which knowledge is of no value. Pray to God, and endeavor not to err in thy *intention;* I mean, let it ever be thy unshaken purpose and design to do right in whatever business occurs; for Heaven constantly favors a good intention."

EXERCISE C.

CHAPMAN and SHIRLEY were contemporary English dramatists in the early part of the seventeenth century. The former was much the older man, and is distinguished as being the earliest English translator of Homer. The subject of the following extract, which is given by Charles Lamb, as their joint production, is explained in the note below.

PHILIP CHABOT (*Chabo*), Admiral of France, being accused of treason, a criminal process is instituted against him, and his faithful servant Allegre is put on the rack to make him discover. His innocence is at length established by the confession of his enemies; but the disgrace of having been suspected for a traitor by his Royal Master, sinks so deep into his heart, that he falls into a mortal sickness.

THE FATAL CHARGE.

CHAPMAN AND SHIRLEY

ADMIRAL, *and* ALLEGRE, *supported between two persons.*

Adm. Welcome, my injured servant; what a misery
Have they made on thee!

Alleg. Though some change appear
Upon my body whose severe affliction

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Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
My heart is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.
Adm. Alas, poor man!
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty,
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough t' unsweeten all.
Though in thy absence, I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While, for my sake, their cruelty did vex,
And fright thy nerves, with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination
Could let before into me. Didst not curse me
Upon the torture?
Alleg. Good my lord, let not
That thought of what I suffered dwell upon
Your memory; they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you and justice: but there's something, in
Your looks, presents more fear, than all the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul with.
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, one
Lost to his hopes and honor, not the man
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Armed with fierce lightning and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach. I was not racked till *now*.
There's more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth. What accident, sir, can blast,—
Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
Your noble brow: misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arm of Providence; nor can
Those garlands, that now grow about your forehead,
With all the poison of the world, be blasted.

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Adm. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon thee
In wide and spacious characters; but, in
The volume of my sadness, thou dost want
An eye to read. An open force hath torn
Thy manly sinews, which some *time* may cure.
The engine is not *seen*, that wounds thy master,—
Past all the remedy of art, or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame or honors.
Thus, in the summer, a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes a show
Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossoms;
But not the sun with all her amorous smiles,
The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
Can root her fibers in the earth again;
Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing:
But the tree withers; and those very beams,
That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
The bark and rind, till she becomes a burden
To that which gave her life: so Chabot, Chabot—

Alleg. Wander in apprehension! I must
Suspect your health, indeed.

Adm. No, no, thou shalt not
Be troubled: I but stirred thee with a moral
That's empty,—contains nothing. I am well:
See, I can walk; poor man, thou hast not strength *yet.*

(*The father of the Admiral makes known the condition his son is in to the King.*)

FATHER. KING.

King. Say, how is my admiral?
The truth, upon thy life.

Fath. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha! who durst oppose him?

Fath. One that hath power enough, hath practiced on him,
And made his great heart stoop.

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King. I will revenge it
With crushing, crushing that rebellious power
To nothing. Name him!
Fath. He was his friend.
King. What mischief hath engendered
New storms?
Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.
King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that looked wild upon him?
Fath. You dressed his wounds, I must confess, but made
No *cure;* they bleed afresh: pardon me, sir;
Although your conscience have closed too soon,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgery:
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinks you were unkind.
King. Alas! poor Chabot!
Doth that afflict him?
Fath. So much, though he strive
With most resolved and adamantine nerves,
As ever human fire in flesh and blood
Forged for example, to bear all; so killing
The arrows that you shot, were (still, your pardon!)
No Centaur's blood could rankle so.
King. If this
Be all, I'll cure him. Kings retain
More balsam in their souls, than hurt in anger.
Fath. Far short, sir; with one breath they uncreate;
And kings, with only words, more wounds can make
Than all their kingdom, made in balm, can heal.
'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
On numerous virtue; though it become princes
To assure their adventures made in everything.
Goodness confined within poor flesh and blood,
Hath but a queasy and still sickly state;
A musical hand should only play on her,
F'uent as air, yet every touch command.
King. No more:

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Commend us to the admiral, and say
The king will visit him, and bring him health.

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimbly with this command.

(*The King visits the Admiral.*)

KING. ADMIRAL. *His Wife and Father.*

King. No ceremonial knees:
Give me thy *heart*, my dear, my honest Chabot;
And yet in vain I challenge that; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherished
With care of my best life: no violence
Shall ravish it from my possession;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits, shall betray it to a fear;
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath,—
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty,—yet dissect me then,
And, in my heart, the world shall read thee living;
And, by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrefy,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honor your poor servant, sir;
My heart despairs so rich a monument.
But when it dies—

King. I would not hear a sound
Of anything that trenched upon death.
He speaks the funeral of my crown, that prophesies
So unkind a fate: we'll live and die together.
And by that duty, which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee,
Preserve thy heart for me, and thy reward
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Adm. I have found
A glorious harvest in your favor, sir;
And, by this overflow of royal grace,

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All my deserts are shadows and fly from me;
I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now—
King. Express it in some joy, then.
Adm. I will strive
To show that pious gratitude to you, but—
King. But *what?*
Adm. My frame hath lately, sir, been ta'en apieces,
And but now put together; the least force
Of mirth will shake and unjoint all my reason.
Your patience, royal sir.
King. I'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.
Adm. My strength would flatter me.
King. Physicians,
Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
Why, how is Chabot's spirit fallen!
Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodness?
Stand from me. You betray me with your fears.
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart; they were but thoughts at first; or, if
They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object than the king.
King. In a prince
What a swift executioner is a frown,
Especially, of great and noble souls!
How is it with my Philip?
Adm. I must beg
One other boon.
King. Upon condition
My Chabot will collect his scattered spirits,
And be himself again, he shall divide
My kingdom with me.
Adm. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engendered in you;
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your chancellor; let not the story

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Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw
A tear from any family; I beseech
Your royal mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seizure upon his state.
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavor
But thy own health; and pronounce general pardon
To all through France.

Adm. Sir, I must kneel to thank you;
It is not sealed else. Your blest hand; live happy,
May all your trust have no less faith than Chabot.
Oh!—

Wife. His heart is broken.

Father. And kneeling, sir;
As his ambition were, in death, to show
The truth of his obedience.

EXERCISE CI.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in Leicester, England, October 25th, 1800, and died in London, December 28th, 1859. His career, in college, was but the brilliant harbinger of a far more brilliant one in the world. In 1825 appeared his first contribution to the Edinburgh Review, with which periodical he held connection for twenty years; during which he came to be universally regarded as the very prince of essayists: showing such depth and extent of research, such fullness of detail, such rare felicity of illustration, such singular power in reproducing the past, such beauty and brilliancy of style, and such exhaustive treatment and general mastery of his topics, as utterly eclipsed the glory of all his rivals in that line of composition. He was distinguished, also, as a statesman: having shown himself, in affairs of state and in public office, quite equal to the expectations that had been formed of him from his writings. As a historian, moreover, he acquired, by the publication of his "History of England from the Accession of James the Second," such popularity as seldom falls to the lot of even the most admired of novelists. In 1857 he was made a peer of England, with the title of Baron Macaulay, of Rothley.

[1] JACOBINS is the name under which passed the most famous of all the political clubs that agitated France during the first Revolution. In that club, consisting of all the violent leaders of the day, were discussed all the motions and questions that were to come before the National

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Assembly; so that the Jacobin Club, which, with its twelve hundred branches, extended all over France, came, at last, to be the ruling force in the nation. What was the character of that rule, the following vivid sketch sufficiently shows.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

MACAULAY.

1. Now began that strange period known by the name of the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins[1] had prevailed. This was their hour and the power of darkness. The convention was subjugated, and reduced to profound silence on the highest questions of state. The sovereignty passed to the Committee of Public Safety. To the edicts framed by that Committee, the representative assembly did not venture to offer even the species of opposition which the ancient Parliament had frequently offered to the mandates of the ancient kings.

2. Then came those days, when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine* was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave ship; and the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine.

3. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies, torn from the breast, were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

4. It is absurd to say, that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty

* Guillotine (*gil' lo teen*), a machine for beheading persons at a single stroke; so called, it is said, from the name of its inventor.

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But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously, operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offenses, than the cholera or an earthquake, like that of Lisbon, would have.

5. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France; with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected, without sending school-boys and school-girls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

6. To behead people by scores, without caring whether they are guilty or innocent; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and put him to death, if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation, is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we, at present, say nothing. But, surely, it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child.

7. By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property, and drying up the sources of future prosperity.

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EXERCISE CII.

ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF PUBLIC OPINION.

WEBSTER.*

1. The PUBLIC OPINION of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brute force. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> "Vital in every part,
> Can not, but by annihilating, die!"

2. Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk of triumphs or repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance.

3. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is indignant; it shows him that the scepter of his victory is a barren scepter; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall molder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the OPINION OF MANKIND!

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* See Exercise LXXXVI.

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EXERCISE CIII.

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Portsmouth, in England, February 7th, 1812. His father intended him for the legal profession, and, for that reason, kept him for some time in the office of an attorney. But he found far more congenial occupation in the business of a newspaper critic and reporter. What first brought him into notice was a series of sketches of London character, in the lower walks of life, published in the "Morning Chronicle," under the title of "Boz." Following these, and, in the same vein, though with a far wider range and variety of resource, came the celebrated "Pickwick Papers," which gave him at once a popularity exceeding that of any other living writer. These papers discovered such genial humor, such genuine wit, such graphic description, such felicity of expression, and, withal, such pathos, everywhere mingled with comic scenes and circumstances, that, in spite of certain defects prominent enough to artistic eyes, his sway over the reader was perfectly absolute. Mr. Dickens has written much since, and secured for himself a permanent place in the temple of fame.

In the following scene, Mr. Pickwick, an amiable, unsophisticated gentleman, is presented in the unlucky circumstances which afterwards led, in the main, to a trial for a breach of promise of marriage, in a suit brought by Mrs. Bardell.

SCENE FROM PICKWICK:—MR. PICKWICK'S DILEMMA.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. Mr. Pickwick's apartments on Goswell street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he were sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare.

2. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy—the first a lodger, the second a son of Mrs. Bardell. The large man was always at home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits

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of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

3. To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior, on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill, would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience, very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

4. "Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

5. "Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

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"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table; "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

6. "La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him. "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

7. Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you *then* than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

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8. "Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy"—said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week, than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear"—said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

9. "Oh, you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and, without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come"—

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently; "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

10. Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and

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the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son.

11. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he, at first, stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but, by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and, considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

12. "Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr Pickwick; "he's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy—(here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment.) Now help me to lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

13. "I cannot conceive"—said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

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"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

EXERCISE CIV.

A trial, growing mainly out of the transactions recorded in the preceding Exercise, is here in progress, and Mr. Pickwick's servant, Sam Weller, a very humorous and eccentric person, is on the stand, as a witness.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM PICKWICK:—SAM WELLER AS A WITNESS.

CHARLES DICKENS

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W?'" inquired the judge

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud,—"Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a *we*, my lord, put it down a *we*."

"Who is that that dares to address the court?" said the little judge looking up;—"Usher!"

"Yes, my lord!"

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But, as the usher didn't *find* the person, he didn't *bring* him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said—

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rather suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

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"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge. Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance towards Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Yes I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a *wery* particler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said,—"You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam, "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that he said nothing, and motioned Sergeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz,

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folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance he would bother the witness yet —"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now attend, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer, "you were in the passage and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Sergeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned sergeant again turned to Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation,—"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh, yes; wery well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits, "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rather thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this

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trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talking about the trial" replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Sergeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in my life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is sittin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz; "well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam; "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leaned over to Sergeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Sergeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Sergeant Snubbin, laughing.

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"You may go down, sir," said Sergeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had in view all along.

EXERCISE CV.

PARK BENJAMIN was born August 14th, 1809, at Demarara, in British Guiana, where, at that time, his father was a merchant. He, however, was sent home to New England, to be educated. After graduating, in 1829, at Trinity College, Hartford, he studied law: but, law being less to his taste than letters, he has spent most of his life in literary labors. He is an able and interesting lecturer, and a writer of no ordinary merit.

THE BLIND BOY'S SPEECH.

PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

Think not that blindness makes me sad,
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad,
Parents I have, who love me well,
Their different voices I can tell.
Though far away from them, I hear,
In dreams, their music meet my ear.
Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one you love?

II.

I never saw my father's face,
Yet on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of *woe*,
To knit the brows of manhood so,—
I sit upon my father's knee:
He'd love me *less*, if I could see.

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III.

I never saw my mother smile.
Her gentle tones my heart beguile.
They fall like distant melody,—
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not—my mother dear!
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

IV.

Right merry was I every day!
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends, and all,—
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding-place,
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him I could do it now!

V.

Yet, though delightful flew the hours,
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And, though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

VI.

Now, since I've learned to read and write
My heart is filled with new delight;
And music too,—can there be found
A sight so beautiful as *sound*?

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Tell me, kind friends, in one short word.
Am I not like a captive bird?
I live in song, and peace, and joy,—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy!

EXERCISE CVI.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE, the distinguished editor of the "Louisville Journal," was born in Preston, Connecticut, December 18th, 1802. After graduating at Brown University in Rhode Island, which he did in 1823, he studied law, but never entered upon the duties of the profession; choosing rather those of an editor. In 1831, having taken up his abode in Louisville, Kentucky, he became editor of the "Louisville Journal;" which position he still holds; having gained therein what most richly he deserves, a high reputation for wit, as a writer, and for ability and steady patriotism, as a politician. The following is from the columns of his Journal.

DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

1. The policy of accepting peace, on the condition of recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy, would be a terrible one. Nay, it would be a policy that we but feebly characterize by the word terrible. It would be the death, the everlasting death, of the great and glorious hope that now lives in the hearts of tens of millions upon this continent and hundreds of millions throughout the civilized world. It would be the destruction of the mightiest work that the spirit of freedom has ever done upon the earth. What has been the admiration and the wonder of the nations, would be their pity and their scorn.

2. Let no one delude himself with the thought or fancy that a government, a nation, has not a right to defend itself, by all the powers and energies at its command, against disruption and dissolution. To do this is, as a general truth, among a nation's most sacred rights and its highest and most solemn duties. The nation that should not recognize and assert the right and the duty would be the object of all mankind's contempt. Surely no

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human being supposes that England, or France, or Spain, or Austria, or Russia, if a portion, even a majority, of a section of either of those kingdoms or empires, should assert the right of erecting their section into an independent realm, would permit the right, thus claimed, to be practically asserted.

3. It is absurd to suppose that either of them, upon any claim of a portion of their people to the right of self-government, would submit to dismemberment, submit to be divided into two kingdoms or empires. Sooner would they wage a war of centuries, a war, as they would justly consider it, of national life or death.

4. To submit to the separation of the United States into two independent powers, would not only be the most fatal example that we could set for the existing generation of men, and to all generations that are to come after us, but would render the whole area of the thirty-four states one of the feeblest and most wretched portions of the civilized world. All our old glory would be turned to midnight darkness. The two republics, or two monarchies, supposing that to be the number into which our country should at first be divided, could never remain for even one year at peace. A thousand causes would render collisions and wars between them inevitable. Neither of the two could have the least security against its own disintegration and dissolution.

5. The United States government at Washington, having established the precedent of permitting eleven or twelve or fifteen states to go off at pleasure, could not restrain other states from doing the same thing. Each and every state, remaining even temporarily in the United States, would feel that it had the power to assert and maintain its right of either seceding into the Southern Confederacy, or of establishing, together with such other states as it might be able to carry with it, an independent sovereignty, and it would exercise this fancied right whenever, for any cause, frivolous or otherwise, it should become dissatisfied with the acts of the government of its section. What is now the United States, as distinguished from the Confederate States, would almost certainly, within half a dozen years, consist of half a dozen petty and jarring powers, with no common head

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6. The same, or even worse, would be the condition of the states of the Southern Confederacy, based, as that confederacy avowedly is, and would be, upon the assumption, as a fundamental principle of government, that every state, or every two or three states, must ever be recognized as having the right to establish an independent government or independent governments at will. There would be no government in either section fit to be called one. Our country, that we have been so proud of, would be in a worse condition than the miserable little republics of South America.

7. No pretended sovereignty, north or south, could ever obtain from abroad a loan of even the most inconsiderable amount; for European nations would scorn to intrust their money to governments not even claiming to embody any principle of self-preservation. The powers which have not dared to provoke the warlike energies of earth's great republic, would deride us in our helplessness, and, by the presence of even a single man-of-war, compel us to yield obedience to their haughty and tyrannical dictation. Horrible servile insurrections would break out everywhere in the slaveholding region, making fields and firesides desolate.

8. Masses of slaves, first from the slave states nearest to the free states, and afterward from those more remote, would escape —some by stealth and others openly—till the last vestige of slavery would disappear. All the petty powers, jealous and hostile, would have to keep standing armies, vast in proportion to the means of supporting them, and the consequent taxes would impoverish the people to the point of hopeless and irretrievable ruin. Hundreds and thousands of desperate men, accustomed to blood and violence, and having no means of honest subsistence for themselves and families, would organize gangs of banditti, such as for years have infested Mexico.

9. But this condition of anarchy* or half-anarchy could no

* AN'ARCHY is compounded of AN (*without*) and ARCHY (*rule*), an means *without rule* or government; political confusion. For a numbe. of words containing the radical form *archy*, see Sanders' and McElligott' Analysis of English Words, Exercises XXXII. and CCXXX

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last forever, or even very long. From the midst of all the confusion and lawlessness and strife, some bold master-spirit would spring up, and, rallying thousands to his standard, pursue his conquering and devastating march until the whole of what has been the United States, would be made a bloody and relentless despotism, as drear and remorseless as any one recorded in history.

10. And now the question is, whether the United States through a dread of the inconveniences and even the great sufferings and sacrifices of the war that is upon us, ought to accept this condition of things for the sake of a brief, a hollow, a nominal peace. To our minds it would be a dreadful crime against God and the human race. It would mark the present generation of the people of this country, as the guiltiest enemies and murderers of freedom in all the history of the world.

11. Our glorious old fathers of '76 bequeathed not more to us than to the generation that are to come hereafter—their posterity as well as ours—the great and magnificent inheritance of the Union. Our fathers of later periods received, guarded, transmitted, the sacred, the magnificent bequest to us, to be in turn passed down by us to those for whom, as for ourselves, the patriots who won it by their blood, ordained it.

12. And now should we, can we, dare we, in the face of heaven and earth, stop the awful bequest in its descent, shiver it into worthless fragments, destroy that which is not our own, but mankind's for this and the coming ages, defraud posterity of the richest blessing ordained for them by the sainted and illustrious dead of a dead century, swindle all the human race of this and all the future time, of what myriads of millions have contemplated with gratitude and adoration as the mightiest boon of God to his creatures, and leave our names to creak and blacken on the gibbet of infamy, as the names of men who cursed their race, and shall be cursed by it as long as there shall be an atmosphere to bear the sound of a curse upon its bosom!

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EXERCISE CVII.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

ANONYMOUS.

I.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor Love, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

II.

Beneath this moldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

III.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unvails Eternity.

IV.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.

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But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

V.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

EXERCISE CVIII.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH whose claims to distinction, as a great poet, have been so often and so sharply contested, was born in the county of Cumberland, England, in the year 1770, and died in 1850. Poetry was almost the sole business of his life: circumstances conspiring, in a remarkable way, to afford him leisure to follow this object.

WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS are models of energy and perseverance. They are natives of Peebles, in Scotland. William was born in 1800; Robert in 1802. William learned the trade of a printer; Robert became a bookseller; and both became authors. Until 1832, these brothers pursued their fortunes, for the most part, separately. At that time they united their business establishments, and commenced the publication of the famous "Edinburgh Journal." Two years later they started a series of treatises, in popular style, under the title,—"Information for the People." Both of these reached an enormous circulation. Then followed (among other things) a "Cyclopædia of English Literature," and "Papers for the People;" from the former of which we have taken our sketch of "The Ettrick Shepherd," (Exercise X.) and from the latter, the following, as it seems to us, fair estimate of the poet Wordsworth.

SKETCH OF WORDSWORTH.

CHAMBERS.

1. His devotion to external nature had the power and pervasiveness of a passion; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine; and his portraitures, both of landscapes and figures, were so distinctly outlined as to impress them on the

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mind almost as vividly and deeply as the sight of them could have done.

2. But he was defective in the stronger passions, and hence, in spite of the minuteness of his portraitures of character, he failed to produce real human beings capable of stirring the blood; and what was even more serious, he himself was incapacitated from feeling a genial and warm sympathy in the struggles of modern man, on whom he rather looked, as from a distant hight, with the commiseration of some loftier nature.

3. From the characteristics enumerated arose the great faults of his works. His landscape paintings are often much too minute. He dwells too tediously on every small object and detail, and from his over-intense appreciation of them, which magnifies their importance, rejects all extrinsic ornaments, and occasionally, though exceptionally, adopts a style bare and meager, and even phrases tainted with mean associations. Hence all his personages—being without reality—fail to attract; and even his strong domestic affections, and his love for everything pure and simple, do not give a sufficient human interest to his poems.

4. His prolixity and tediousness are aggravated by a want of artistic skill in construction; and it is owing to this that he is most perfect in the sonnet, which renders the development of these faults an impossibility, while it gives free play to his naturally pure, tasteful, and lofty diction. His imagination was majestic; his fancy lively and sparkling; and he had a refined and attic humor, which, however, he seldom called into exercise.

5. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age has, however, been as beneficial as extensive. He has turned the public taste from pompous inanity to the study of man and nature; he has banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he has enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favor of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy *

* This last paragraph is from a different work by the same author

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EXERCISE CIX.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

WORDSWORTH

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it *has* been of yore;
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

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And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth even Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,

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To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

V.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing, a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright,
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

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EXERCISE CX.

EDWARD EVERETT, the distinguished American orator and statesman, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on the 11th of April, 1794. He had a high reputation, as a scholar and a writer, even before he had completed his college course. He commenced professional life, as a clergyman; and, in 1813, was settled, as a pastor, in the city of Boston. In 1814, being chosen Professor of Greek in Harvard College, he spent four years abroad, the better to qualify himself for the duties of his office. On his return, he assumed the editorship of the North American Review, and continued to conduct it till 1824. Then, also, began Mr. Everett's political career: he being, at that time, elected to Congress. He served in that relation for ten years. In 1834 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. In 1840 he again visited Europe. In 1848, on his return to America, he was immediately chosen President of Harvard University. Upon the death of Daniel Webster, in 1852, he was called to take his place, as Secretary of State. In 1853 he took his seat in the Senate of the United States; having been elected thereto by the Legislature of Massachusetts. In 1856 he delivered his celebrated discourse on Washington, the object of which was to aid in gathering a fund to purchase Mount Vernon. This discourse he has repeated no less than a hundred and twenty-two times for the same object. Besides all this, Mr. Everett has delivered numerous addresses to various bodies, all excellent in design and admirable in execution.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE REPUBLIC.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. This, then, is the theater on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion; such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the glory to crown its success. If I err in this happy vision of my country's fortunes, I thank God for an error so animating. If this be false, may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be under any other feeling, than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services.

2. The name and character of our Alma Mater have always been carried by some of our brethren thousands of miles from her venerable walls; and thousands of miles still farther westward, the communities of kindred men are fast gathering, whose minds and hearts will act in sympathy with yours.

3. The most powerful motives call on us, as scholars, for those efforts, which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions

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of our native land There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe everything to those means of education which are equally open to all.

4. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theater on which it is to be performed. When the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, that momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system?

5. One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

6. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchers of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust.

7. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us, in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

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EXERCISE CXI.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

1. I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it.

2. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were hurried into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral.

3. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running, hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and sometimes pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

4. As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued out of the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with

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* See Exercise CLI.

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prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest scarcely moved ten steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

5. I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased —"GEORGE SOMERS, AGED 26 YEARS." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

6. The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir that breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

7. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering. I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with

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tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

8. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life, at best, is but a wintery day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years,—these are the sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

9. It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

10. The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and, by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "O, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents. It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, drest out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church,—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

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11. Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received the tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave.

12. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her.

13. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door, that faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her; but his steps were faint and faltering: he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"O my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy, George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

14. I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and, if anything had been wanting to finish the work of

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fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet where his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

15. The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He, however, was too weak to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

16. There is something in sickness, that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness!

17. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world besides cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

18. Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

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EXERCISE CXII.

THE splendid eulogy which follows, forms the close of an oration delivered before the Legislature of Massachusetts, at their request, on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birthday of George Washington.

EULOGY (EU, *well*, and LOGY, *a speaking*) signifies *a speaking well of*, that is, a speech in praise of some particular person; a formal address laudatory of the virtues of an individual. See Sanders and McElligett's Analysis of English Words, page 74.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

FRANCIS C. GRAY.

1. The eye of posterity, in looking back on the pyramid of a nation's glory, less to scrutinize its structure, than to contemplate its lofty grandeur, will always involuntarily rest upon its summit. And, if it behold there, not a gigantic phantom, gifted with power and genius, indeed, yet distorted by ambition, or polluted by crimes,—but a majestic form, erect and serene; of exact proportions and severe simplicity; without a fault for censure, an extravagance for ridicule, or a blemish for regret,—on that it will delight to linger, to that it will direct the admiration of mankind.

2. Rapidly as the prosperity of America has advanced, the name of Washington has risen still faster. Already it overtops every other belonging to the new world, and equals the greatest in the old. The opinions of his countrymen may be partial. But his character is every where venerated. The once great ornament of the English bar,—the champion of the rights of juries, and the master of their hearts, who had no competitor in forensic eloquence, and who has been followed by no equal,—long ago declared, that this one man was the only human being, of whom he ever stood in awe.

3. Philosophy, too—whose decisions are more calm, but quite as durable as those of eloquence—philosophy has rendered her tribute to his fame. The most distinguished living philosopher in Great Britain, an illustrious father's not less illustrious son, in a recent work worthy of his genius, while contending against

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the asserted inferiority of the moderns to the ancients, holds up the three chief lights of modern science as equal to the three greatest of their philosophers; and, at the same time, points singly to Washington, as not inferior in virtue and in patriotism, to the brightest examples of antiquity. But why cite the opinions of individuals, however eminent? Wherever the name of America is known, wherever liberty, or the desire of liberty, dwells upon the earth, there his praise is familiar.

4. Thus much has been already gained. This harvest of glory, at least, is secure, ripe, reaped, garnered, hid in the sacred treasure of the past. O, for a prophet's eye to look into the future! If it be the destiny of America to administer with fidelity, wisdom and success, her free institutions, and, especially, that Union which is the great security of all the rest, and to spread them over the whole continent,—filling it with a numerous, enlightened, industrious, moral, and contented people—one in name, one in government, one in power—and thus realizing the prophetic vision of Berkeley,* to build up here an empire the last and the noblest offspring of Time,—this whole accumulated greatness will constantly tend to exalt higher and higher in the estimation of mankind him, who will forever be deemed the Founder of it all.

5. Above all, if it shall be found, that under the full development of a system, thus equally distributing political power, and perfectly securing private right, so as to leave to every individual the free and unincumbered exercise of the faculties which God has given him, those faculties breathing the pure air of liberty, and growing up and expanding in all their native vigor, will be capable of achieving splendid triumphs; and that the equal protection of the rights of all, best tends to bring about that noblest

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* The reference is to the famous lines of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley (born 1684, died 1753) which follow:—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

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of triumphs, which is alone conducive to the equal happiness of all, the triumph of intellect over force, and of virtue over intellect,—then, indeed, will those who prize intellect, or delight in virtue, throughout all time, turn to him, whose intellectual and moral greatness first introduced and recommended this system—standing, at last, all alone in his pre-eminence, fixed forever in the solitude of his glory, as the Miracle of Men, the greatest earthly Benefactor of mankind,—and will exult that they belong to the same race of beings with WASHINGTON.

EXERCISE CXIII.

[1] PALLA'DIUM is the name of a statue of Pallas (Minerva), on the preservation of which depended the safety of ancient Troy; hence the application of the word to a *safeguard* of any kind.

[2] COLISE'UM (also written Colosseum) is the name of a celebrated amphitheater, at Rome, the ruins of which are still standing. It was begun by the emperor Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus, and is said to have held over 100,000 spectators.

[3] PAR'THENON, from a Greek word meaning a *virgin*, is the name applied to a celebrated temple in ancient Athens, dedicated to the virgin-goddess Minerva.

WASHINGTON'S SOLICITUDE FOR THE UNION.

WEBSTER.*

1. There was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. From the letter which he signed in behalf of the convention when the Constitution was sent out to the people, to the moment when he put his hand to that last paper in which he addressed his countrymen, the Union—the Union was the great object of his thoughts. In that first letter he tells them that, to him and his brethren of the convention, union appears to be the greatest interest of every true American; and, in that last paper, he conjures them to regard that unity of government, which constitutes them one people, as the very

* See Exercise LXXXVI

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palladium of their prosperity and safety, and the security of liberty itself.

2. He regarded the union of these states, not so much as one of our blessings, as the great treasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this Union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government, on the one hand, nor by surrendering them, on the other; but by an administration of them, at once firm and moderate, adapted for objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

3. The extreme solicitude for the preservation of the Union, at all times manifested by him, shows not only the opinion he entertained of its importance, but his clear perception of those causes which were likely to spring up to endanger it, and which, if once they should overthrow the present system, would leave little hope of any future beneficial reünion. Of all the presumptions indulged by presumptuous man, that is one of the rashest, which looks for the repeated and favorable opportunities for the deliberate establishment of a united government over distinct and widely extended communities.

4. Such a thing has happened once in human affairs, and but once; the event stands out as a prominent exception to all ordinary history; and, unless we suppose ourselves running into an age of miracles, we may not expect its repetition. Washington, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the Union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country.

5. If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington, if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as, in that character, demanding of us all to account for

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our conduct, as political men or as private citizens, how should he answer him who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? How should he answer him who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him who would array State against State, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that *unity of government which constitutes us one people?*

6. The political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest. But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves the faculties. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all the power of regaining lost, or acquiring new possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself hereafter in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

7. Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle, even if the wall of yonder capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

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8. No; if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum[2] and the Parthenon,[3] they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than ever were shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of constitutional American liberty!

EXERCISE CXIV.

THE MILL.

M. ELVA WOOD.

Don't you remember, Lill,
The mill by the old hill side,
Where we used to go in the summer days
And watch the foamy tide?
And throw the leaves of the rocking beech
On its surface, smooth and bright;
When they'd float away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?

And the miller, Lill, with slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest grey;
Plodding about his dusty work,
Singing the livelong day,
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motley patch,
By the rude old door, with broken sill,
And string and wooden latch.

And the water-wheel, with its giant arms
Dashing the beaded spray,
And pulling the weeds from the sand below,
That it tossed in scorn away.

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The sleepers, too, bearded and old,
Frowning over the tide;
Defying the waves, while the chinks of Time
Were made in the old mill's side.

Well, Lill, the mill is torn away,
And a factory, dark and high,
Looms like a tower, and puffs its smoke
Over the clear blue sky.
And the stream is turned away, above—
The bed of the river is bare;
The beech is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there.

The miller, too, has gone to rest;—
He sleeps in the vale below;
They made his grave in the winter time,
Down where the willows grow.
But now the boughs are green again,
And the winds are soft and still;
I send you a sprig, to mind you, Lill,
Of me, and the rude old mill.

EXERCISE CXV.

Nathaniel Parker Willis is a native of Portland, in the state of Maine. He was born in January, 1807. He had no small reputation as a poet, even before he left college. He afterwards spent much time abroad, and gave such a record of his observations as showed no want of penetration, as an observer of men and manners, and no want of wit in making his observations known. He is, indeed, a very versatile writer: developing at pleasure, and often with surprising effect, not only those lighter motives that lie but little below the surface of the social stream, but, also, those deeper sources of human conduct and character, out of which spring the great events and issues of life. His delineations of Scripture scenes and characters are especially fine. Take, as a specimen, the following.

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HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

N. P. WILLIS

I.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

II.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them; but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart,
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.

III.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling

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Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

IV.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and high his brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as if it were a pestilence.

V.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

VI.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O, no! by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once—it boots not *how*—

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By wrong or silence—anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a feeling out of Heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

VII.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; *for* he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

VIII.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.

IX.

She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and blood-shot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.

X.

She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.

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It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him further on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:—

XI.

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

XII.

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wiling the soft hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

XIII.

"Oh, no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

XIV.

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press·
And, oh! my last caress

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Must feel thee cold; for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair?"

XV.

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

EXERCISE CXVI.

THOMAS B. SHAW, author of the following just and able sketch, has been engaged for some years as "Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St. Petersburg." The piece, given below, is abridged from his "Outlines of English Literature," a work remarkable for acute, large, and profound observation, liberal views of literary men, and a spirit and power of criticism honorable to his office as a public instructor.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THOMAS B. SHAW.

1. The greatest figure, in this period of literary history, is undoubtedly SAMUEL JOHNSON. As a writer, he is the very incarnation of *good sense*; and, as a man, he was an example of so high a degree of virtue, magnanimity, and self-sacrifice, that he has been justly placed, by a profound modern speculator, among the *heroes* of his country's annals.

2. He was the son of a poor provincial bookseller, and was born at Litchfield, September 18th, 1709:* affording another testimony of that truth so often exemplified in the history of literature, and so pithily expressed by an old writer,—"*That no great work, or worthy praise and memory, but came out of poor cradles!*" He was afflicted, even from his earliest years, with a

* Died in London, December 13th, 1784.

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scrofulous disorder, which disfigured a person naturally awkward and ungainly, and this disorder was probably connected with another and more terrible one, which renders it still more wonderful how he could have ever attained to such a degree of just reputation, as he afterwards earned. This was a constitutional tendency to melancholy—a "vile melancholy," to use his own touching words, "which has kept me mad half my life, or, at least, not sober."

3. The earlier part,—nay, by far the greater part,—of Johnson's career was passed in obscure and apparently hopeless struggles with want and indigence; and, however these may have enlarged his knowledge of human life, or fortified his powers of industry and reflection, they only place in a higher elevation the virtue of the man, and the intellectual vigor of the great scholar. He passed some time at Pembroke College, Oxford; but his father's misfortunes compelled him to leave the University without a degree. To the aspirant after literary fame, to him who takes a wise pleasure in tracing the struggles of genius to emerge from a sea of difficulties, few things are more delightful or more salutary than to follow step by step the commencement of Johnson's career:—

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed!"

4. Poor, independent, ambitious, conscious of his own powers, he adopted the desperate, yet natural resolution of launching on the broad ocean of London society, and traveled up to the capital in company with his friend and former pupil, David Garrick, who was destined afterwards to obtain, on the stage, a reputation as great as that ultimately acquired in literature by his companion. Johnson now commenced the profession of author, obtaining a scanty and precarious subsistence by translating and writing task-work for the booksellers, and principally employed as a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine."

5. Johnson's style during the whole of his career was exceedingly peculiar and characteristic, both in its beauties and defects·

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and, when he arrived at eminence, may be said to have produced a revolution in the manner of writing in English. It is, in the highest degree, pompous, sonorous, and, to use a happy expression of Coleridge, *hyper-latinistic*:* running into perpetual antithesis,† and balancing period against period with an almost rhythmical‡ regularity, which at once fills and fatigues the ear. The great deficiency of the style is want—not of *ease*, as has been unjustly supposed, for Johnson's strong and nervous intellect wielded its polished and ponderous weapon with perfect mastery and freedom,—but of that familiar flexibility which is best adapted to the general course of disquisition.

6. In 1738 appeared the admirable satire entitled "London," a revival of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal,§ in which the topics of the Roman poet are applied with surprising freedom, animation, and felicity, to English manners, and the corruptions of modern London society. After the satire of "London," Johnson published his "Life of Savage," the biography of a poet whose strange and melancholy story formed an admirable subject for Johnson's dignified and moral pen; and, in 1749, appeared the *Pendant*, or companion-picture to the "London," in a similar modernization of the tenth Satire of Juvenal.

7. Between the years 1750 and 1752, Johnson was occupied in the composition of a journal, or series of periodical essays, entitled "THE RAMBLER," founded upon the model of the "*Spectators*" and "*Tatlers*," which Addison and Steele had employed so usefully, as a vehicle of moral improvement. But, in Johnson's hands, this kind of writing was neither so popular nor so delightful as it had been in those of the easy and elegant essayists whom we have just mentioned. Knowledge, good sense, sincerity, he possessed, at least, in as high a degree as his

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* Partaking too much of Latin.

† For an explanation of this word, see Note on Exercise LXXXII.

‡ Rhythmical (*rĭth' mĭ cal*), pertaining to rhythm or cadence; keeping time.

§ Born about A. D. 38, and died about the year 119. Of his works, sixteen satires are extant: all inveighing against the abominable vices of the times, and sometimes in terms gross as the things denounced.

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predecessors; but the reader observes a lack of ease, a want of light and shade, for which not all the imposing qualities of Johnson's mind can compensate. Addison and Steele* *talk;* Johnson *declaims.* The former address you like virtuous, well-bred men of the world, whose scholastic acquirements have been harmonized and digested by long intercourse with polished society; Johnson rather like a university professor, who retains, in the world, something of the stiffness of the chair.

8 In 1755 appeared the celebrated "DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," on which Johnson had been laboriously engaged during a period of about seven years. This work is a glorious monument of learning, energy, and perseverance; and, when viewed as the production of a single unaided scholar, is, perhaps, one of the most signal triumphs of literary activity. In 1759 appeared the famous oriental tale entitled "RASSELAS," a work of no great length, but exhibiting all the peculiarities of Johnson's manner. This production, however, is not to be read as a *novel*, but as a series of moral essays on a vast multiplicity of subjects, full of sense, acuteness, and originality of thought.

9. His "LIVES OF THE POETS" was originally composed at the instance of a bookseller, in order to be prefixed to a collection of specimens of this branch of English literature. "The Lives of the Poets," when read with due allowance, will undoubtedly remain a classical work in England. We shall not easily find so vast an accumulation of ingenious, solid, and acute observations, so rich a treasure of noble moral lessons, or so fine and manly a tone of writing and thinking, as this volume contains. He, also, published an edition of Shakspeare. The character of Shakspeare's genius,† given in the Preface, is a noble specimen of panegyric. As a moralist, as a painter of men and minds, Johnson has done Shakspeare, at least, as far

* Richard Steele, the projector of "The Tatler," was born in Dublin in 1671. In 1711 he began, in connection with Addison, "The Spectator," and, in 1713, "The Guardian." He died in 1729. For a sketch of Addison, see Exercise CXXIII.

† See Exercise XXVIII

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as any man *could*, ample justice; but, in his judgment of the great creative poet's more romantic manifestations, he exhibits an insensibility which was partly the result of his education and of the age in which he lived, and partly, without doubt, the consequence of the peculiar constitution of his mind.

10. It was his *positivism*, to borrow a most expressive French word, that gave him such an extraordinary and well-deserved supremacy, as a conversationist; and it was this mixture of learning, benevolence, wit, virtue and good sense, that makes the admirable portrait of him, in the memoirs of his friend and disciple Boswell,* the most interesting and living portrait which literature exhibits, of a great and good man.

EXERCISE CXVII.

THE LETTER which forms the present Exercise is a very celebrated production. The circumstances which called it forth, sufficiently appear in the letter itself.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, was born in London, September 22d, 1694, and died March 24th, 1773. He was distinguished for courtly manners, sparkling wit, great skill as a diplomat, and assidnous attention to business, for which he had decided talents. He has, also, a wide reputation, as the author of a series of letters addressed to his son, of which Johnson remarks—"*Take out the immorality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman.*"

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord:

1. I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the "World," that two papers, in which my "Dictionary" is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

2. When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by

* See Exercise CXVIII.

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the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre**—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

2. Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a *patron* before.

The Shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

4. Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

5. Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

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* The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

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EXERCISE CXVIII.

JAMES BOSWELL, the famous biographer of Doctor Samuel Johnson, was born in Edinburgh in the year 1740. He died in London, June 19th, 1795. After a course of study in civil law, he traveled over the continent. He, also, visited Corsica to see General Paoli, then fighting for freedom against Genoa. So taken was he with Corsica and Paoli, that he received the nicknames "*Paoli Boswell*" and "*Corsica Boswell.*" His journal of his tour to Corsica was received with considerable favor. In 1763 he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, whom he seems ever afterwards to have idolized. In company with Johnson, he made a tour to the Western Isles of Scotland, a Journal of which, by the former, appeared in 1775. Notwithstanding the pungent portrait which follows, we think with a recent writer that "he could not have been the most contemptible of men, and the affection with which he inspired some of the greatest wits of his time, obliges us to believe that there was in him a vein of good sense and good fellowship."

PORTRAIT OF JAMES BOSWELL.

MACAULAY.*

1. Many of the *greatest* men that ever lived, have written biography. Boswell was one of the *smallest* men that ever lived; and he has beaten them all. He was, if we are to give any credit to his own account, or to the united testimony of all who knew him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality, by not having been alive when the Dunciad† was written. Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a *bore.* He was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame. He was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man, and begging to be spit upon and trampled upon.

2. He was always earning some ridiculous nickname, and then "binding it as a crown unto him,"—not merely in metaphor, but literally. He exhibited himself at the Shakspeare Jubilee, to all the crowd which filled Stratford-on-Avon, with a placard around his hat bearing the inscription of "CORSICA BOSWELL." In his Tour, he proclaimed to all the world, that

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* See Note on Macaulay, over Exercise CI.

† The Dunciad is a celebrated satirical work by Alexander Pope See Exercise CXLVIII.

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at Edinburgh he was known by the appellation of "PAOLI BOSWELL."

3. Servile and impertinent—shallow and pedantic—a bigot and a sot—bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a tale-bearer, and eaves-dropper, a common butt in the taverns of London—so curious to know everybody who was talked about, that, Tory and High Churchman as he was, he maneuvered, we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine—so vain of the most childish distinctions, that, when he had been to court, he drove to the office where his book was being printed, without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword;—such was this man: and such he was content and proud to be. Everything which another man would have hidden—everything, the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind.

4. What silly things he said—what bitter retorts he provoked—how at one place he was troubled with evil presentiments which came to nothing—how at another place, on waking from a drunken doze, he read the Prayer-book, and took a hair of the dog that had bitten him—how he went to see men hanged, and came away maudlin—how he added five hundred pounds to the fortune of one of his babies, because she was not frightened at Johnson's ugly face—how he was frightened out of his wits at sea—and how the sailors quieted him as they would have quieted a child—how tipsy he was at Lady Cork's one evening, and how much his merriment annoyed the ladies—how impertinent he was to the Duchess of Argyle, and with what stately contempt she put down his impertinence—how Colonel Macleod sneered to his face at his impudent obtrusiveness—how his father and the very wife of his bosom laughed and fretted at his fooleries—all these things he proclaimed to all the world, as if they had been subjects for pride and ostentatious rejoicing.

5. All the caprices of his temper, all the illusions of his vanity, all the hypochondriac whimsies, all his castles in the

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air, he displayed with a cool self-complacency, a perfect unconsciousness that he was making a fool of himself, to which it is impossible to find a parallel in the whole history of mankind. He has used many people ill, but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself.

6. That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world, is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have written valuable books. Goldsmith was very justly described by one of his contemporaries, as an inspired idiot, and by another as a being

"Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

7. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived—without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He was a slave, proud of his servitude; a Paul Pry, convinced that his own curiosity and garrulity were virtues; an unsafe companion, who never scrupled to repay the most liberal hospitality by the basest violation of confidence; a man without delicacy, without shame, without sense enough to know when he was hurting the feelings of others, or when he was exposing himself to derision; and because he was all this, he has, in an important department of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.

8. Those weaknesses which most men keep covered up in the most secret places of the mind, not to be disclosed to the eye of friendship or of love, were precisely the weaknesses which Boswell paraded before all the world. He was perfectly frank, because the weakness of his understanding and the tumult of his spirit, prevented him from knowing when he made himself ridiculous.

9. His fame is great, and it will, no doubt, be lasting; but it

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is a fame of a peculiar kind, and, indeed, marvelously resembles infamy. We remember no other case in which the world has made so great a distinction between a book and its author. In general, the book and the author are considered as one. To admire the book is to admire the author. The case of Boswell is an exception, we think the *only* exception to this rule. His work is universally allowed to be interesting, instructive, eminently original; yet it has brought him nothing but contempt. All the world reads it, all the world delights in it; yet we do not remember ever to have read or even to have heard any expression of respect and admiration for the man to whom we owe so much instruction and amusement.

EXERCISE CXIX.

The passages below are taken almost at random from Boswell's celebrated biography; the object being merely to show the general cast of the book, and to afford a good exercise in this kind of reading.

PASSAGES FROM BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

1. Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this very untruly with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON: "I believe, sir you have a great many. Norway, too, has '*noble wild prospects;*' and Lapland is remarkable for *prodigious* '*noble wild prospects!*' But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a *Scotchman* ever sees, is the high-road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause.

2. On the 14th, we had another evening by ourselves, at the

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Miter. It happened to be a very rainy night. I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned, adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule,—"Why, yes, sir; it is good for *vegetables*, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper, and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

3. When a gentleman had told him he had bought a suit of lace for his lady, he said:—"Well, sir; you have done a good thing and a wise thing." "I have done a *good* thing," said the gentleman, "but I do not know that I have done a *wise* thing." JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as *other people*, and a wife is pleased that she *is* dressed."

4. This evening, while some of the tunes of ordinary compositions were played with no great skill, my frame was agitated, and I was conscious of a generous attachment to Dr. Johnson, as my preceptor and friend, mixed with an affectionate regret that he was an old man, whom I should probably lose in a short time. I thought I could defend him at the point of my sword. My reverence and affection for him were in full glow. I said to him, "My dear sir, we must meet every year, if you don't *quarrel* with me." JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, *you* are more likely to quarrel with *me*, than I with *you*. My regard for you is greater than words can express; but I do not choose to be always *repeating* it; write it down in the first leaf of your pocket-book, and never doubt of it again."

5. Next morning, while we were at breakfast, Johnson gave a very earnest recommendation of what he himself practiced with the utmost conscientiousness: I mean strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. "Accustom your children," said he, "constantly to this; if a thing happened at

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one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where the deviation from truth will end." BOSWELL: "It may come to the door: and, when, at once, an account is at all varied in one circumstance, it may by degrees be varied so as to be totally different from what really happened." Our lively hostess, whose fancy was impatient of the rein, fidgeted at this and ventured to say,—"this is too much. If Mr. Johnson should forbid me to drink tea, I should comply, as I should feel the restraint only twice a day; but little variations in narratives must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching." JOHNSON: "Well, madam, and you *ought* to be perpetually watching! It is more from *carelessness* about truth than from *intentional* lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."

6. On Friday, May 8, I dined with him at Mr. Langton's. I was reserved and silent, which I suppose he perceived, and might recollect the cause. After dinner, when Mr. Langton was called out of the room, and we were by ourselves, he drew his chair near to mine, and said, in a tone of conciliating courtesy,—"Well, how have you done?" BOSWELL: "Sir, you have made me very uneasy by your behavior to me when we were last at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. You know, my dear sir, no man has a greater respect and affection for you, or would sooner go to the end of the world to serve you. Now, to treat me so—." He insisted that I had interrupted him, which I assured him was not the case; and proceeded,—"But why treat me so before people who neither love you nor me?" JOHNSON: "Well, I am sorry for it. I'll make it up to you twenty different ways, as you please." BOSWELL: "I said to-day to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you *tossed* me sometimes, I don't care how often, or how high he tosses me, when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present I think this is a pretty good image, sir." JOHNSON: "Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard."

7. Johnson called the East Indians barbarians. BOSWELL:

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"You will except the Chinese, sir?" JOHNSON: "No, sir." BOSWELL: "Have they not arts?" JOHNSON: "They have pottery." BOSWELL: "What do you say to the written characters of their language?" JOHNSON: "Sir, they have not an alphabet. They have not been able to form what all other nations have formed." BOSWELL: "There is more learning in their language than in any other, from the immense number of their characters." JOHNSON: "It is only more difficult from its *rudeness;* as there is more labor in hewing down a tree with a *stone* than with an *ax*."

8. I reminded him how heartily he and I used to drink wine together, when we were first acquainted; and how I used to have a *headache* after sitting up with him. He did not like to have this recalled, or, perhaps, thinking that I boasted improperly, resolved to have a witty stroke at me; "Nay, sir, it was not the *wine* that made your head ache, but the *sense* I put into it." BOSWELL: "What, sir, will *sense* make the head ache?" JOHNSON: "Yes, sir (with a smile), when it is not *used* to it."

EXERCISE CXX.

THOMAS NUTTALL, author of the following splendid description of the Mocking-Bird, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1786, and died in Lancashire, September 10th, 1859. He came to this country about the beginning of the present century, and commenced a series of researches, in natural history, which obliged him to visit and explore nearly every state in the Union. From 1822 to 1834, he held the Professorship of Natural History in Harvard College. The extract below is from his "Manual of the Ornithology* of the United States and Canada."

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THOMAS NUTTALL.

1. With the dawn of morning, while yet the sun lingers below the blushing horizon, our sublime songster, in his native wilds, mounted on the topmost branch of a tall bush or tree in the forest, pours out his admirable song, which, amidst the multi-

* For an analysis of this word, see Exercise LXXX.

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tudes of notes from all the warbling host, still rises pre-eminent, so that his solo is heard alone, and all the rest of the musical choir appear employed in mere accompaniments to this grand actor in the sublime opera of nature.

2. As if conscious of his unrivaled powers of song, and animated by the harmony of his own voice, his music is, as it were, accompanied by chromatic dancing and expressive gestures; he spreads and closes his light and fanning wings, expands his silvered tail, and, with buoyant gayety and enthusiastic ecstasy, he sweeps around, and mounts and descends into the air from his lofty spray, as his song swells to loudness, or dies away in sinking whispers.

3. While thus engaged, so various is his talent, that it might be supposed a trial of skill from all the assembled birds of the country; and so perfect are his imitations, that even the sportsman is at times deceived, and sent in quest of birds that have no existence around. The feathered tribes themselves are decoyed by the fancied call of their mates; or dive with fear into the close thicket, at the well-feigned scream of the hawk.

4. Soon reconciled to the usurping fancy of man, the mocking-bird often becomes familiar with his master; playfully attacks him through the bars of his cage, or at large in a room; restless and capricious, he seems to try every expedient of a lively imagination, that may conduce to his amusement. Nothing escapes his discerning and intelligent eye or faithful ear.

5. He whistles, perhaps, for the dog, who, deceived, runs to meet his master; the cries of the chicken in distress bring out the clucking mother to the protection of her brood. The barking of the dog, the piteous wailing of the puppy, the mewing of the cat, the action of a saw, or the creaking of a wheelbarrow, quickly follow with exactness. He repeats a tune of considerable length; imitates the warbling of the Canary, the lisping of the Indigo-bird, and the mellow whistle of the Cardinal, in a manner so superior to the originals, that, mortified and astonished, they withdraw from his presence, or listen in silence, as he continues to triumph by renewing his efforts.

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EXERCISE CXXI.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE, the finest, perhaps, of all Scott's poetical efforts, has for the theater of its action the country surrounding the beautiful Loch Katrine. The feuds between the civilized Lowlands and the mountain districts inhabited by the Celtic tribes furnish the main matter of the poem. The plot is exceedingly interesting: consisting, in part, of the romantic adventures of King James V. (here passing under the title Fitz-James), "who delighted to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces, in various disguises," and who, in the scene below, having lost his way, suddenly encounters Roderick Dhu, the chief of a Highland clan that had long set at defiance the Lowland monarch.

SCENE FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

I.

With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

II.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung, with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

* See Exercise LXXV. for a comparison of Scott with Chateaubriand.

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III.

"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."—
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped and slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy?"

IV.

"They do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest too,
And let me but till morning rest,
I'll write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."

V.

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;

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Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.

VI.

"It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;
But, nor for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws:
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And *stranger* is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."

VII.

"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

VIII.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,

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Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.

IX.

That o'er, the Gael* around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain:
So tangled oft, that bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but beauty's tear!

X.

At length, they came where, stern and steep
The hill sinks down upon the deep;
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds,—traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

XI.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamed not now to claim its aid;
When here, but three days' since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,

* The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, and terms the Low lander, *Saxon*.

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All seemed as peaceful, and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war;
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."

XII.

"Yet why a *second* venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Enough I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide;
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

XIII.

"Thy secret keep; I urge thee not;
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?"
"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."

XIV.

"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,

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Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"

XV.

"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an exiled, desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

XVI.

A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heardst thou why he drew his blade?
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain, if he stood
On highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of Heaven!"

XVII.

"But then thy chieftain's robber life—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
His herds and harvests reared in vain—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne!"

XVIII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile,—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,

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Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.

XIX.

These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering lowland field and fold
Is aught but *retribution* due?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

XX.

Answered Fitz-James,—"And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.

XXI.

"Nor yet for this, e'en as a spy,
Hadst thou unheard been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury."
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but, when I come again,

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I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe;
For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band."

XXII.

"Have then thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given;
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James,—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true:
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

XXIII.

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

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XXIV.

Short space he stood—then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

XXV.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the chief replied,—
"Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my *guest*; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.

XXVI.

So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
The chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore.
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:—

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'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

XXVII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!
And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read;
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch,* stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me;

* Red Murdoch was a faithless guide whom Fitz-James had just before slain.

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To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt, be still his foe;
Or, if the king shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strength restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

XXVIII.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.—
My clansman's blood demands revenge!—
Not yet prepared?—By Heaven I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair!"

XXIX.

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast;

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But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt,
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

XXX.

Then each, at once, his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood.

XXXI.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wint'ry rain,
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee

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XXXII.

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.

XXXIII.

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain;—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye;
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

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EXERCISE CXXII.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS JERROLD was born in London, January 3d, 1803, and died there January 8th, 1857. At the age of ten he got a midshipman's commission, and went to sea. In that service he spent two years. He then entered a printing-office, as an apprentice. His leisure hours, during the apprenticeship, were devoted to reading and study. His first literary effort was a comedy called "More Frightened than Hurt." Though written when he was but fifteen years old, it turned out to be a great success. After this he came to be a regular writer of dramatic pieces, chiefly humorous, for the stage. His reputation for ability, in this line, was a source of great profit. His articles in the magazines tended still further to increase his popularity Those that he contributed to "Blackwood" and the "New Monthly," afterwards appeared together in a volume under the title of "Men of Character." The "Caudle Lectures," whence the following extract, appeared originally in the London "Punch." His writings, in the matter of wit, humor, ready retort, and keen satire, are said to be but a fair representation of the style and character of the man in ordinary conversation.

THE BORROWED UMBRELLA.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

1. Bah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil! Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold, than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

2. There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs! and for six weeks; always six weeks; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school tomorrow. They sha'n't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything, (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for

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knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children, ought never to be fathers.

3. But I know why you lent the umbrella: oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I'll not have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice, high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least; sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I am sure *you* can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

4. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; 'tis you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always does: but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

5. Nice clothes I get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it No,

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sir; I'll not borrow an umbrella: no; and you sha'n't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street.

6. Ha! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I 'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! 'tis all very well for you. You 've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed! call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

7. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that 's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then, nicely my poor, dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you 'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you 'd never have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care; 'tis not so bad as spoiling your clothes; better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

8. And I should like to know how I 'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that 's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She 'll think I 'm neglecting her; and the little money we 're to have, we sha'n't have at all: because we've no umbrella. The children too! (dear things!) they 'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; 'tis all their father will leave them, I 'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they should'nt (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you 'd spoil the temper of an *angel*); they *shall* go to school; mark that; and if they get their deaths of cold, 'tis not my fault; I lidn't lend the umbrella

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EXERCISE CXXIII.

SKETCH OF ADDISON.*

NEW AM. CYCLOPÆDIA.

1. The life of Addison may be divided into three periods: the first, that of a student, during which he acquired a high reputation for learning and facility in composition, both Latin and English, while a resident graduate and fellow at Oxford; the second, a long and, on the whole, fortunate official career as an employé† of the government; and the third, an interrupted, yet congenial and prosperous course of authorship. These several phases of a life, memorable for its dignified and urbane tenor, were sometimes interwoven and coïncident; but, together, they represent the sum of Addison's public labors.

2. The integrity, good taste, and amiable feeling which characterized the man, both in office and authorship, as a representative of political authority and a devotee of letters, endeared him to his friends, when living, and have hallowed his memory and writings to succeeding generations. The example of kindly humor, in an age of sarcastic wit, of friendly association, in one of political animosity, of purity of sentiment and correctness of diction, in one of coarse and careless expression, was invaluable, and, with the modest and benevolent traits of Addison and his delightful conversation, adequately explain the remarkable esteem and affection in which he was held.

3. For many years his circumstances were dependent on that fluctuating element, called "the state of parties;" but he escaped the more painful drudgery which cramped the genius of an earlier race of English authors; and carried on the literary fame of his country from the death of Dryden to the days of Johnson and Goldsmith. Few names are more cherished on that noble roll, and few writings have exercised a more prominent and pleasing influence on taste and social character than those of Addison.

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* See Note on Exercise II.

† Employé (*em ploy ā*), one employed.

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4. According to our present mode of estimating verse, his muse is *academic* rather than *spiritual*, correct rather than earnest; and, accordingly, in this regard, his fame is more historical than absolute. It is by the graces of his prose—the absence of exaggeration—the clear, easy, yet refined style—the moral purpose—the social charm, and the delicate humor of his essays, that Addison made himself a household favorite, wherever the English tongue is spoken or read. He was in many respects a pioneer in these excellencies, and initiated the higher class of periodicals, which, in our age, rank as essential organs of public sentiment, and mediums of literary triumph or pleasure.

5. A Christian spirit informs the pages, as it did the life and death of Addison, and has greatly tended to consecrate his fame. The taste of our day is for a more intense school, a more dashing rhetoric and deeper insight; compared with the essayists now in vogue, Addison seems to lack fire, breadth of purpose, and sympathy with great interests. Yet it is conceded by the judicious, that his serenity, evenness, self-possession, and quiet grace —and, especially, his unaffected English, and unexaggerated tone, might be copied, with eminent advantage, by the ambitious writers of to-day. Of his pre-eminent services to good taste and social amelioration, and of his high and permanent claim to standard authority in English literature, there, however, has been no question amid all the vicissitudes of style and taste since his time.

6. Although political disappointment, an injudicious marriage, and declining health, threw a cloud over the last days of this accomplished and beloved writer, one of his last works was a perspicuous and able treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity," since superseded by more complete expositions, but of great utility at the period of its publication. The fortitude and faith which attended his tranquil departure, have been celebrated, as appropriate to the closing scene of one who, living, had been so delightful a censor and genial an oracle in letters, manners, and opinions:—

> "He taught us how to *live*—and, oh! too high
> The price of knowledge—taught us how to *die*."

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EXERCISE CXXIV.

DISCRETION, NOT CUNNING.

ADDISON

1. I have often thought, if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the *wise* man, and that of the *fool*. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities, which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions, the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for, indeed, the talking with a friend, is nothing else but *thinking aloud*.

2. Tully* has, therefore, very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend, in such a manner, that, if he become his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behavior toward an enemy, is, indeed, very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behavior toward a friend, savors more of *cunning* than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Beside that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him,† "*a bewrayer of secrets*," the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

3. Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action, and is like an under-agent of Provi-

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* This is merely an abbreviation of the middle name of Cicero his full name being Marcus *Tullius* Cicero. See Exercise LXX.

† Eccles. vi. 9. xxviii. 17.

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dence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness: the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

4. Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the *discreet* man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to society.

5. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but, if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular situation of life. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon *cunning* to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of shortsightedness, which discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

6. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate inter-

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ests and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

7. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being at so great distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him, because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason, he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage, which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of a hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

EXERCISE CXXV.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, in the year 1779, and died in Wiltshire, England, February 26th, 1852. Like many others of the sons of song, he found it impossible to remember when he first began to rhyme. Some of his earlier productions were so deficient in moral purity, as to provoke the severest castigation from critics and reviewers. But of these, it ought to be said to his credit, he was afterwards deeply ashamed. He was a voluminous writer both in prose and poetry. As a poet, in which character he holds a most elevated rank, his merit is well measured in the following extract.

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MOORE AS A POET.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.*

1. When time shall have destroyed the attractive charm of Moore's personal qualities, and removed his works to a distance, to be judged of by their fruit alone, the want most deeply felt will be that of simplicity and genuine passion. He has worked little in the durable and permanent materials of poetry, but has spent his prime in enriching the stately structure with exquisite ornaments, foliage, flowers, and gems. He has preferred the myrtle to the olive or the oak. His longer poems want human interest. Tenderness and pathos he undoubtedly possesses; but they are fleeting and evanescent—not embodied in his verse in any tale of melancholy grandeur, or strain of affecting morality or sentiment.

2. He often throws into his gay and festive verses, and his fanciful descriptions, touches of pensive and mournful reflection which strike by their truth and beauty, and by the force of contrast. Indeed, one effect of the genius of Moore has been, to elevate the feelings and occurrences of ordinary life into poetry, rather than dealing with the lofty abstract elements of the art. His wit answers to the definition of Pope: it is

> "Nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

3. Its combinations are, however, wonderful. Quick, subtle, and varied, ever suggesting new thoughts or images, or unexpected turns of expression—now drawing resources from classical literature or the ancient fathers—now diving into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy—the wit or imagination of Moore (for they are compounded together) is a true Ariel, "a creature of the elements," that is ever buoyant and full of life and spirit. His very satires "give delight, and hurt not." They are never coarse, and always witty.

4. When stung by an act of oppression or intolerance, he can be bitter or sarcastic enough; but some lively thought or sportive image soon crosses his path, and he instantly follows it into the

* See Note on Exercise CVIII.

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open and genial region where he loves most to indulge. He never dips his pen in malignity.

5. For an author who has written so much as Mr. Moore has done on the subject of love and the gay delights of good fellowship, it was scarce possible to be always natural and original. Some of his lyrics and occasional poems, accordingly, present far fetched metaphors and conceits, with which they often conclude, like the final flourish or pirouette* of a stage-dancer. He has pretty well exhausted the vocabulary of rosy lips and sparkling eyes, forgetting that true passion is ever direct and simple —ever concentrated and intense, whether bright or melancholy. This defect, however, pervades only part of his songs, and those mostly written in his youth.

6. The "Irish Melodies" are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words—graceful in thought and sentiment—often tender, pathetic, and heroic—and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared.

EXERCISE CXXVI.

SPECIMENS FROM THOMAS MOORE.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.†

I.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
O, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

* Pirouette (*pir oo et'*), a quick turning on the toes in dancing

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

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II.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill;
O, no; it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
When the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

I.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There 's nothing *true* but Heaven.

II.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There 's nothing *bright* but Heaven.

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There 's nothing *calm* but Heaven.

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THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.*

I.

'They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe!"

II.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

III.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

IV.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

* 'They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

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V.

And near him the she wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,*
And the white canoe of my dear?"

VI

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light,"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

VII.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

VIII.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

* The Dismal Swamp is an immense marshy tract of land, commencing near Norfolk, Virginia, and extending far into North Carolina: being about thirty miles in length and ten in width. In the midst of the Swamp is the lake here referred to—Lake Drummond,—fifteen miles in circumference.

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EXERCISE CXXVII.

DAVID HUME, the celebrated historian, was born in Edinburgh, April 26th, 1711, and died August 25th, 1776. Though designed for the law, he found greater attractions in literary pursuits than in legal studies, and so gave himself up to literature for life. He wrote on various subjects with various degrees of success; but in nothing did he succeed so well as in the writing of history. And even here, though powerful in the portraiture of character, exceedingly interesting in narrative, and all but perfect in style, he is often deficient in accuracy of detail, profoundness of research, and in the ability to resist the dominion of prejudice. As a man, though amiable in temper and exemplary in manners, he lived, as he died, a skeptic in religion.

CHARLES I., king of England and Scotland, whose trial and execution are so touchingly narrated in the following piece, was born in Scotland in the year 1600. His life was little else than a fierce struggle between king and people, in relation to the rights and privileges of each, and was terminated by his execution on the 30th of January, 1649.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

HUME.

1. Three times was Charles produced before the court, and as often declined their jurisdiction. On the fourth, the judges having examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved that the king had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the parliament, they pronounced sentence against him. He seemed very anxious at this time to be admitted to a conference with the two houses; and it was supposed that he intended to resign the crown to his son: but the court refused compliance, and considered that request as nothing but a delay of justice.

2. It is confessed, that the king's behavior during the last scene of his life does honor to his memory; and that, in all appearances before his judges, he never forgot his part, either as a prince or as a man. Firm and intrepid, he maintained, in each reply, the utmost perspicuity and justness both of thought and expression; mild and equable, he rose into no passion at that unusual authority which was assumed over him. His soul, without effort or affectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with contempt on all the efforts of human malice and iniquity.

3 The soldiers, instigated by their superiors, were brought,

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though with difficulty, to cry aloud for justice. "Poor souls!" said the king to one of his attendants, "for a little money they would do as much against their commanders." Some of them were allowed to go the utmost length of brutal insolence, and to spit in his face, as he was conducted along the passage to the court. To excite a sentiment of pity was the only effect which this inhuman insult was able to produce upon him.

4. The people, though under the rod of lawless, unlimited power, could not forbear, with the most ardent prayers, pouring forth their wishes for his preservation; and, in his present distress, they avowed him, by their generous tears, for their monarch, whom, in their misguided fury, they had before so violently rejected. The king was softened at this moving scene, and expressed his gratitude for their dutiful affection. One soldier, too, seized by contagious sympathy, demanded from Heaven a blessing on oppressed and fallen majesty: his officer, overhearing the prayer, beat him to the ground in the king's presence. "The punishment, methinks, exceeds the offense:" this was the reflection which Charles formed on that occasion

5. As soon as the intention of trying the king was known in foreign countries, so enormous an action was exclaimed against by the general voice of reason and humanity; and all the men, under whatever form of government they were born, rejected this example, as the utmost effort of undisguised usurpation, and the most heinous insult on law and justice. The French ambassador, by orders from his court, interposed in the king's behalf: the Dutch employed their good offices: the Scots exclaimed and protested against the violence: the queen, the prince, wrote pathetic letters to the parliament. All solicitations were found fruitless with men whose resolutions were fixed and irrevocable.

6. Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family that remained in England, were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant; the princess, notwithstanding her tender

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years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

7. To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said: "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words the child looked very steadfastly upon him. "Mark, child! what I say: they will cut off my head! and, perhaps, make thee a king: but mark what I say; thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads, when they can catch them! And thy head, too, they will cut off at last! Therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!" The duke sighing, replied: "I will be torn in pieces first!" So determined an answer from one of so tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

8. Every night during this interval the king slept as sound as usual; though the noise of workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day he rose early, and, calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and so joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

9. The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution; for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came

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upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon others, his amiable deportment wrought an entire conversion.

10. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars; and observed that he had not taken arms till after the parliament had enlisted forces: nor had he any other object, in his warlike operations, than to preserve that authority entire which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the parliament, but was more inclined to think that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed that an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself.

11. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon * called to him: "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to Heaven; and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can have place." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a visor performed the office of executioner; another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud: "This is the head of a traitor!"

* This learned and pious prelate was, after the execution of the king, to whom he was devotedly attached, deprived of his bishopric and imprisoned, because he would not disclose his last conversation with the king

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EXERCISE CXXVIII.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, July 15th, 1777, and died in Boulogne, France, June, 1844. He was, even in early life, a devoted student; being specially distinguished as a classical scholar. He was a poet, also, from his very boyhood. In 1799 he published his splendid poem, entitled "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE;" a work which at once gave him the highest literary distinction. After this, he traveled about for some years: bringing out, every now and then, one of those famous smaller pieces, as "*The Exile of Erin*," "*Lochiel's Warning*," &c., which are now familiar to all the reading world. For a long time after this, he seems to have been principally engaged in writing by contract for booksellers: living, for that purpose, in or near the city of London. He was an ardent patriot, and shared largely the enthusiasm of the times. To his exertions, mainly, the London University owes its foundation; and it is no mean proof of the estimation in which he was held, as a judicious friend of learning, that he was twice or three times elected (first in 1826) Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Towards the last, however, many circumstances conspired to embitter his life, and we read the nature of his grief in his own melancholy words,— "*My wife is dead, my son is mad, and my harp unstrung.*" Still, however, he continued to write and to travel, till 1843; when, settling down in France, he there spent the short and sad remainder of his life. His poems are still so well known, so popular, and so duly appreciated, that any specification of their leading characteristics would seem almost superfluous.

PASSAGES FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I.

HOPE KINDLED BY DISTANT OBJECTS.

At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past have been,
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

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II.

HOPE LINGERED WHEN ALL ELSE HAD FLED.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian* Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

III.

HOPE ANIMATES THE HERO.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

IV.

HOPE INVOKED TO CHEER THE HOME OF POVERTY.

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;

* Aonian, that is, *Grecian;* Aonia being the earlier name of Bœotia, in which was situated Mount Helicon, the fabled abode of the Muses

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When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.

V.

HOPE, THE MOTHER'S INSPIRATION.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
"And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

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VI.

HOPE SOOTHES EVEN THE POOR MANIAC.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and shrieking in amaze,
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze;
Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

VII.

HOPE GIVES PLEDGE OF PROGRESS

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid Arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day

VIII.

NO HOPE OF HAPPINESS WITHOUT WOMAN

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight, charmed the silent air:

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In vain the wild-bird caroled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure played;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled

IX.

LIFE WITHOUT CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, moldering earthward 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this world *sufficient* bliss?—
Ah, me! the laureled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted and so dread
As waves the nightshade round the skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heavenward HOPE remain!

X.

HOPE THE SOLE SOLACE IN THE DYING HOUR.

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!

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What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix-spirit burns within!
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The dawn of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody.

XI.

HOPE OF FUTURE HAPPINESS INSPIRING.

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new?

XII.

HOPE ETERNAL.

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

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EXERCISE CXXIX.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the great American novelist, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789, and died at Cooperstown, New York, September 14th, 1851. While yet a child, he went with his family to reside on the borders of Otsego Lake, where his father had acquired a title to some large tracts of land. Here he lived, till his thirteenth year, amid the scenes and circumstances incidental to frontier life. At that early age he was taken out of the midst of home influences, and sent to Yale College. After continuing his connection with the college for three years, he left it of his own accord, and entered the navy: serving for six years, successively, as common sailor, midshipman, and lieutenant. It was during this part of his life, that he acquired that wonderful familiarity with nautical affairs, which is so prominent a characteristic in some of his works. In 1811 he was married, and soon after went to reside in Mamaroneck, in Westchester county, New York, having previously resigned his post in the navy. Here he commenced that splendid career of authorship, which has given him a reputation wide as the world, and enduring as time, and which was continued, both at home and abroad, at comparatively short intervals, till the rapid decline that, by a few months, preceded his death, arrested, and forever, the progress of his pen. His salient points, as a writer, are well shown in the following short sketch by Griswold.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD was born in Rutland County, Vermont, in the year 1815, and died in August, 1857. Though otherwise a large contributor to the literary stock of the country, he is chiefly known by his works on American Literature. These consist of specimens from American authors, with notes biographical and critical, and, as a general thing, display a fair, appreciative spirit in estimating literary merit. Mr. Griswold has done much to bring American authors into deserved notice.

COOPER, THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD

1. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity than they are in poetical interest to those of his most successful imitators or rivals.

2. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness, and, in the whole realm of fiction, there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained. They evince not only

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the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character.

3. He treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion: the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck, are presented by him with a freedom and breadth of outline, a glow and strength of coloring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted with pen or pencil to paint the ocean.

4. The same vigorous originality is stamped upon his nautical characters. He goes on board his ship with his own creations, disdaining all society and assistance but that with which he is thus surrounded. Long Tom Coffin, Tom Tiller, Trysail, Bob Yarn, the boisterous Nightingale, the mutinous Nighthead, the fierce but honest Boltrope, and others who crowd upon our memories, as familiar as if we had ourselves been afloat with them, attest the triumph of this self-reliance.

5. And when, as if to rebuke the charge of envy that he owed his successes to the novelty of his scenes and persons, he entered upon fields which for centuries had been illustrated by the first geniuses of Europe, his abounding power and inspiration were vindicated by that series of political novels ending with The Bravo, which have the same supremacy, in their class, that is held by The Pilot and The Red Rover among stories of the sea.

6. It has been urged that his leading characters are essentially alike, having no difference but that which results from situation. But this opinion will not bear investigation. It evidently arose from the habit of clothing his heroes alike with an intense individuality, which under all circumstances sustains the sympathy they at first awaken, without the aid of those accessories to which artists of less power are compelled to resort. Very few authors have added more than *one* original and striking character to the world of imagination; none has added *more* than Cooper; and his are all as distinct and actual as the personages that stalk before us on the stage of history.

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EXERCISE CXXX.

THE scene, in the splendid description which follows, is on the eastern coast of the Island of Great Britain. The time supposed is that of the American Revolution. The frigate is an American vessel. She is making her way, under a pilot just taken on board, through a narrow passage among dangerous shoals, to the open sea. The pilot, here called Mr. Gray, whom no one, except the captain, knows, turns out, in the progress of the story, to be the famous Paul Jones.

ESCAPE OF THE FRIGATE.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

1. The Pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice, and cry echoed cry, in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly waiting the result.

The ship had fallen off, with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water, with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appall the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith: "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

2. The Pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary," he, at length, said; "'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

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3. The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand; and the words were hardly passed the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed, before the ship was throwing the waters aside, with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow.

4. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads, in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced, in that gallant frigate, as not to know that, as yet, they only felt the infant effects of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows, like the foam of a cataract.

5. "It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a cap-full of wind after all. Give us elbow-room, and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

6. "She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean, that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing-master."

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"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray; moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

7. All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when her anchor was secured; and, as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke, in white curls, around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog, above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity

8. The last rope was coiled, and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and, for several minutes, the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one, that their ship was dashing, at a prodigious rate, through the waves; and, as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could sup press the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard, calling to the pilot.

9. "Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although this question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him, in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed. His head rested on his hand, as he leaned over the hammock-cloths of the vessel, and his whole air was that of one whose thoughts wandered from the pressing necessity of their situation. Griffith was among those who had approached the pilot; and, after waiting a moment, from respect, to hear the answer to his commander's question he presumed on his own rank, and, leaving the circle that stood at a little distance, stepped to the side of the mysterious guardian of their lives.

10. "Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead?" said the young officer, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of

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the question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply; but the convulsive start of the pilot held him silent in amazement.

11. "Fall back there," said the lieutenant, sternly, to the men, who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for stays." The dense mass of heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companions were left by themselves.

"This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray," continued Griffith; "remember our compact, and look to your charge—is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?"

12. The pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant, and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, as he answered—

"'Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but should you live fifty years longer, you never can see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three-and-thirty years!"

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at a loss for a reply; but, as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

"I hope much of your experience has been on this coast; for the ship travels lively," he said; "and the daylight showed us so much to dread, that we do not feel over-valiant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?"

13. The pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel, and walked towards the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections—

"You have your wish, then; much, very much of my early life was passed on this dreaded coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is as light as if a noonday sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish"

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14. Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering orders that called each man to his station, to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot, respecting the qualities of his vessel and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result.

15. The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air; and, in a few moments, the frigate again moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing towards those that offered equal danger on the other.

16. During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean.

17. The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

18. So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones, that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility

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of his situation. But, when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

19. "Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

20. These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster, at the cun, gave out the orders to the men at the wheel, in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called "by the mark seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly; "try it again."

21. The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "and a half five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full"

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care. The third call, "by the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack. Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

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EXERCISE CXXXI

ESCAPE OF THE FRIGATE (*Continued*).

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

1. The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle—

"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—

"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bite of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps, an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith, through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything!"

2. The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger, who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there! If another word—"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray: he alone can save us."

3. Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling—

"Then all is lost, indeed! and, among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew

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were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and, in a few seconds, all her sails were taken aback.

4. Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.

5. Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was, also, generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

6. The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully towards the wind again; and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals, in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

7. A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of

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the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side.

8. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty.

9. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and, during those anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

10. "Now is the pinch," he said; "and, if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but, if otherwise. all we have yet done, will be useless." The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it—by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hommock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well—but if not, we surely go to pieces."

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11. "Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant. The pilot shook his head, as he replied—

"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course; and, if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, we should have done well."

12. "Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it—see! the light already touches the edge of the hommock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hands of the pilot.

13. The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

14. "She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hommock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation.

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and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; 'but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentleman, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

15. This warning effectually closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols.

16. A single streak of dark billow, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and, with his own hands, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness.

17. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exultation.

Occasionally, the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping at the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length, the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into

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the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant, the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—

"Square away the yards! in mainsail!"

18. A general burst from the crew echoed, "square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

19. The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about like men recovered from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said—

"You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world can not equal!"

EXERCISE CXXXII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the distinguished American poet, was born in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794. Under the training of a father, devoted to the culture and development of his children, and capable, both by education and natural advantage, of giving a right direction to the mind of such a son, he showed, at an age extraordinarily early, remarkable powers of thought and expression. To say nothing of still earlier efforts, it is sufficient to remark that "THANATOPSIS," which is confessedly one of the finest poetical compositions in the English language, was written in his nineteenth year. Mr. Bryant has traveled much both in Europe and America, is a close and thoughtful observer, and a writer rich in whatever denotes a fine, fertile imagination, calm, comprehensive thought, and masterly skill in the use of language. In 1826 he became one of the editors of the "New York Evening Post," which connection he has maintained ever since.

THAN A TOP′ SIS, the title of the following piece, is a Greek compound (THANAT, *death*, and OPSIS, *a view*) meaning *a view of death*.

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THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

I.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

II.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—

III.

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

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Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

IV.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

V.

The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

VI.

So shalt thou rest,—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend

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Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

VII.

As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

VIII.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

EXERCISE CXXXIII.

JOHN BUNYAN was born near Bedford, England, in the year 1628. He died August 12th, 1688. His father being a tinker, he was brought up to the same business. Hence he is often called "the poor tinker of Bedford." Though his early youth gave little pledge of virtuous maturity, his early manhood displayed, not only the signs of genuine piety, but the tokens of peculiar power, as a preacher. The Baptist church at Bedford made him their pastor; and such was the fame of his preaching, both there and elsewhere, that multitudes went to hear him. This offending the authorities, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and kept in prison for the long period of twelve

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years. During that imprisonment, he composed, among other things, (for he was a voluminous writer,) the celebrated allegory entitled "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," designed to illustrate the trials, vicissitudes, consolations, and ultimate triumph of the Christian life,—a work of which a great English critic has said: "There is no book in our literature, on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language,—no book which shows so well how rich that language is, in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." After his liberation, which took place in 1672, Bunyan still continued to preach; laboring on till a cold caught while on his way to meet some appointment for this purpose, brough h n tc the close of his mortal career.

CHRISTIAN IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant,—"You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground; therefore, you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They, also, had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault.

2. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow; because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

3. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds Then he asked her, also, what he had best to do further to

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them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counseled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them, as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

4. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and, understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits,) and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

5. *Chr.* "Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live, is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?"

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6. *Hope.* "Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus forever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going, hath said: Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but, for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, &c. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands.

7. "Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and, if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful, at present, did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together, in the dark, that day in their sad and doleful condition.

8. Well, toward the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

9. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian

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fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

10. *Hope.* "My brother," said he, "rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; what hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through! and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also, this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore let us, (at least, to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in,) bear up with patience as well as we can."

11. Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied: "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then said she: "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt, also, tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

12. So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you: go, get ye down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither.

13. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs

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Diffidence, and her husband, the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could, neither by his blows nor counsel, bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

14. Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful: "That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

15. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could, by no means, go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe; because they were out of his jurisdiction.

16. Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence: "Over this

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stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

EXERCISE CXXXIV.

The celebrated Soliloquy which forms the present Exercise, is from Addison's "CATO;" a tragedy which, though constructed according to the strictest rules of classical propriety, and, in the author's own time, very popular, has failed to maintain its place in the dramatic world, because of its strange deficiency in the representation of manners and character, and its marked improbabilities of time, place, and action

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO, the hero of Addison's famous tragedy, was born about the year 95 before Christ. He is often called "Cato the Younger," to distinguish him from his great-grandfather, so celebrated in Roman history for inflexible virtue, and so well known under the title "Cato the Censor;" being so called in allusion to his severity in the discharge of the duties of his office, as Censor. The Cato, here meant, received, also, the Latin designation UTICENSIS (pertaining to Utica), from his tragical fate at Utica. In the terrible civil contest that divided the state, in his day, he took part with Pompey against Cæsar: these being the two great military spirits then struggling for the mastery. Pompey, however, being defeated in Europe, and the hopes of the party utterly extinguished by a decisive battle in Africa, whither Cato had gone with the troops under his command, he still sought to unite the fragments of the defeated army in an effort to hold the town of Utica against the grasp of the conqueror. This proving vain, he retired, in the evening, to his own apartments, and employed himself in reading the Phædon of Plato,* a dialogue on the immortality of the soul: having secretly resolved to commit suicide, which he did, by stabbing himself, towards the approach of morning. It ought to be added that "Cato the Younger" falls little behind his great ancestor in all those virtues for which the latter was so justly admired.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

ADDISON.†

SCENE.—*Cato seated, with Plato's treatise in his hand, and his sword beside him.*

I.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

* See Note on Plato, p. 98.

† For a sketch of Addison, see Exercise CXXIII.

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This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out a *hereafter*,
And intimates Eternity to man.

II.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.

III.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue:
And that which He delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar!
I'm weary of conjectures. *This* must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

IV.

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
*This** in a moment brings me to an end;
But *this*† informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

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* The *sword* † The *book*.

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EXERCISE CXXXV.

ROBERT BURNS, the celebrated Scottish poet, was born in January, 1759, and died in July, 1796. The son of very poor, but very judicious parents, he had every encouragement to learning, except pecuniary means. This being denied, he employed the intervals of labor on the farm, in the effort to master the English and acquire knowledge by reading. In this he was eminently successful; for his early compositions display such skill in the use of language, to say nothing of their other merits, as seldom attends the most favored culture. But the struggle with poverty still continued to embarrass his course, and often to bring him into associations unfriendly to regular habits. Hampered in this way, he was, in the year 1786, just about to attempt an escape from the difficulties of his situation, by making a voyage to the West Indies. At this juncture, he received a letter from a friend in Edinburgh, earnestly inviting him to come to that city and issue a second edition of his poems; they having now come to be regarded with especial favor. He went; and soon became the object of almost unqualified admiration. Besides, he received a large pecuniary return. In 1788 he got married: at the same time securing, through friends, some small political office. But the vexations of want still pursued him; which, added to the inroads of irregular life, soon closed his comparatively short career. Whatever his frailties, however, the world does not often look upon his like, whether you regard his spirit, as a man, or his wonderful power, as a poet.

PASSAGES FROM BURNS.

I.

THE WISH FOR MANHOOD.

Oh, enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish

II.

PLEASURES EVANESCENT.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower—its bloom is dead·

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Or like the snow-falls in the river,—
A moment white—then lost for ever;
Or like the boreälis* race,
That flit ere you can find their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

III.

MONEY NOT TO MINISTER TO PRIDE OR AVARICE.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by *honor;*
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent!*

IV.

A NOBLE ANCHOR IN THE TEMPEST OF LIFE.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie† a *random sting,*
It may be little minded;
But, when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a *canker*—
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor!

V.

THE RICH AND GREAT NOT ALL TRULY BLEST.

A few seem favorites of fate
In pleasures lap caressed;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest:

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* That is, the fleeting luminous appearances which pass under the name Aurō'ra Boreä'lis.

† Gie, that is, give.

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But, oh! what crowds, in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn.

VI.

THE ILLS WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES AND FOR OTHERS.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Interwoven with our frame!
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VII.

JUDGE NOT THY BROTHER.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,—
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted!*

VIII.

GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O thou who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!

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EXERCISE CXXXVI.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, in Hampshire, England, in the year 1681. He died in the year 1765. The greater part of his life was spent in the search after literary and political eminence. In this he met no distinguished success. At the age of fifty he took orders in the church, and thenceforth passed his time in comparative retirement. His last literary work, and that on which rests his celebrity, as an author, was the "NIGHT THOUGHTS," which appeared in 1742. This poem, though it bears occasional marks of poor taste and poorer judgment, showing the author's too great fondness for ingenious conceits, epigrammatic turns, and affected gloom, is, nevertheless, an admirable monument of poetic genius. "It is impossible," says a good judge, "to open any page of Young without finding something grand, true, and striking: he is full of '*thoughts that wander through eternity!*'"

PIETY AND VIRTUE DISTINGUISHED.

YOUNG.

I.

"Is virtue, then, and piety the same?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill-digest:
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What nature joins; and thus confute themselves.

II.

With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feigned affection bound her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake:
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

III.

On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.

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A soul in commerce with her God, is Heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.

IV.

Each branch of piety delight inspires,
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in Heaven, and sets his foot on Hell.

EXERCISE CXXXVII.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9th, 1608, and died, in the same place, November 8th, 1674. His early education was careful and complete. In 1638 he went to Italy; having previously composed some of his most celebrated pieces. In Italy his associations were of the choicest kind. On his return to London he opened a school. Meantime, acting upon the feelings and principles which he had early imbibed from his father, and which were now matured and strengthened by travel and study, he entered heartily into the religious disputes of the times. In 1643 he was married: the match proving in the end extremely unfortunate. In 1649 he became Foreign Secretary to Oliver Cromwell; which situation he kept till the time [1658] of Cromwell's death. In 1652 his sight, which had long been failing, gave way entirely: leaving him stone-blind, just after the completion of one of his political productions. The Restoration of the monarchy doomed Milton to concealment till the act of oblivion again brought him forth. But neither blindness nor persecution could crush the creative spirit that dwelt in him, and so we have to record that, among other wonders achieved by this incomparable genius, his "PARADISE LOST" is the product of this period of physical darkness. It first appeared in 1671, and was followed by the "PARADISE REGAINED" and some other productions of his prolific pen.

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DANTE (full form DURANTE), the most distinguished of Italian poets, was born in Florence, in the year 1265, and died there, September 14th, 1321. His personal history, so far as known, is but a series of bitter griefs and wrongs, both private and public, and these have given a certain tinge to all his writings. His great poem is entitled "DIVINA COMMEDIA" (*Divine Comedy*), of which there have been many editions and numerous commentators. It is divided into three parts,—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Why it should be called a *comedy*, has often exercised the critics; though he himself so called it, it appears, "because it has a fortunate ending."

DANTE AND MILTON COMPARED.

MACAULAY *

1 The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy, we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is, perhaps, no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful.

2. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of Heaven, could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its *honey*. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!"

3. The gloom of his character discolors all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

4. Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home

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* For a Note on Macaulay, see Exercise CI.

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and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished on his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

5. That hateful proscription—facetiously termed the act of indemnity and oblivion—had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public.

6. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing, so fitly, as to the rabble of Comus*—grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human,—dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole tribe of Satyrs† and Goblins.

7. If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor penury, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps, stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful.

8. Such as it was, when on the eve of great events he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

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* COMUS is the name of an exquisite dramatic piece by Milton.

† See Note on Exercise CXLI

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EXERCISE CXXXVIII.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

MILTON.*

I.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once—above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King.

II.

Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none, nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing, owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?

III.

O, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood

* See Exercise preceding.

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Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be, then, his love accursed; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, cursed be thou; since, against his, thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

IV.

Me miserable!—which way shall I fly?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair!
Which way I fly, is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer, seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last, relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent!

V.

Ay, me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and scepter high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds!

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EXERCISE CXXXIX.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1794, and died near Dublin, May 12th, 1835. Her early productions,—for she wrote at a very early age,—were not well received. Her maiden name was Browne. In 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans, of the army. The match proving unhappy, and the captain's health infirm, he went, in 1818, to reside in Italy, and she, with her five sons, to live with her mother, in Wales. The separation was understood to be permanent, and proved so. From that time Mrs. Hemans gave herself diligently to authorship: studying, in furtherance of her literary aims, the German and some other foreign languages, and constantly contributing to various periodicals. "If taste and elegance," says a most accomplished critic, "be titles to enduring fame, we might venture securely to promise that rich boon to the author before us [Mrs. Hemans]; for we do not hesitate to say, that she is, beyond all comparison, the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses, that our literature has yet to boast of."

SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FELICIA HEMANS.

*A Prison in the Palace of the Luxembourg.**

D'AUBIGNE, *an aged royalist, and* BLANCHE, *his daughter.*

Blanche. What was our doom, my father? In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.
Tell me the sentence. Could our judges look,
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
Was there not mercy, father? Will they not
Restore us to our home?

D'Aubigne. Yes, my poor child!
They send us home!

Blanche. Oh! shall we gaze again
On the bright Loire? Will the old hamlet spire,
And the gray turret of our own chateau,†
Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?
Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,

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* The Luxembourg is one of those magnificent palaces for which Paris is celebrated above every other capital in Europe. It was completed in 1620. During the terrible times of the French Revolution, it was converted into a prison.

† Chateau (*shat to'*) a castle.

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Welcome us back at last? But how is this?
Father! thy glance is clouded; on thy brow
There sits no joy!

D'Aubigne. Upon my brow, dear girl,
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
As may befit the Christian who receives
And recognizes, in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean,—
No, no! it can not be! Didst thou not say,
They send us *home?*

D'Aubigne. Where is the spirit's home?
Oh! most of all, in these dark, evil days,
Where should it be, but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power?
Where, but in Heaven?

Blanche. My Father!

D'Aubigne. We must die!
We must look up to God, and calmly die.
Come to my heart, and weep there! For awhile
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart.
Do I not know thee? Do I ask too much
From mine own noble Blanche?

Blanche. Oh! clasp me fast!
Thy trembling child! Hide, hide me in thine arms!
Father!

D'Aubigne. Alas! my flower, thou'rt young to go;
Young, and so fair! Yet were it worse, methinks,
To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
And they that loved their God, have all been swept,
Like the sear leaves away. The soil is steeped
In noble blood, the temples are gone down;
The voice of prayer is hushed, or fearfully
Muttered, like sounds of guilt. Why, who would live?
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit forever the dishonored soil,

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The burdened air? Our God upon the cross,
Our king upon the scaffold; let us think
Of these, and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die!

Blanche. A dark and fearful way!
An evil doom for thy dear, honored head!
Oh! thou, the kind, and gracious! whom all eyes
Blessed, as they looked upon! Speak yet again!
Say, will they part us?

D'Aubigne. No, my Blanche; in death
We shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God!
He, by thy glance, will aid me. I shall see
His light before me to the last. And when,—
Oh! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child!
When shall the hour befall?

D'Aubigne. Oh! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke. But of that hour,
As yet, I know not. Each low, throbbing pulse
Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity.

Blanche. My father! lay thy hand
On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul
Ere we are called.

D'Aubigne. If I may speak through tears,
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart!—thou who dost look on me
With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love!
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,
A guest of Heaven unto my lowly soul,
A stainless lily in my widowed house,
There springing up, with soft light round thee shed,
For immortality! Meek child of God!
I bless thee! He will bless thee! In his love

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He calls thee now from this rude, stormy world,
To thy Redeemer's breast. And thou wilt die.
As thou hast lived, my duteous, holy Blanche,
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of Heaven.

Blanche. Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit. I can rise
And say,—"Thy will be done!"

D'Aubigne. Seest thou, my child,
Yon faint line in the west? The signal star
Of our due evening service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon grating? Mournfully
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy fear, or wavering faith
Silenced the strain? No! let it waft to Heaven
The prayer, the hope of poor mortality,
In its dark hour once more! And we will sleep,—
Yes,—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

EXERCISE CXL.

HEART AND HEAD.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.*

1. There are two different fountains whence inspiration flows to the writer—the intellect and the heart—thought and feeling Thought makes the best artist, has greater foresight, a wiser command of means, gives greater completeness, higher finish But heart has a power even beyond this, a power of life and soul, more entirely swaying human sympathy and action; it has more freshness, more originality, more sincerity—its highest influences are even more enduring.

* See Exercise LXXX.

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2. Thought sees truth, and reveals it, or often may conceal it. Heart feels truth itself, and, with a generous fullness of eloquence, all its own, to which no *enthousiasme de commande** can ever attain, compels conviction. Many a highly polished classic Sonnet lies in cold neglect on the library shelf, while the humble ballad, full of true natural feeling, is preserved in affectionate, living remembrance. These two great influences, intellect and feeling, are found acting in partial independence of each other

3. What a man writes with the intellect only, may be entirely foreign to his own life—work wholly artificial; what he really writes from his heart, must necessarily have the same coloring as his character—flowing from his own inmost nature, and carry with it something of the inherent force of truth. "*Have* a heart, and *know* it," is the advice of the great Polish poet. It is, however, where both powers are called into action, in all their fullness, that the noblest writings are produced. Where a strong intellect plans, and a generous, upright heart works, there we may look for a great book.

4. Imitation can never, for this reason, attain to the very highest and most effective excellence—it is a work of the head only; it may be very skillful, quite faultless, very successful in its way, but the soul and spirit must ever be wanting. Genius, like the wonderful thrush† of the American wood, may have its many voices, it may even condescend to sing its lays to borrowed tunes: the careless wayfarer is deceived; passing along, he fancies that he hears the robin, or the ground-sparrow; but, when the rare creature pours forth its own noble song, he pauses with upward gaze, and lingers, lost in delight, listening to those "native wood notes wild."

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* Forced feeling; feigned enthusiasm.

† Of this remarkable bird a celebrated ornithologist observes that "in dark and gloomy weather, when other birds are sheltered and silent, the clear notes of the Wood Thrush are heard through the dropping woods, from dawn to dusk, so that the sadder the day, the sweeter and more constant is his song. His clear and interrupted whistle is often nearly the only voice of melody heard by the traveler, at mid-day, in the heat of summer, as he traverses the silent wilderness, remote from the haunts of men"

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EXERCISE CXLI.

William Collins was born at Chichester, England, on Christmas day, 1720. He died in the year 1756. Aided by his uncle, for his father was poor, he received a college education. His writings, even while a student in college, gave decided indications of superior power, though, strange to say, they were treated with utter neglect. And stranger still is the fact, that, even after the production of his later and more finished pieces, the same inexplicable neglect attended him. This disappointment of his hopes quite overpowered him: depressing and finally deranging his sensitive spirit. And yet "his works," says an appreciative critic, "are imbued with a fine, ethereal fancy and purity of taste; and, though like the poems of Gray, they are small in number and amount, they are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description." We give below his now celebrated "Ode on the Passions."

[1] Fauns, or Fau'ni, is the name applied by the Romans to certain gods of the woods, held in especial reverence by the tillers of the soil. They are represented as having the legs, feet, and ears of goats, and the remaining parts those of a human being.

[2] Dry'ads, or Dry'a des, that is, Wood-Nymphs, form one of the various classes of nymphs, or female deities, with which the imagination of the ancient Greeks peopled the woods and groves. The nymphs were the attendants of the goddesses. They waited on Juno and Venus, and, arrayed in the attire of a huntress, accompanied Diana in the chase.

[3] Sā'tyrs, or Satyri, were a sort of demi-gods presiding over, or dwelling in, the country. They had feet and legs like those of goats, short horns on the head, and the whole body covered with hair. The Satyrs were among the Greeks what the Fauns were among the Romans. They were very fond of music, and always appeared at the festivals of Bacchus, dancing, and playing on musical instruments.

[4] Tem'pe, a valley in Thessaly in ancient Greece, between Mount Olympus at the north and Ossa at the south, through which flowed the river Peneus. It is greatly celebrated by the poets.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shel.,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;

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By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

II.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

III.

Next ANGER rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

IV.

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

V.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on ECHO still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,

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A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And HOPE enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

VI.

And longer had she sung; but with a frown
REVENGE impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected PITY at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

VII.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted LOVE, now raving called on HATE

VIII.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired,
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

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IX.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun[1] and Dryad[2] known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs[3] and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown EXERCISE rejoiced to hear,
And SPORT leaped up, and seized his beechen spear

X.

Last came JOY'S ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's[4] vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
LOVE framed with MIRTH, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

XI.

O MUSIC! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of PLEASURE, WISDOM'S aid,
Why, goddess! why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power;

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Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart.
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?

XII.

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all, at once, together found,
Cecilia's* mingled world of sound.
Oh! bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

EXERCISE CXLII.

EDMUND BURKE, the celebrated British orator and statesman, was born in Dublin, January 1st, 1730, and died in the year 1797. He was a profound thinker, a fine scholar, an accomplished debater, and a truly elegant writer.

WILLIAM PITT, first Earl of Chatham, one of England's noblest orators and statesmen, was born, at Westminster, November 15th, 1708, and died May 11th, 1778. "History," says Macaulay, "while, for the warning of vehement, high and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarce one has left a more *stainless*, and none a more *splendid* name."

BURKE AND CHATHAM.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.†

1 The only public man that, in my opinion, can be put in any competition with Burke, is Lord Chatham: and *he* moved

* For a Note on Cecilia, see Exercise CXLIX.
† For a Note on Hazlitt, see Exercise XXIX

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in a sphere so very remote, that it is almost impossible to compare them. But, though it would, perhaps, be difficult to determine which of them excelled most in his particular way, there is nothing in the world more easy than to point out in what this peculiar excellence consisted. They were in every respect the reverse of each other. Chatham's eloquence was popular: his wisdom was altogether plain and practical.

2. Burke's eloquence was that of the poet; of the man of high and unbounded fancy: his wisdom was profound and contemplative. Chatham's eloquence was calculated to make men *act;* Burke's calculated to make them *think.* Chatham could have roused the fury of a multitude, and wielded their physical energy as he pleased: Burke's eloquence carried conviction into the mind of the retired and lonely student, opened the recesses of the human breast, and lighted up the face of nature around him. Chatham supplied his hearers with *motives* to immediate action: Burke furnished them with *reasons* for action, which might have little effect upon them at the time, but for which they would be the wiser and better all their lives after.

3. In research, in originality, in variety of knowledge, in richness of invention, in depth and comprehension of mind, Burke had as much the advantage of Lord Chatham as he was excelled by him in plain common sense, in strong feeling, in steadiness of purpose, in vehemence, in warmth, in enthusiasm, and energy of mind.

4. Burke was the man of genius, of fine sense, and subtle reasoning; Chatham was a man of clear understanding, of strong sense, and violent passions. Burke's mind was satisfied with *speculation;* Chatham's was essentially *active:* it could not rest without an object. The power which governed Burke's mind was his Imagination; that which gave its *impetus* to Chatham's was Will. The one was almost the creature of pure intellect, the other of physical temperament.

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EXERCISE CXLIII.

HYDER ALI, the celebrated Sultan of Mysore, was born in the year 1718 and died in 1782. The East India Company, becoming jealous of his power, formed alliances against him; but he waged war so vigorously and so successfully, that they found it necessary to enter into treaty with him to aid him in his defensive wars. When, however, he called upon them to fulfil their engagements, which he did several times to no purpose, he projected the terrible invasion which forms the subject of the following brilliant passage

MOHAMMED ALI, Nabob of the Carnatic, an ancient province of British India, on the eastern coast of Hindoostan, is more frequently called the *Nabob* (*viceroy*) *of Arcot*, from the town where he had his court. He held his government, through the force of British policy in India, to the prejudice of the claims of an elder brother. Falling under the influence of some British residents, who encouraged certain ambitious schemes of his, and who, taking advantage of his weak character, had quietly contrived to overload him with pecuniary obligations, when he found himself unable to defend his dominions, he was obliged to assign his revenues to the East India Company, in order to defray the expenses of a war undertaken by them in his (which, also, involved *their*) defense. But it soon became evident that these very revenues had already been assigned to the parties before mentioned, who had so secretly brought the Nabob under an insupportable load of debt. It being, therefore, important for the company to inquire into the *justice* of the claims of these cunning creditors, the matter finally got before the British parliament, where, in the course of debate, Mr. Burke delivered (February 28th, 1785) the splendid speech, of which the present Exercise forms a part.

THE INVASION OF THE CARNATIC.

BURKE.

1. When, at length, Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestined criminals a memorable example to mankind.

2. He resolved in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became, at length, so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution.

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8. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and, compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for awhile on the declivities of the mountains.

4. While the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple

5. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and, amid the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from the fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

6. For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son,* absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic, for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they did not see one man—not one woman—not one child—not one four-footed beast of any description whatever! One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

* Tippoo Saib, the celebrated son of Hyder Ali, here referred to, was born in 1751, and succeeded his father in 1782.

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EXERCISE CXLIV.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

LORD CHATHAM.*

My Lords:—

1. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery can not now avail—can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

2. Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction.

3. My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we can not act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and

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* "This," says Professor Goodrich, speaking of the masterly speech of which the present Exercise forms a leading part, "was Lord Chatham's greatest effort. It would be difficult to find, in the whole range of parliamentary history, a more splendid blaze of genius." It was delivered November 18th, 1777, at the opening of Parliament.

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honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility.* You can not, I venture to say it, *you can not conquer America!*

4. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little, pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms—*never—never—never!*

5. But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution.

6. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine; familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner; nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, "that make ambition virtue!" What makes ambition virtue? the sense of *honor!*

7. But is the sense of honor consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers—what other

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allies have they acquired? What *other powers* have they associated to their cause? Have they entered into alliance with the *king of the Gypsies?* Nothing, my Lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

8 I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed —to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty.

9. "*That God and nature put into our hands?*" I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife —to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity.

10. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of that learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country.

11. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

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EXERCISE CXLV.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, a distinguished statesman and orator, and, in the judgment of Edmund Burke, "the most accomplished debater the world ever saw," was born in London, January 24th, 1749, and died at Chiswick, September 13th, 1806. He was amiable in temper, but dissolute in life. He was utterly spoiled, in early life, by indulgence; yet did he acquit himself handsomely in his educational career. After a series of surprising, not to say shameful irregularities of conduct, carried on at home as well as during travel abroad, he found means, in 1768, to get a seat in Parliament. His whole political career was stormy, though splendid, and forms a memorable era in British parliamentary history. The speech of which we have taken the following famous passage, was delivered during a debate, in February, 1800, on a motion to reject certain overtures of peace, then just made by Napoleon Bonaparte, to the British government.

SPEECH ON THE OVERTURES OF BONAPARTE.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

1. Where, then, sir, is this war, which on every side is pregnant with such horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? One campaign is successful to *you;* another to *them;* and, in this way, animated by the vindictive passions of revenge, hatred, and rancor, which are infinitely more flagitious, even, than those of ambition and the thirst of power, you may go on forever; as, with such black incentives, I see no end to human misery.

2. And all this without an intelligible motive. All this because you may gain a better peace a year or two hence! So that we are called upon to go on merely, as a *speculation!* We must keep Bonaparte for some time longer at war, as a state of *probation!* Gracious God! sir, is *war* a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Are your vigilance, your policy, your common powers of observation, to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Can not this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings?

3. "But we must *pause!*" What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilled—her treasure wasted—that you may make an *experiment?* Put yourselves, oh! that you *would* put yourselves in the field of battle, and

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learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite! In former wars, a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance, in his mind, the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict.

4. If a man had been present at the battle of Blenheim,* for instance, and had inquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings. They were fighting, they knew, to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarch.

5. But, if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—"*Fighting!*" would be the answer; "they are not fighting; they are *pausing.*" "Why is that man expiring? Why is the other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?" The answer must be,—"You are quite wrong, sir; you deceive yourself—they are not *fighting*—do not disturb them—they are merely *pausing!*

6. "This man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only *pausing!* Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another; they have now no cause of quarrel, but their country thinks there should be a *pause!* All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor bloodshed in it whatever: it is nothing more than a *political pause!* It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not *behave* himself better than heretofore; and, in the meantime, we have agreed to a *pause* in pure friendship!"

7. And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order—to trample on religion—to stifle, in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and, in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

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* See Note on the next Exercise.

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EXERCISE CXLVI.

BLENHEIM (*Blen′ hīme*) is a village in Bavaria, where was fought a great battle, August 13th, 1704, between the English and the Austrians on the one side, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and the Bavarians on the other, under Marshal Tallard, Marsin, and the Elector of Bavaria. The French and the Bavarians were defeated; but the loss on both sides was immense. This defeat gave a decided check to the ambition of Louis XIV.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

SOUTHEY.*

I.

It was on a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

* See Exercise VII.

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IV.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

V.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

VI.

"It was the English," Kasper cried,
Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

VII.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and little child, he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know must be
At every famous victory.

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IX.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbrough won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

XI.

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it, at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I can not tell," said he,
"But 'twas a glorious victory!"

EXERCISE CXLVII.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London, December 26th, 1716, and died July 24th, 1771. After his college course, during which he was supported with difficulty by the private earnings of his mother, his father, a selfish man, utterly refusing to maintain him, he set out (in 1739) on a tour over the continent. Two months after his return to London, in September, 1741, his father, having squandered what money he had, died. His mother, who, with a near relative, had carried on a small business, and had now amassed a moderate competence, retired to Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. Here, it is said, he conceived the design of his immortal Elegy, while visiting the beautiful churchyard in that place. The Elegy was finished in 1749; having been begun just seven years before. "Almost every line" [of it], it has been well remarked, "has fixed itself upon the popular mind, is repeated every year and every day by the cultivated and the unlearned, and has a vital truthfulness that is never old." Gray is the author of several other poems of remarkable merit, but is, and always will be, best known, as the author

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of this matchless performance. He was a person of small stature, handsome features, studiously nice in dress, and remarkably reserved in company, though known to be a man of almost universal culture.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THOMAS GRAY

I

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

III.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

V.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

VI.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

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VII.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

VIII.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

X.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

XI.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

XII.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

XIII.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

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Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

XIV.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

XV.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

XVI.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

XVII.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

XXI.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

XXII.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

XXV.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

XXVI.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

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His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

XXVII.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

XXVIII.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

XXIX.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

I.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

II.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished), a friend

III.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

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EXERCISE CXLVIII.

JOHN DRYDEN was born in Northamptonshire, England, August 9th, 1631, and died May 1st, 1700. He discovered remarkable talent, while yet at school, in his translations from some of the classics. His character, as a *writer*, in later life, is sufficiently marked in the following parallel; as a *man* though amiable in temper, domestic in turn, and virtuous in life, he lacked firmness and consistency, looking rather to the fleeting interests of the moment than to the more durable rewards of solid reputation.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21st, 1688, and died at Twickenham, May 30th, 1744. Deformed in body, and sickly in constitution, his early education, to use his own words, was "extremely loose and disconcerted." He was always, however, a diligent student, and a yet more diligent corrector of his own works; and hence his peculiar claims to excellence, as a polished composer. As Dryden gave us, in English, the great epic poem of the Latins, the Æneid of Virgil, so Pope, in smoother verse, but not in truer translation, has given us the great epic of the Greeks, the Iliad of Homer.

PARALLEL BETWEEN DRYDEN AND POPE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

1. Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

2. Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and, therefore, always endeavored to do his best: he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He

* See Exercise CXVI.

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examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

3. Pope had, perhaps, the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope. In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man, in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

4. Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

5. Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

6. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without cor-

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rection. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

EXERCISE CXLIX.

ALEXANDER, usually called ALEXANDER THE GREAT, son of the celebrated Philip of Macedon, was born in the year 356 B.C. He mounted the throne of his father at the age of twenty, and, after bringing the Grecian states into complete submission, set out for the conquest of Asia. His career of conquest, in the East, was one continuous scene of carnage, till his own death, at Babylon, in June, 323 B.C., hastened on by drunken revelries, put an end to his inhuman course. Adulation, akin to that supposed in the following piece by Dryden, quite turned his head.

TIMO'THEUS was a famous musician of Thebes in Bœotia. He was one of those honored with an invitation to the wedding of Alexander. His musical performance is said to have animated the monarch so intensely, that he started up in the midst of the company, and seized his arms. In the ode which follows, Dryden reproduces this incident: representing the king as brought into complete captivity to the charms of music. The Timotheus, here introduced, is not to be confounded with another Timotheus, also a great musician, who was a Milesian, but who died some two or three years before the birth of Alexander.

JOVE, or JU'PITER, was the supreme deity of the Romans. OLYM'PIA, or OLYM'PIAS, was the wife of Philip of Macedon, and the mother of Alexander; BACCHUS was the god of wine, and a son of JUPITER.

DARI'US, surnamed CODOM'ANUS, was the reigning king of Persia at the time of Alexander's invasion.

THA'IS was a famous Athenian beauty who accompanied A'exander on his Eastern exhibition.

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CECILIA is the name of a Saint whose anniversary is celebrated on the 22d of November. She is the chosen patroness of sacred music. She lived in the third century.

ALEXANDER'S ROYAL FEAST.

DRYDEN.*

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thaïs, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,

* See Exercise preceding.

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A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,—
Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys* breath. He comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and ever young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,

* Hautboy (*hō' boy*), a musical wind instrument.

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Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian* measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

* The Lydians, a people of Asia Minor, were the most effeminate and luxurious of all the Asiatics. *Lydian music* was, accordingly, of the most effeminate character

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At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear!
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!*

* Thaïs, who is said to have instigated Alexander while he was under the influence of wine, to set fire to the splendid palace of Persepolis, is here made true to her character in directing the mad purpose of the king; and the picture is made more vivid by comparing her to Helen, whose fatal beauty caused the downfall of ancient Troy.

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VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;*
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

EXERCISE CL.

MESSIAH is the Hebrew, as CHRIST is the Greek, for *anointed:* the name being used in reference to the ancient custom, among the Jews, of setting apart both persons and things by the act of anointing. Hence a king was called *the Lord's anointed.* But *Messiah* is the designation which was given, by pre-eminence, among the Hebrews, to the Savior of the world, who was to come, and center in himself the three fold office of prophet, priest, and king.

MESSIAH'S COMING.

POPE.†

I.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! A God, a God appears!

* This refers to the report which makes Cecilia the inventress of the organ.

† See Exercise CXLVIII.

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A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way.
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.

II.

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.

III.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er.
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.

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Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

IV.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play

V.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

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EXERCISE CLI.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born April 3d, 1783, and died November 28th, 1859. With no preparatory education, except that which comes of an ordinary school course, he entered, at the early age of sixteen, upon the study of law. Ill health, however, added to the natural love of travel, soon sent him abroad, where he visited, with a sort of romantic interest, many parts of Southern Europe. In 1806 he returned to New York, and resumed the study of law. Literature, however, was his preference; and so, instead of practising law, after he was admitted to the bar, he joined with some others in the publication of a series of humorous papers under the name *Salmagundi*, which engaged, with singular interest, the attention of the whole town. In 1808 he published his famous serio-comic "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," a work which, for rich humor and rare interest, has, perhaps, no superior in the whole range of literature. In 1815 he embarked again for Europe, and there resumed his career of authorship: publishing, at intervals, during a lapse of seventeen years, that series of works which served so essentially to raise American literature in the estimation of European judges. There, too, during that long stay, he received the degree of LL. D. from the University of Oxford. In 1832 he returned to America; not, however, to enjoy luxurious ease, but to continue his wonted career. His last, largest, and best work, perhaps, is his "Life of Washington." In the following well-considered, though brief sketch, his character, as a *man*, appears no less vividly than as a writer.

WASHINGTON IRVING AS A WRITER.

NEW AM. CYCLOPÆDIA.

1. Humor is everywhere the distinguished trait of Irving—a humor descending to the broadest farce, or penetrating to the hidden fountain of tears. It plays around the historical manuscripts of the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida,* and mingles exquisitely with the pathos of his serious pictures. Just, manly, natural, and free from all mawkish sentimentality, it has delighted old and young, the strong man and the invalid, the happy and the weary-hearted. The young appreciate it as thoroughly as their seniors; for it has its foundation in the feelings, and appeals to the instincts of the heart.

2. Another conspicuous merit of Irving is the symmetry and just proportion of his works. They are often constructed with apparent ease and carelessness, but really with very great labor and art. The style is almost uniformly pure and graceful. Its

* Irving's "Conquest of Grenada" was published under the guise of an imaginary contemporary author,—Fray Antonio Agapida.

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melody is extreme; the music of its periods and pauses is sometimes even monotonous from its excess of sweetness. A tenderness almost feminine, occasionally mingles with the humor. The last trait of this author which we shall notice, is the vivid personality which shines through all his writings.

3. It would be difficult to find in any literature a more marked instance of this peculiarity. Irving seems less to have composed tales and histories than to have written *himself*. His personality is always apparent—the manly, independent, hopeful, charitable human being. His humanity betrays itself under every disguise. Every motion of his heart seems kindly, generous, and good. A respect for truth, and a deep sympathy with purity and innocence, shine in his pages. With a mind unsoiled by meanness, suspicion, or hatred, he surveys the drama of human life, and extracts from it a lesson of charity and love.

4. Children and flowers are favorites with him. All is bright and warm in his heart. With the confiding familiarity of an intimate friend, he takes the reader by the arm, and points out the beauties of the landscape before him; gilding every object with the sunshine of his humor, and smiling with the happiest good-nature. Few authors have been able to endear themselves so greatly to all classes of readers. The poetry which informs many brilliant passages, is the delight of the imaginative reader; and the spirit of adventure, ever and anon flashing out, attracts the lover of romance and travel.

EXERCISE CLII

TEA-PARTIES IN OLD TIMES.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. In those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions

* See preceding Exercise.

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But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

2. As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little, in my description, calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag; how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for, as yet, there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card-table.

3. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, moldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

4. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in lanching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of

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balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

5 The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaus distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

6. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

7. The parties broke up without noise, and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

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EXERCISE CLIII.

QUARREL SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.*

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth, therefore, hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

---

* See Exercise XXVIII.

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I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O, ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart breaks;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus,
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

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Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life, you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You *have* done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:

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For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again!

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

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EXERCISE CLIV.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born in one of the suburbs of Manchester, in England, in the year 1786. His childhood was passed in rural seclusion. In the year 1804, while on a visit to London, he had recourse to opium, as a relief from the pains of rheumatism. This soon came to be a custom, and the custom, at length, got to be a confirmed habit: he gathering, or seeming to gather, from the use of this drug, fresh force, clearness, and elasticity of mind. What he did, and what he suffered during this singular "state of imbecility," as he well enough calls it, is embraced in his celebrated work entitled "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater." We give below an extract from this remarkable book. "All his works," says a critic who has taken pains to gather carefully the details of his life, "show a wide range of learning and speculation, a delicate and subtle critical faculty, and a felicitous selection of words. As improvisations, they would be admirable displays of mental power, but most of them are so unartistically constructed, *the main idea and purpose being lost by unceasing digressions*, that they are excellent only in fragments and passages."

DREAM OF AN OPIUM EATER.

DE QUINCEY.

1. The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue.

2 I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the

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weight of twenty Atlantes* was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed.

3 Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and, at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"*I will sleep no more!*"

EXERCISE CLV.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was born in Guilford, Connecticut, July 8th, 1795. The earlier part of his life, though marked by occasional attempts at poetry, was mainly occupied in commercial and financial pursuits. He aided his late friend, J. Rodman Drake, whose death is the theme of one of his most touching pieces, in preparing a series of humorous contributions to the columns of the "New York Evening Post." In 1819 appeared his longest poem, an amusing satire, entitled "Fanny," which falls heavily, though humorously, on the foibles and follies of the times. In 1827 he published a volume of his poems: embracing, among others, his "Alnwick Castle," and his "Marco Bozzaris," which latter originally appeared in the "New York Review," and is by far the most popular of all his productions. His poems bear the impress of a mind exquisitely sensitive to the harmonies of verse, and endowed with wonderful versatility.

* Atlas (plural *Atlantes*), a name given by the ancients to a lofty mountain in northern Africa, and still applied to the chain in that region. Atlas, according to the old mythology, was one of the Titans, who, having made war upon Jove, was changed into a mountain so high that it was conceived that the heavens rested on it, and thus that Atlas supported the world upon his shoulders.

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MARCO BOZZARIS.*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

I

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

II.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He awoke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

III.

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;

* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20th, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

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They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

IV.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her firstborn's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine·
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

V.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And, in its hollow tones, are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

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EXERCISE CLVI.

ROBERT HALL was a distinguished preacher of the Baptist denomination. He was born in Leicestershire, England, May 2d, 1764, and died in Bristol, February 21st, 1831. He was a person of wonderful powers even from his youth; and his whole subsequent life was but a fulfillment of the pledge afforded by his early career. The following is from an

ADDRESS TO THE BRISTOL VOLUNTEERS IN PROSPECT OF AN INVASION BY THE FRENCH.

ROBERT HALL.

1. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the rest of Europe, threatens England; and we are placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the universe. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over your enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit: and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping will mingle in its ascent to Heaven with the shouts of arms.

2. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on Thy sword, Thou most Mighty: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditory valor, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination, chariots of fire and horses of fire! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it, as a spark; and they shall burn together, and none shall quench them.

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EXERCISE CLVII.

GEORGE BANCROFT was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 3d of October, 1800. After graduating, in 1817, at Harvard College, he went to Europe, and there, under the best professors, in every department, pursued a comprehensive course of study, which he had marked out for himself in the future. In 1823 he returned, and, after spending one year, as a tutor, in college, opened, in connection with another person,* the "Round Hill School," at Northampton, with the worthy object of raising the standard of preparatory instruction in this country. In 1826 he began his political career, and, since that period, has discharged, with distinguished fidelity, the duties of several highly important public offices. During all this time, however, he has been steadily engaged on the great work of his life, his "*History of the United States*," of which six volumes have already been published. Concerning this work it has been well remarked that "it is written in a style marked by singular elaborateness, compactness, and scholarly grace, and is esteemed one of the noblest monuments of American literature."

The following vivid picture of the condition of things along the banks of the Hudson river, when first visited by Henry Hudson, in 1609, with the wonderful contrast afforded by the present aspect of matters in the same region, is one of Mr. Bancroft's best efforts in the way of description.

WONDERFUL CONTRAST.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

1. Somber forests shed a melancholy grandeur over the useless magnificence of nature, and hid, in their deep shades, the rich soil which the sun had never warmed. No ax had leveled the giant progeny of the crowded groves, in which the fantastic forms of withered limbs, that had been blasted and riven by lightning, contrasted strangely with the verdant freshness of a younger growth of branches.

2. The wanton grape-vine, seeming by its own power to have sprung from the earth, and to have fastened its leafy coils on the top of the tallest forest-tree, swung in the air with every breeze, like the loosened shrouds of a ship. Trees might everywhere be seen breaking from their root in the marshy soil, and threatening to fall with the first rude gust; while the ground was strewn with the ruins of former forests, over which a profusion of wild flowers wasted their freshness in mockery of the gloom.

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* Joseph G. Cogswell, late Librarian of the Astor Library, New York city

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3. Reptiles sported in the stagnant pools, or crawled unharmed over piles of moldering trees. The spotted deer couched among the thickets; but not to hide, for there was no pursuer; and there were none but wild animals to crop the uncut herbage of the productive prairies. Silence reigned, broken, it may have been, by the flight of land birds or the flapping of water-fowl, and rendered more dismal by the howl of beasts of prey.

4. The streams, not yet limited to a channel, spread over sand-bars, tufted with copses of willow, or waded through wastes of reeds; or slowly but surely undermined the groups of sycamores that grew by their side. The smaller brooks spread out their sedgy swamps, that were overhung by clouds of mosquitoes; masses of decaying vegetation fed the exhalations with the seeds of pestilence, and made the balmy air of the summer's evening as deadly as it seemed grateful. Vegetable life and death were mingled hideously together. The horrors of corruption frowned on the fruitless fertility of uncultivated nature.

5. And man, the occupant of the soil, was wild as the savage scene, in harmony with the rude nature by which he was surrounded; a vagrant over the continent, in constant warfare with his fellow man; the bark of the birch his canoe; strings of shells his ornaments, his record, and his coin; the roots of the forest among his resources for food; his knowledge in architecture surpassed, both in strength and durability, by the skill of the beaver; bended saplings the beams of his house; the branches and rind of trees its roof; drifts of forest leaves his couch; mats of bulrushes his protection against the winter's cold; his religion the adoration of nature; his morals the promptings of undisciplined instinct; disputing with the wolves and bears the lordship of the soil, and dividing with the squirrel the wild fruits with which the universal woodlands abounded.

6. How changed is the scene from that on which Hudson gazed! The earth glows with the colors of civilization; the banks of the streams are enameled with richest grasses; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and trim gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone;

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while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom from the windows of the green-house and the saloon.

7. The yeoman, living like a good neighbor near the fields he cultivates, glories in the fruitfulness of the valleys, and counts, with honest exultation, the flocks and herds that browse in safety on the hills. The thorn has given way to the rosebush; the cultivated vine clambers over rocks where the brood of serpents used to nestle; while Industry smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales the bland air which now has health on its wings.

8. And man is still in harmony with nature, which he has subdued, cultivated, and adorned. For him the rivers that flow to remotest climes, mingle their waters; for him the lakes gain new outlets to the ocean; for him the arch spans the flood, and science spreads iron pathways to the recent wilderness; for him the hills yield up the shining marble and the enduring granite, for him the forests of the interior come down in immense rafts; for him the marts of the city gather the produce of every clime, and libraries collect the works of genius of every language and every age.

9. The passions of society are chastened into purity; manners are made benevolent by civilization; and the virtue of the country is the guardian of its peace. Science investigates the powers of every plant and mineral, to find medicines for disease; schools of surgery rival the establishments of the old world.

10. An active daily press, vigilant from party interests, free even to dissoluteness, watches the progress of society, and communicates every fact that can interest humanity; the genius of letters begins to unfold his powers in the warm sunshine of public favor. And, while idle curiosity may take its walk in shady avenues by the ocean side, commerce pushes its wharves into the sea, blocks up the wide rivers with its fleets, and, sending its ships, the pride of naval architecture, to every clime, defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.

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EXERCISE CLVIII.

JAMES THOMSON was born near Kelso, in Scotland, in the year 1700, and died in the year 1748. In his eighteenth year or thereabout, being in rather straitened circumstances, he left Scotland, and went to London to try his fortune. Here, after a while, he found favor, first as a tutor, then as an author, and afterwards as the incumbent of several small sinecure offices; all which gave him in the end comparative riches. His distinguishing work, as an author is the "SEASONS." "So true and beautiful are the descriptions in this poem," says an appreciative critic, "and so entirely do they harmonize with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson." We give the following beautiful episode, as a specimen of his delicate touch in the portraiture of character.

THE STORY OF LAVINIA.

THOMSON

I.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth;
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet.

II.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace

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Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
Vailed in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

III.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compelled
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times.

IV.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
And thus in secret to his soul he sighed:

V.

"She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;

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Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'Tis said that, in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

VI.

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed, and bold;
"And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
So long in vain? Oh, heavens! the very same,
The softened image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touched. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourished up my fortune! Say, ah, where,
In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?

VII.

"Oh, let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ample heart,

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The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

EXERCISE CLIX.

APOS'TROPHE, literally, *a turning away from* (APO, *from*, and STROPHE, *a turning*), is the name applied to a digression in discourse, where the speaker suddenly addresses some one who is dead or absent, as if alive or present; or some inanimate object, as though having the qualities that belong to intelligent beings.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.*

I.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

II.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a sport for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,

* See next Exercise.

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Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

III.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar

IV.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

V.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving: boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

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VI.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

EXERCISE CLX.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON (Lord Byron) was born in London, January 22d, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19th, 1824. In his nineteenth year, on leaving Cambridge University, where his course had been marked by an intractable disposition, he commenced his career as an author by publishing the "Hours of Idleness." It was criticized with great severity by the Edinburgh Review, to which attack he replied with still greater severity in a caustic satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." His life, after this, was marked by great misfortunes, occasioned chiefly by his own wild and wanton conduct; but it was distinguished by a series of political productions which have been more admired and more condemned than those, perhaps, of any other writer, whether living or dead. His strange lot, and his stranger career, are admirably sketched in the present Exercise.

SKETCH OF LORD BYRON.

MACAULAY.

1. The pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the regent, might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favorite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing.

2. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of oppo-

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site extremes. He was born to all that men covet or admire But, in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient, indeed, and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity.

3 The kinsman whom he succeeded, had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished, at once, by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate, yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training.

4. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted, was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage, to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses; at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child, not merely the spoiled child of his parents, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society.

5. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels, was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merits. At twenty-four, he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

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6. Everything that could stimulate, and everything that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women —all this world, and all the glory of it, were, at once, offered to a young man, to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them.

7. He had been guilty of the offense, which, of all offenses, is punished most severely; he had been over-praised; he had excited too warm an interest; and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly. The attachments of the multitude bear no small resemblance to those of the wanton enchantress in the Arabian Tales, who, when the forty days of her fondness were over, was not content with dismissing her lovers, but condemned them to expiate, in loathsome shapes, and under severe punishments, the crime of having once pleased her too well.

8. The obloquy which Byron had to endure was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theaters shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot in the decay of nobler natures, hastened to their repast; and they were right; they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit, and the degradation of such a name.

9. The unhappy man left his country forever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous; and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it had ever been; and his complaints were read with tears by thousands and tens of thousands who had never seen his face. He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses His health sunk under the effects of his intemperance

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His verse lost much of the energy and condensation which had distinguished it. But he would not resign without a struggle. A new dream of ambition arose before him—to be the center of a literary party. The plan failed, and failed ignominiously. Angry with himself, angry with his coadjutors, he relinquished it, and turned to another project, the last and the noblest of his life

10. A nation, once the first among the nations, pre-eminent in knowledge, pre-eminent in military glory, the cradle of philosophy, of eloquence, and of the fine arts, had been for ages bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the vices which tyranny generates—the abject vices which it generates in those who submit to it—the ferocious vices which it generates in those who struggle against it—had deformed the character of that miserable race.

11. The valor which had won the great battle of human civilization, which had saved Europe, and subjugated Asia, lingered only among pirates and robbers. The ingenuity, once so conspicuously displayed in every department of physical and moral science, had been depraved into a timid and servile cunning. On a sudden this degraded people had risen on their oppressors. Discountenanced or betrayed by the surrounding potentates, they had found in themselves something of that which might well supply the place of all foreign assistance—something of the energy of their fathers.

12. As a man of letters, Lord Byron could not but be interested in the event of this contest. His political opinions, though, like all his opinions, unsettled, leaned strongly towards the side of liberty. He had assisted the Italian insurgents with his purse; and, if their struggle against the Austrian government had been prolonged, would probably have assisted them with his sword.

13. But to Greece he was attached by peculiar ties. He had, when young, resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction, degraded in his own eyes by his private vices and by his literary failures, pining for untried

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excitement and honorable distinction, he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp.

14. His conduct, in his new situation, showed so much vigor and good sense as to justify us in believing that, if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him; he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered, was that he might die sword in hand.

15. This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sick-bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.

EXERCISE CLXI.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the well known minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813. Endowed by nature with the elements essential to the formation of a true orator, and especially quick in the perception of analogies, he sways the feelings of an audience, with wonderful facility, by vigorous appeal, vivid description, and endless variety of illustration. A volume of "Lectures to Young Men," "The Star Papers" (so called because signed with an asterisk as they separately appeared in "The Independent" newspaper), a novel, "Norwood," and the "Plymouth Collection of Hymns," and some occasional addresses, make up the sum of his published works.

LIFE THOUGHTS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I.

THE OBJECT OF TRAINING.

Many children grow up like plants under bell-glasses. They are surrounded only by artificial and prepared influences. They are house-bred, room-bred, nurse-bred, mother-bred—everything

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but *self-bred* The object of training is to teach the child to take care of himself; but many parents use their children only as a kind of spool on which to reel off their own experience; and they are bound and corded until they perish by inanity, or break all bonds and cords, and rush to ruin by reaction.

II.

A BLESSED BANKRUPTCY.

I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that, when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now, there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instruments. O, how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on the dissecting-table, and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster, which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard, but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them "Work!" and, working, makes them men!

III.

WORK, NOT WORRY.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices

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IV.

CHRISTIAN MAN'S LIFE.

A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and, in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

V.

UGLY KIND OF FORGIVENESS.

There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedge-hog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blow-pipe of their indignation, and scorch him, and burn his fault into him; and, when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.

VI.

A NOBLE MAN.

A NOBLE man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other, ambition Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

VII.

THE SEVEREST TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

IT is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you can not bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words,—that *is* friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are, at the point of the sword.

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VIII.

TRUE WAY OF LOOKING AT A GIFT.

THE other day, in walking down the street, a little beggar boy,—or one who might have begged, so ragged was he,—having discovered that I loved flowers, came and put into my hand a faded little sprig which he had somewhere found. I did not look directly at the scrawny, withered branch, but beheld it through the medium of the boy's heart, seeing what he *would* have given, not what he gave; and so looking, the shriveled stem was laden with blossoms of beauty and odor. And if I, who am cold and selfish, and ignorant, receive so graciously the offering of a poor child, with what tender joy must our heavenly Father receive the sincere tribute of his creatures when he looks through the medium of his infinite love and compassion!

IX.

SCRIPTURAL SOBRIETY.

ALL the sobriety which religion needs or requires, is that which real earnestness produces. Tears and shadows are not needful to sobriety. Smiles and cheerfulness are as much its elements. When men say,—Be sober, they usually mean, Be stupid; but, when the Bible says, Be sober, it means, Rouse up and let fly the earnestness and vivacity of life. The old, Scriptural sobriety was effectual *doing;* the latter, ascetic sobriety is effectual *dullness.*

X.

HOME.

A MAN'S house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. HOME should be the center of joy.

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EXERCISE CLXII.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD was born in New London, Connecticut, October 21st, 1796. He died September 26th, 1828. He studied law, but practiced little: being devoted to literary pursuits. He was a chaste and beautiful writer, both in prose and poetry.

EPITHALA'MIUM is the Greek name for a nuptial, or wedding song. It was sung by a band of youths and maidens in honor of the newly-wedded pair, breathing wishes for their prosperity. Though no longer in vogue, the custom of singing the nuptial song was very ancient, not only among the Greeks and Romans, but, also, among the Hebrews. The 45th Psalm affords a very beautiful specimen of this sort of composition; being, as Bishop Burnet observes, "an *epithalamium* to Christ and the Church."

EPITHALAMIUM.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

I.

I saw two clouds at morning,
  Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
  And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

II.

I saw two summer currents
  Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
  In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

III.

Such be your gentle motion,
  Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
  Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

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EXERCISE CLXIII.

SERENADE, from the adjective *serene*, is the name applied to a musical performance, given under a serene or clear sky; usually under the window of the party *serenaded*.

SERENADE.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.*

I.

Softly the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night,—
Wake! O, awake!
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar,
List ye! O, list
To the lively guitar.

II.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gayly and cheerily,—
Wake! O, awake!

III.

See the light pinnace
Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides,
At the heave of the oar,
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant car,
Nearer and nearer,
The lively guitar.

* For a Note on Percival, see Exercise CLXVII.

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IV.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave

V.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat,
Like a wild swan, is seen
On the waters to float;
And the light dripping oars
Bear it smoothly along,
In time to the air
Of the gondolier's song.

VI.

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of the night,
That are sacred to love.

VII.

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

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VIII.

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

IX.

She opens her lattice
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight and starlight,
A statue of snow;
And she sings in a voice
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

X.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapor of snow;
Her voice and his rebec
Alternately flow;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill;
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

EXERCISE CLXIV.

ALICE CLAY was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in the year 1822, and lived there till 1850, when she removed to New-York city. Like many others, whom obstacles rather help than hinder, despite of early educational disadvantage, she found her way to generous culture; a fact which abundantly appears in her writings. She has a younger sister, Phœbe, who is, also, an

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authoress, and, in connection with whom, in 1850, she published a volume of poems: the work being the result of their joint labor. Under the name "Clovernook," she has published some sketches of rural life, which were deservedly received with considerable favor The following is one of her best efforts.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

ALICE CARY.

I

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the misletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their shining edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries be,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth best to me.

II.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

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III.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

EXERCISE CLXV.

PHŒBE CARY, sister of Alice, mentioned in the Note on the preceding Exercise, has been a frequent contributor to periodicals. She published, in 1854, a volume of "Poems and Parodies," which evince no small poetical talent.

THE ILLS OF LIFE.

PHŒBE CARY.

I.

How oft, when pursued by evils,
We falter and faint by the way,
But are fearless when, o'ertaken,
We pause, and turn at bay.

II.

When storms in the distance have gathered,
I have trembled their wrath to meet,
Yet stood firm when the arrowy lightning
Has fallen at my feet.

III.

My soul, in the shadows of twilight,
Has groaned beneath its load,

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And felt at the solemn midnight
Secure in the hand of God.

IV.

I have been with friends who were cherished
All earthly things above,
Till I deemed the death-pangs lighter
Than the pangs of parting love.

V.

Yet with one fearful struggle,
When, at last, the dread blow fell,
I have kept my heart from breaking,
And calmly said, Farewell!

VI.

I have looked at the grave and shuddered
For my kindred treading near,
And, when their feet had entered,
My soul forgot its fear.

VII.

Our ills are not so many
Nor so hard to bear below,
But our suffering, in dread of the future,
Is more than our present woe.

VIII.

We see, with our vision imperfect,
Such causes of doubt and fear,—
Some yet that are far in the distance,
And some that may never be near,—

IX.

When, if we would trust in His wisdom
Whose purpose we may not see,
We should find, whatever our trials,
As our day our strength shall be.

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EXERCISE CLXVI.

MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON, better known, however, to the reading world, as "FANNY FORRESTER," was born in Eaton, Madison county, New York, August 22d, 1817, and died in June, 1854. She began her career, as *a teacher*, at the early age of fourteen, and continued a long time in that useful and honorable vocation. But a more brilliant career,—that of *authorship*,—awaited her. While succeeding admirably, in this line, a new direction was given to her whole life by her marriage with the celebrated Dr. Adoniram Judson, the missionary. This took place in June, 1846. About a month afterwards, she sailed with her husband for India, on which occasion, in a style gay and sparkling, as was her manner, she penned some natural observations, of which the following Exercise forms a part. In 1851, upon the death of Mr. Judson, she returned to America. The rest of her life was mainly occupied in literary labors.

OUTWARD BOUND!

EMILY C. JUDSON.

1. Hurrah, hurrah, how gayly we ride! How the ship careers! How she leaps! How gracefully she bends! How fair her white wings! How trim her hull! How slim her tall, taper masts! What a beautiful dancing fairy! Up from my narrow shelf in the close cabin, have I crept for the first time since we loosed cable, and swung out upon the tide, and every drop of blood in my veins jostles its neighbor drop exultingly; for here is sublimity unrivaled.

2. The wild, shifting, restless sea, with its playful waves, chasing one another laughingly, ever and anon leaping up, shivering themselves by the force of their own mad impulse, and descending again in a shower of pearls,—the soft, azure curvature of the sky, shutting down upon its outer rim, as though we were fairly caged between blue and blue,—and the ship, the gallant ship, plowing her own path in the midst, bearing human souls upon her tremulous breast, with her white wings high in air and her feet in the grave.

3. And then the tumult, the creaking of cordage, the dash of waters, and the howling of winds—"the wind and the sea roaring." I have felt my heart swell and my blood tingle in my veins, when I stood in the silent forests of Alderbrook,* and

* The name given by the writer to her own rustic home.

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I have looked up at the solemn old trees in awe, mingled with strange delight; the awe and delight have both deepened at the blaze of the lightning and bellowing of the thunder amid the wild, echoing rocks of Astonroga; and now, in this strange uproar, they come upon my heart, and make it bound like the arrow from the bended bow.

4. The trees were the temples built by the Almighty for His worship, and there is something awfully beautiful in their shadows; the lightnings "go and say unto Him, here we are!" and "He shut up the sea with doors, and made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness the swaddling band for it." And here, as I stand poised up by the wild elements, I feel myself near, very near to the only Protector who has a hand to save, and, in the hollow of that all-powerful hand, I rest in perfect security.

5. God, my God, I go forth at Thy bidding, and, in the words of Thine own inspired poet,—"Thou art my buckler, the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." The sea cannot separate Thee from me, the darkness of midnight cannot hide Thy face, nor can the raging of the storm drown Thy still small voice. My heart leaps joyfully as I trust in Thee.

6. On, brave little wrestler with the elements! On, right gallantly! I love the bounding, the dashing, and the roaring, and my heart shall know no faltering while "my Father is at the helm." Hurra! Gallantly ride we in this skeleton ship, while the sunlight glints gayly on white bare mast and slender spar. Gallantly ride we over wave and hollow, over foam and rainbow; now perched upon the white ridge, poising doubtfully and trembling like a frighted steed; now plunging down, down into the measureless trough, which seems yawning to ingulf us forever.

7. Wildly blows the gale, more and more wildly bound the mighty billows, with a roaring as though all the monsters of the deep were swarming around us. But not so. Neither the wide mouth of the shark, the brown back of the porpoise, nor the spouting nostril of the whale is visible; the brilliant dolphin, in his opal jacket, has retreated to his own haunts below the

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storm, and the little "Portuguese man-of-war" has drawn in the pink and purple fringes of his silver sail, and rolls, like a cunning beetle, from wave to wave, as light as the bubble from which he cannot be distinguished.

8. Even the albatross flapped his strong pinion, and wheeled away when he saw the winds gathering dark in the heavens; the Cape pigeon lingered a little, as though caring lightly for the ruffling of his mottled plumage, and then spread his butterfly-embroidered wings, and hurried after; but the stormy petrel, though small and delicate as the timid wren, (I will take a lesson from thee, busy, daring little spirit that thou art, bright velvet-winged petrel), scorns to seek safety, but by breasting the gale.

9. And here he remains, carousing amid the foam, as though those liquid pearls, leaping high in air, and scattering themselves upon the wind, had a magic in them to shield him from danger. He dips his wing in the angry tide as daintily as though it were stirred but in silver ripples; then he darts upward, and then plunges and is lost in the enshrouding foam. But, no; he is again in air, whirling and balancing, wheeling and careering, up and down, as though stark mad with joyousness, and now he vaults upon the back of the nearest foam bank, and disappears to rise again as before.

10. And still the billows roar and bound, and lash the sides of the trembling ship, and sweep with strange force her decks; and still we reel and plunge, down, down, down, surely. No; we are up again, leaping skyward; we pause a moment—and—what a fearful pitch was that! Ah, my brain grows giddy, but still I can not hide myself in my dark cabin. Thank God, that He has spread the land before our eyes at last, that He has shielded us, when wrath was stirring in the heavens, and darkness was upon the waters; that He has pinioned the wings of the wind, and said to the waves—"*Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!*"

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EXERCISE CLXVII.

CHARLES MACKAY, one of the most popular British authors of the present day, was born in Perth, Scotland, in the year 1812. He is mainly remarkable as a writer of lyric poetry, though his other productions are not without extraordinary merit. Much of his literary labor has been performed, in the regular discharge of his duties, as a journalist: he having been connected for nine years, commencing in 1834, with the editorial staff of the London "Morning Chronicle," for three years with the "Glasgow Argus," and, for long time, also, with the "Illustrated London News." His style is simple, yet stirring, and exactly adapted to his predominant aim, which is to make powerful appeal to the better feelings and instincts of mankind, to point to the high hopes discoverable in "*the good time coming*," and so to quicken and strengthen the spirit of progress.

DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
When a noble could do as he liked with his own?
When his serfs, with their burdens well filled on their backs,
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?
When his word was a statute, his nod was a law,
And for aught but his "order" he cared not a straw?
When each had his dungeon and rack for the poor,
And a gibbet to hang a refractory boor?

II.

They were days when a man with a thought in his pate
Was a man that was born for the popular hate;
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
The man was too vile to be left unconfined;
The days when obedience, in right or in wrong,
Was always the sermon and always the song;
When the people, like cattle, were pounded or driven,
And to scourge them was thought a king's license from heaven

III.

They were days when the sword settled questions of right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolize Might;

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When the fighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord;
When the king, who by myriads could number his slain,
Was considered by far the most worthy to reign;
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
A god in his life, and a saint in his death.

IV.

They were days when the headsman was always prepared—
The block ever ready—the ax ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet aye swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never smoldered too low;
When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted alive, or be drowned in a ditch;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs were burned half a score at a time.

V.

They were days when the gallows stood black in the way
The larger the town, the more plentiful they;
When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up together—again and again.

VI.

They were days, when the crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach;
When ignorance, stolid and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry swathed it from cradle to tomb;
But the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.
And we are too wise, like the bigots, to mourn
For the darkness of days that shall never return.

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EXERCISE CLXVIII.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL was born near Waterford, in Ireland, August 17th, 1791. He died in Florence, May 23d, 1851. After taking his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1811, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1814. For a long time, however, his income being slender, and his tastes inclined to the drama, he ministered to both, in the intervals of professional service, by composing a number of plays. Most of these had remarkable success. In 1822 he began a series of "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which is regarded as one of his best literary efforts. About that time, also, he came prominently before the public, as a political and forensic orator. In 1830 he became a member of the British House of Commons, which connection he held for twenty years. Among the many brilliant achievements of his parliamentary career, is a speech on the Irish Municipal Bill, delivered in February, 1837, of which speech the following splendid appeal is a part.

[1] Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed *Strongbow*, landed in Ireland with an invading force of English troops, in the year 1169.

[2] Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was an eminent statesman in the time of Charles I. He was first sent to Ireland, as Lord-deputy, in 1632, where he exercised a very arbitrary sway He was tried and executed on a charge of treason in his forty-ninth year.

[3] Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the celebrated hero of Waterloo, was by birth an Irishman, having been born in that country in May, 1769.

[4] Assaye (*assī'*), a little town in Hindostan, memorable as the place where the Duke of Wellington—then General Wellesley—commenced his victorious career (September 23d, 1803), by defeating an enemy immensely superior in numbers.

[5] Waterloo, a village of Belgium, the scene of Wellington's crowning achievement, the defeat of the French under the first Napoleon, June 18th, 1815.

THE IRISH NOT ALIENS.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

1. I should be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us *justice*. From the day on which Strongbow[1] set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us *justice*;—even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause,—the renegade Wentworth,[2] who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character,—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested

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his solicitude to do justice to Ireland! What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations?

2. There is, however, one man,* of great abilities,—not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party,—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country,—abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender vail by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide their motives,—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion, to be *aliens*,—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion!

3. *Aliens!* Gracious Heaven! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington,[3] in the House of Lords,—and did he not start up and exclaim,—"HOLD! I HAVE SEEN THE ALIENS DO THEIR DUTY!" The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight, in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him.

4 He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down

* The reference is to Lord Lyndhurst, who, a short time before, had, in the House of Lords, spoken of the Irish, as "*aliens, in blood and religion.*" He happened to be present in the House of Commons, while Sheil was speaking.

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to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye[4] to Waterloo,[5]—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimeira through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos?*

5. All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory,—Vimeira,* Badajos,* Salamanca,* Albuera,* Toulouse,* and, last of all, the greatest——. Tell me,—for you† were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me,—for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was leveled with a precision of the most deadly science,—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched?

6. And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the

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* Vimeira (*ve mā′ e rā*), Badajos (*bad a hōs′*), Salamanca, Toulouse (*too looz*), and Albuera (*al boo ā′ rā*), are the names of places where the French met defeat from the English under the lead of Wellington, except at the last place, where the English were commanded by General Beresford.

† This appeal is to Sir Henry Hardinge, who served under Wellington during the whole Peninsular war. He was not, however, present at the battle of Waterloo, as the orator asserts; being deprived of that privilege by the loss of an arm in the battle of Ligny, which occurred two days before.

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foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

EXERCISE CLXIX

MARK AKENSIDE was born at Newcastle-upon Tyne, November 9th, 1721, and died in London, June 23d, 1770. He was a physician, and held eminent rank in that profession. His habits, however, were those of a secluded scholar, fond of ancient lore, much given to philosophic speculation, calm, meditative, reserved in his manners, fastidious in his tastes, and exclusive in his associations. His "Pleasures of Imagination," on which work rests chiefly his fame, is rather a *philosophic* than a *poetic* inspiration; rich in classical allusion, correct and chaste in sentiment, but unimpassioned; partaking more of the head than the heart, yet containing many fine passages, such as cannot fail to chain attention and make powerful and permanent impression. We give, for the present Exercise, some beautiful extracts.

PASSAGES FROM AKENSIDE.

I.

BEAUTY THE MINISTRESS OF TRUTH AND GOOD.

Thus was BEAUTY sent from Heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O, wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene,
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,

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Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows.

II.

MORAL SUBLIMITY.

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
The strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For, lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!

III.

NATURE'S CHARMS OPEN TO ALL.

O blest of Heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all

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Of mortal offspring can attain the hights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them.

IV.

APOSTROPHE TO HIS BIRTHPLACE.

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveler to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats,
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the color of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honorable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

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EXERCISE CLXX.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811, and died there in October, 1849. He was the second of three children, left utterly destitute upon the death of their parents, who led the life of roving play-actors. Being a bright and beautiful boy, he was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, Virginia, and by him afforded the advantages of a complete education. But his whole course of life seems to have been marked with strangely wild and dissolute habits, and, though his writings discover no ordinary power of thought and expression, they are marred by "an absence of moral sentiment," it has been observed, "almost unexampled in literature." In the following piece, the student will scarcely fail to notice, in the *subject*, the characteristic gloom of his topics, while, in the *execution*, he will see, at once, the rare capabilities of the English language and the rarer skill of this singular genius in developing them.

[1] PLUTO'NIAN, pertaining to Pluto, another name for Hades, the fabled god of the lower regions.

[2] NEPEN'THE is from the Greek (NE, *not* or *without*, and PENTHE, *grief* or *sorrow*), and is a name applied to a medicine that relieves pain or soothes grief.

[3] AIDENN is, according to the opinion of some, a form of the Greek word *Hades*, which signifies, literally, *unseen;* the name being in later times applied to the *place of the dead*,—the spiritual world. According to others, it is "an Anglicized and disguised spelling of the Arabic form of the word *Eden;*—used as a synonym for the celestial paradise." See Webster's New Dictionary, page 1545.

THE RAVEN.

ED. A. POE.

I.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

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For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
Some late visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
That it is, and nothing more."

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

V

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,—
"Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,—
"LENORE!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice·
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

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VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas,* just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian[1] shore?"
Quoth the raven,—"*Nevermore!*"

IX.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "*Nevermore!*"

X.

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered,—"Other friends have flown before,—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before"
Then the bird said,—"*Nevermore!*"

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* See Note on Exercise CXIII.

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XI.

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—*Nevermore!*'"

XII.

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking—"*Nevermore!*"

XIII.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! *nevermore!*

XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe[2] from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepei 'he,[2] and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the raven,—"*Nevermore!*"

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XV.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore"
Quoth the raven,—"*Nevermore!*"

XVI.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven,—"*Nevermore!*"

XVII.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven,—"*Nevermore!*"

XVIII.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

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EXERCISE CLXXI.

WILLIAM WIRT was born at Bladensburg, in Maryland, November 8th, 1772, and died in Baltimore, February 18th, 1834. He was brought up in the family of an uncle; both of his parents being dead before he had passed his eighth year. He received a moderate amount of educational training, both English and Classical; after which he studied law, and practiced with success in several places in Virginia, whither he had removed, till the year 1803, when he first appeared as an author by publishing, in the "Richmond Argus," his celebrated letters, under the name of "The British Spy." In 1806 he took up his abode in Richmond, where the next year he gained a splendid reputation for forensic eloquence by the part he took in the famous trial of Aaron Burr. From the speech made on that occasion, which occupied four hours in its delivery, we take the fine retort which forms the present Exercise. The residue of Mr. Wirt's life was spent in professional pursuits both in and out of public office, varied by occasional literary labors. Besides "The British Spy," he is the author of a work entitled the "Old Bachelor," "Life of Patrick Henry," and several minor publications.

A FINE RETORT.

WILLIAM WIRT.

1. In proceeding to answer the argument of the gentleman, I will treat him with candor. If I misrepresent him, it will not be intentionally. I will not follow the example which he has set me, on a very recent occasion. I will endeavor to meet the gentleman's propositions in their full force, and to answer them fairly.

2. I will not, as I am advancing towards them, with my mind's eye, measure the hight, breadth, and power of the proposition; if I find it beyond my strength, halve it; if still beyond my strength, quarter it; if still necessary, subdivide it into eighths; and when, by this process, I have reduced it to the proper standard, take one of these sections and toss it with an air of elephantine strength and superiority. If I find myself capable of conducting, by a fair course of reasoning, any one of his propositions to an absurd conclusion, I will not begin by stating that absurd conclusion as the proposition itself which I am going to encounter.

3. I will not, in commenting on the gentleman's authorities, thank the gentleman, with sarcastic politeness, for introducing them, declare that they conclude directly against him, read just so much of the authority as serves the purpose of that declara-

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tion, omitting that which contains the true point of the case, which makes against me; nor, if forced by a direct call to read that part, also, will I content myself by running over it as rapidly and inarticulately as I can, throw down the book with a theatrical air, and exclaim,—"Just as I said!" when I know it is just as I had *not* said.

4. I know that, by adopting these arts, I might raise a laugh at the gentleman's expense; but I should be very little pleased with myself, if I were capable of enjoying a laugh procured by such means. I know, too, that by adopting such arts, there will always be those standing around us, who have not comprehended the whole merits of the legal discussion, with whom I might shake the character of the gentleman's science and judgment, as a lawyer. I hope I shall never be capable of such a wish; and I had hoped that the gentleman himself felt so strongly that proud, that high, aspiring, and ennobling magnanimity, which I had been told conscious talents rarely fail to inspire, that he would have disdained a poor and fleeting triumph, gained by means like these.

EXERCISE CLXXII.

John Quincy Adams, whose father, John Adams, was the second President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11th, 1767, and died in Washington, February 23d, 1848. His early education was obtained mainly in schools abroad, while he was with his father on his several public missions. In 1786, however, he returned to Massachusetts, and entered Harvard College. After his college course, he studied and practiced law. In the intervals of professional duty, however, he made himself known as an effective writer: having published a variety of papers on various subjects of public interest. In 1794 he was made minister to the Hague by President Washington. Under his father's administration, having, in the meantime, been married to the daughter of Joshua Johnson, the American consul at London, he became minister to Berlin. His public career thenceforward, till and after, he reached the Presidency himself, was one of distinguished ability and success. He was a man of almost universal culture, perfectly upright in character, and most eloquent in speech. He died under the circumstances so briefly, but vividly stated by Mr. Seward, in the next Exercise.

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued,—the interest which is of every age and every clime,—the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes,—is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration, by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced, in practical form, to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

2. From the day of this declaration, the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master, in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er,
> In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

3. It will be "acted o'er," fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated. It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn eyes, for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the op-

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pressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression—so long shall this Declaration hold out, to the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

EXERCISE CLXXIII.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, a distinguished American statesman, was born in Orange county, New York, May 16th, 1801. In 1822 he was admitted to the bar, and soon after acquired a great reputation for forensic eloquence. He has held many important public offices, and now (1862) occupies the chief place in the cabinet at Washington: being Secretary of State. His papers and speeches, which are numerous, all show scholarly taste and large attainment. The following brief description is one of his happiest efforts.

LAST WORDS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

1. What means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate, and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man, whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now, through age, had well-nigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument:—

"A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent."

2. In the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers* of the Republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a brief space. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the

* The old Roman designation of the *Senators*.

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re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers, were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained· no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death, that gathered on his brow He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him.

3 But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "THIS," said the dying man, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH." He paused for a moment, and then added,—"I AM CONTENT." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene,—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, One who spake as never man spake, said,—"IT IS FINISHED!"

EXERCISE CLXXIV.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

ANONYMOUS

I.

The silver cord in twain is snapped,
  The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mold in darkness wrapped,
  The words funereal spoken;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
  Or delved is the grassy clod,
And what for mourning man is left?
  O, what is left—but God!

II.

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
  The flowers they wore, are faded·

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The twilight dew hath vailed the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded;
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep,
From our heart of hearts are riven;
And what is left us when we wee,?
O, what is left—but Heaven?

EXERCISE CLXXV

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, on the 25th of May, 1803. Though passable, as a pupil, he does not appear ever to have been solicitous about distinction in his school and college career. In 1826, after having taught school for some four or five years, he was licensed to preach in the Unitarian Church; which connection, however, in 1832, was dissolved at his own request. Since that time, his life has been devoted mainly to literature. He is the author of many brilliant lectures, many admirable essays, and many beautiful poems. "As a writer," says one who seems to us to have reached a full appreciation of his character, "he is distinguished for a singular union of poetic imagination with practical acuteness. His vision takes a wide sweep in the realms of the ideal; but is no less firm and penetrating in the sphere of facts. His common sense shrewdness is vivified by a pervasive wit. He seldom indulges in the expression of sentiment, and, in his nature, emotion seems to be less the product of the heart than of the brain. His style is in the nicest harmony with the character of his thought. It is condensed almost to abruptness. His merits, as a writer, consist rather in the choice of words than in the connection of sentences. But the great characteristic of his intellect is the perception and sentiment of beauty."

EACH AND ALL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not *thine* ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine hight,
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy *life* to thy neighbor's *creed* has lent.

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All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone!
I thought the sparrow's note from Heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even,
He sings the song, but it pleases not *now;*
For I did not bring him home the *river* and *sky;*
He sang to my *ear*—*they* sang to my *eye.*

II.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar

III.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by that snow-white choir;
At last, she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle *wife,* but *fairy* none.

IV.

Then I said,—"*I covet truth;*
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs·

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I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect WHOLE.

EXERCISE CLXXVI.

HOMER, the great father of epic poetry, was born, according to the best accounts, in Smyrna, and flourished about nine hundred years before Christ. His chief works are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The former has for its subject the wrath of Achilles, a great Grecian warrior, who, in retaliation for a wrong done him by the Commander-in-chief of the Grecian forces, withdraws from the contest, and thereby brings the most calamitous consequences upon the armies of his countrymen. The latter is an account, full of strange incidents, of the return of Ulysses, another Grecian hero, to Ithaca, his native place, after the overthrow of Troy. The "Iliad" is allowed to be the superior work; but both of them bear the impress of a master hand, such, indeed, as seldom appears in the lapse of centuries.

HECTOR, the chief hero of the Trojans, in their ten years' war with the Greeks, was the eldest son of Priam, king of Troy. The scene which we have given below, is justly regarded as one of the most delicate and beautiful in the whole Iliad. He has just left the field of contest for a brief space, at a moment when the onset of the Greeks seems almost irresistible, in order to request the queen, his mother, to pray to the goddess Minerva for assistance. This done, he seeks a momentary interview with his wife, the fair and virtuous Andromache, whose touching appeal is, perhaps, without a parallel in tender, natural solicitude.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

I.

Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!

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For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain,
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
O, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.

II.

No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles* wrapped our walls in fire,
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead.
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile:
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorned:
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

III.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;—
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hypoplacia's† silver lands;
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppressed by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

---

* Achilles (*a kil′ lēs*), greatest of all the Grecian warriors.

† Hypoplacia (*hy po plā′ cia*) is but another name for Thebe (*thē′ bē*) in Asia Minor, the birthplace of Andromache.

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IV.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee;
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
O, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy;
Thou from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon * points his dreadful host;
That pass Tydides,† Ajax,† strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

V.

The chief replied: That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the luster of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains;
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.

VI.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

---

* Agamemnon (*ag a mem′ non*) was the commander-in-chief of the Greek forces.

† Tydides (*ty dī′ dēs*), or Dī′ o mede, son of Tydeus (*ty′ duce*), and Ajax, were two Grecian heroes, next in courage to Achilles.

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And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache!* thy griefs I dread.

VII.

I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive† looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's‡ spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry: "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

VIII.

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:—

* Andromache (*an drom′ a ke*), wife of Hector.

† Argive (*ar′ jive*), Grecian; so called from Argos, one of the principal cities of Greece.

‡ Hyperia (*hyp ē′ ria*), a fountain of Thessaly.

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IX.

O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say: "This chief transcends his father's fame;"
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

X.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe he laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:—

XI.

Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And, such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

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EXERCISE CLXXVII.

HENRY CLAY, one of America's most illustrious men, was born in Hanover county, Virginia, April 12th, 1777, and died in Washington city, June 29th, 1852. His father, a Baptist clergyman, died in 1782: leaving seven children, of whom Henry was the fifth. The circumstances of the family being very moderate, the education of the children was necessarily very limited. In 1792 his mother, having married again, emigrated with her husband to Kentucky: taking with her all the children except Henry and his eldest brother. He never saw her afterwards; but went to live in Richmond. There, following his tastes, he finally got a clerkship in a law office, and, for the direction of his studies, had the good fortune to receive, and the good sense to follow the counsels of the eminent Chancellor Wythe, for whom he acted as an amanuensis. In 1797 he was licensed to practice law, and soon after emigrated to Kentucky. He commenced business in Lexington. "Immediately," he says himself, he "rushed into a lucrative practice." Thenceforth his career was one of almost unexampled honor and usefulness. Few have ever taken so strong a hold upon the hearts of the people, few have been by them more implicitly trusted in places of power and responsibility, and few have ever so well deserved their confidence. "If I were to write his epitaph," said a life-long political adversary, in the House of Representatives, "I would inscribe, as the highest eulogy, on the stone which shall mark his resting-place:—*'Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen!'*"

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

HENRY CLAY.

1. From 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theater, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life, it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself.

2. During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and, though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it, in general, with composure, and without disturbance, waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and

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of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that, whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of His providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

3. But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

4. I emigrated from Virginia to the state of Kentucky, now, nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil, when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence.

5. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and, when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while

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longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that state; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

6. In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation, toward my brother senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction, produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any of its members.

7. I go from this place under the hope that we shall mutually consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may, at any time, unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and the best happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes, it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back, on my retirement, with unmeasured satisfaction

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EXERCISE CLXXVIII.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. While yet an apprentice in a printing-office, he occupied his leisure hours in literary studies, and in occasional compositions for the periodicals of the day. In 1844 he published his early poems in a volume under the title "*Ximena.*" Soon after he commenced that remarkable career of travel which has made him an eye-witness to the ways of life in almost every region of the globe, and the records of which, embodied in books of enduring interest, have given him a most favorable reception in the whole reading world. His manner is well shown in the following specimen.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. As we crossed the mouth of the Ulvsfjord* that evening, we had an open sea horizon toward the north, a clear sky, and so much sunshine, at eleven o'clock, that it was evident the Polar day had dawned upon us at last. The illumination of the shores was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight, playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs, can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low between Fugloë, rising like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of Arnoë, both of which islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases.

2. The glassy, leaden-colored sea was powdered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the Lyngen Fjord, behind us, were steeped in a dark-red, mellow flush, and touched with pencilings of pure, rose-colored light, until their naked ribs seemed to be clothed in imperial velvet. As we turned into the Fjord and ran southward along their bases, a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice-pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it. We were all on deck; and all faces, excited by the divine splendor of the scene, and tinged by the same wonderful aureole,† shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

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* Ulvsfiord (*ulvs fe ord'*) is a bay lying to the east of Fr·msoë, an island of Norway. The latter part of this word (*fiord* or *fjord*) signifies a bay or estuary and makes part of many compounds.

† Au'reōle, or aureola (*au re' o la*), a circle of golden rays.

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8. Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of Arnoë, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight. It was not yet half-past eleven, and an enthusiastic passenger begged the captain to stop the vessel until midnight. "Why," said the latter, "it is midnight now, or very near it; you have Drontheim time, which is almost forty minutes in arrears" True enough, the real time lacked but five minutes of mianight, and those of us who had sharp eyes and strong imaginations saw the sun make his last dip and rise a little, before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind Arnoë. I turned away with eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold, which danced before me wherever I looked; and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.

EXERCISE CLXXIX.

JAMES BEATTIE was born in Kincardineshire, Scotland, October 25th, 1735, and died at Aberdeen, August 18th, 1803. Through the aid of an elder brother,—for his father died while he was yet a child,—he succeeded in getting a good education, and afterwards spent some time in the business of teaching. In 1771 he began the publication of "The Minstrel," a didactic poem, showing the rise and progress of a poetical genius; which work is the basis, in fact, of his reputation, as a poet. This poem, which is very unequal, both in thought and expression, though embracing some stanzas of surpassing force and beauty, was never finished. But that which secured for him the highest credit, was his celebrated "Essay on Truth," published before this time, and intended, as a reply, to the cold and subtle skepticism of David Hume. Among his later productions are "Dissertations, Moral and Critical," "Evidences of the Christian Religion," "Elements of Moral Science," and a biography of his eldest son.

OPENING STANZAS OF THE MINSTREL.

BEATTIE

I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

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II.

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appall.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame!
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems, if Chilian mountain glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

IV.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy Heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's groveling crew forever left behind.

V.

O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;

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All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,—
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

EXERCISE CLXXX.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston in 1811. He is distinguished for large legal attainment, and for remarkable grace and skill as an orator and a writer. He is now (1862) a member of the Senate of the United States. The following is from his address before the American Peace Society, at their anniversary in Boston, May 28th, 1849.

THE BLESSING OF PEACE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1. Peace is the grand Christian charity, the fountain and parent of all other charities. Let peace be removed, and all other charities sicken and die. Let peace exert her glad some sway, and all other charities quicken into celestial life. Peace is a distinctive promise and possession of Christianity. So much is this the case, that, where peace is not, Christianity can not be.

2. There is nothing elevated which is not exalted by peace. There is nothing valuable, which does not contribute to peace. Of Wisdom herself it has been said, that all her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Peace has ever been the longing and aspiration of the noblest souls—whether for themselves or for their country.

3. In the bitterness of exile, away from the Florence which he has immortalized by his divine poem, pacing the cloisters of a convent, in response to the inquiry of the monk,—"*What do you seek?*" Dante* said, in words distilled from his heart, "*Peace! Peace!*" In the memorable English struggle, when King and Parliament were rending the land, a gallant supporter of the monarchy, the chivalrous Falkland, touched by the intolerable woes of war, cried in words which consecrate his memory more than any feat of arms,—"*Peace! Peace! Peace!*"

* See Note on Exercise CXXXVII.

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4. Not in aspiration only, but in benediction, is this word uttered. As the apostle went forth on his errand, as the son left his father's roof, the choicest blessing was,—"*Peace be with you!*" As the Savior was born, angels from Heaven, amidst quiring melodies, let fall that supreme benediction, never before vouchsafed to the children of the human family,—*Peace on earth and good-will toward men!*

EXERCISE CLXXXI.

REGINALD HEBER, the celebrated bishop of Calcutta, was born in Cheshire, England, April 21st, 1783, and died in Madras, April 3d, 1826. Evincing, even in childhood, a remarkable fondness for learning, he lost none of his enthusiasm, in this direction, by the advance of life. His career at Oxford, where he took his degree, was singularly brilliant: being distinguished, among other things, by his famous prize poem entitled "Palestine." As a poet, he is most remarkable for those qualities that were so conspicuous in his character, as a man, namely, gentleness, benevolence, devotional feeling, and the vigor that comes of Christian zeal.

PASSAGES FROM BISHOP HEBER.

I.

PICTURE OF PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblessed their angry luster fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meager Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade

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II.

THE LILIES AND THE BIRDS.*

I.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

II.

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

III.

"One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow.
God provideth for the morrow!"

* Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies, &c. See Matthew, vi., v. 26 and 28

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III.

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light:
They're lost—and gone, the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The march is rising o'er the hill.

II.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—they come, they come!
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep
In long and glittering files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear;
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way!
The trampling hoofs brook no delay.
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come!

EXERCISE CLXXXII.

SPAR'TACUS, a celebrated gladiator, by birth a Thracian, having escaped from the training-school for gladiators at Capua, and collected a band of daring and desperate followers, for a long time bade defiance to the whole power of Rome. He was, at last, however, defeated by the Romans (B. C. 71) under the Prætor Crassus, but not without a most determined and deadly struggle. The elements that entered into the constitution of this extraordinary character, are finely indicated in the following piece.

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SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

E. KELLOGG.

1. It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light.

2. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:—"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you, who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three, in all your company, dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and, when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

3. "One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my

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grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon, and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not know then what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me, trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay!

4. "And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and, in its deepest ooze, thy life-blood lies curdled!

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5. "Ye stand here now like giants as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis,* breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ? Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

EXERCISE CLXXXIII.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith was born near Portland, in Maine. At the early age of sixteen, she was married to Seba Smith, author (among other things) of the celebrated "Letters of Major Jack Downing." Since that time Mrs. Smith has given herself mostly to literature: having published, in 1844, "The Sinless Child and Other Poems," and, since that, a number of other works, all bearing the clearest evidence of extraordinary natural power seconded by successful culture. The following piece alone would be sufficient to establish her claims to distinction, as a writer.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I.

A mariner sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea;

* Adonis (*a dō′ nis*) was a favorite of the goddess Venus, famed for his beauty.

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The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it towered then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

II.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched, as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell,—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed, as they passed the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

III.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water plows;
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsails are reefed, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

IV.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud;
And, as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

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V.

The mariner looked, and he saw, with dread.
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the waves was spread—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide

VI.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past:
A voice calls loud for thee;
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
The plunging ship on her beam is cast—
Oh, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken,
Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea.

VII.

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save!
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

VIII

Down, down, where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell its music keep;
There thou shalt slumber well.

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The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

IX.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair:
As the water moveth they slightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play:
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

EXERCISE CLXXXIV.

GEORGE CRABBE, the poet, was born in Suffolk, England, December 24th, 1754, and died at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, February 3d, 1832. He was destined for the medical profession, but his tastes ultimately carried him to that of literature. Among his productions, as a poet, the "Village" and the "Parish Register" are justly accounted the best. In the delineation of character, in minute description of scenes and circumstances, especially those in humble life, he is severely true and touching. His sympathies lay with the poor, the friendless, the unfortunate, and, in his lines, vice and wretchedness are painted in colors too vivid to be without interest to the dullest mind. He was, in truth, what Byron affirmed of him—"nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

PORTRAIT OF A PEASANT.

CRABBE.

I.

Next to these ladies, but in naught allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:

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Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind.

II.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh:
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed:
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbors find;)
Yet far was he from stoic-pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offense was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.

III.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But, if that spirit, in his soul, had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride

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GRADUAL APPROACHES OF AGE.

CRABBE.

I.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks, once comely in a virgin's sight,—
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding *spirit* was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.

II.

I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said,—"The view is poor; we need not *climb*."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in *my* order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not *shoot*.

III.

My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose,
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into *habits* grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how *stocks* arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to *prose*.

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EXERCISE CLXXXV.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was born in Norwich, England, June 12th, 1802. Her early education was liberal and thorough, though her father's circumstances were far from being affluent. Afflicted with partial deafness from early youth, and deprived completely of the sense of smell, she found especial delight in the practice of writing. This gave her a facility which proved of the utmost service, when afterwards pecuniary need made that a *business*, which had once been only a *recreation*. Miss Martineau had not written long for the public, before she showed that she had talents of no ordinary stamp. She has written on almost every subject, from a book of devotion for the young to a philosophical treatise for the most mature. In 1834 she sailed for America, and made an extensive tour through the United States. The results of her sojourn with us, she afterwards gave in two separate works, which, on the whole, are allowed to have been written in a fair and candid spirit.

TRUE LOVE.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

1. There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked (perhaps, unconsciously,) for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought brightening as it runs.

2. When the aged parent hears of the honors his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to him who, in them, prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment the human creature shoots up into the angel; there is nothing on earth too defiled for its charity—

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nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism—nothing in Heaven too glorious for its sympathy.

3. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer. There is no other such crisis in human life. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but this philosopher, solitary seraph as he may be regarded amidst a myriad of men, knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved—be it the peasant girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage reposing in her father's confidence, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fireside.

4. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation, however impressed with the solemnity of the hour, is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman who, in the moment of success, feels that an entire class of social sins and woes is annihilated by his hand, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption is come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection.

5. And these are many—they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been—wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be—wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.

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EXERCISE CLXXXVI.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL was born in Berlin, Connecticut, September 15th, 1795, and died in Wisconsin, May 2d, 1857. He was but fourteen years of age, when he wrote a burlesque poem on the times, said to have considerable merit. In 1820 he published a volume of poems, and thereafter continued to write and publish much, both in prose and poetry, till the time (1843) of his last publication, entitled "The Dream of a Day and Other Poems." He was a man of large and general culture, especially rich in classical attainment; and, as a poet, without a superior, perhaps, in the gift of fancy, coupled with a certain strange power to arrest the feelings and hold the reader under a sort of poetic enchantment.

O, HAD I THE WINGS!

JAS. G. PERCIVAL

I.

O, had I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long,
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song!
O, then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow,
That rolls o'er the ever-green bowers of the line!

II.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there, alone,
I would take me a dear little martin to keep
A sociable flight to the tropical zone:
How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away,
And forever our song and our twitter should be,
"*To the land where the year is eternally gay!*"

III.

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruits and its flowers,
That always are flowing with honey and balm;

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And there we would stay, till the winter is o'er,
And April is checkered with sunshine and rain,—
O, then we would flit from that far-distant shore
Over island and wave to our country again.

IV.

How light we would skim, where the billows are rolled
Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime;
And break on the beaches, in surges of gold,
When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime:
We would touch for awhile, as we traversed the ocean,
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings with an easier motion
Through the breath of the cedar that blows from the shore.

V.

And, when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves;
And, when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts, we would cheerily sing,—
"*No land is so lovely when winter is o'er!*"

EXERCISE CLXXXVII.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, a British dramatist, was born in Cork, Ireland, in the year 1784. He discovered a decided taste for dramatic pursuits at an very early age, and, in its development, had the aid of some of the best critics of the day. He was not only a *writer*, but also an *actor*, of plays. Among his various dramatic pieces is the play of William Tell, from which the following dialogue between Tell and Gesler, the tyrant, has been extracted. In later life, Mr. Knowles became a minister of the Baptist denomination. He died, November 29th, 1862, at Torquay, England.

WILLIAM TELL was a peasant, born near Altorf, in Switzerland, and celebrated for his resistance to the tyranny of Gesler, an Austrian governor. This Gesler had carried his insolent sway so far as to require the Swiss to uncover their heads before his hat, elevated on a pole, as a sign of Austrian sove-

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reignty, of which he was the representative. Tell refusing to do this, was condemned by the brutal governor to shoot an apple from the head of his own son. Being a skillful . rcher, he did this without injury to the boy; but had concealed about his person a second arrow with which he purposed to shoot the tyrant himself, nad he been so unfortunate as to miss his aim in shooting at the apple. The short dialogue below shows well the spirit that animated this famous defender of liberty.

TELL AND GESLER.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Gesler. Why speak'st thou not?
Tell. For wonder.
Ges Wonder?
Tell. Yes.
That thou shouldst seem a man.
Ges. What should I seem?
Tell. A monster!
Ges. Ha! Beware—Think on thy chains.
Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down,
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to the teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains!
Show me the link of them, which, could it speak,
Would give its evidence against my word.
Think on my chains! Think on my chains!
How came they on me?
Ges. Darest thou question me?
Tell. Darest thou answer?
Ges. Do I hear?
Tell. Thou dost.
Ges. Beware my vengeance.
Tell. Can it more than kill?
Ges. Enough—it can do that.
Tell. No—not enough:
It can not take away the grace of life,
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives,
Its port erect with consciousness of truth.
Its rich attire of honorable deeds,
Its fair report, that's rife on good men's tongues:

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It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or, with polluted finger, tarnish it.
Ges. But it can make thee writhe.
Tell. It may.
Ges. And groan.
Tell. It may; and I may cry,
Go on, though it should make me groan again.
Ges. Whence comest thou?
Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from them?
Ges. Canst tell me any?
Tell. Ay:
They watch no more the avalanche.
Ges. Why so?
Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.
Ges. What do they then?
Tell. Thank Heaven it is not thou!
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked;
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce
Return his smile; their flocks and herds increase,
And they look on as men who count a loss;
They hear of thriving children born to them,
And never shake the teller by the hand;
While those they have, they see grow up and flourish,
And think as little of caressing them,
As they were things a deadly plague had smit.
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,
As something they must lose, and richer were
To lack.
Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

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Tell. But they do sometimes smile.
Ges. Ay!—when is that?
Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.
Ges. Vengeance? Dare
They talk of that?
Tell. Ay, and expect it, too.
Ges From whence?
Tell. From Heaven!
Ges. From Heaven?
Tell And the true hands
Are lifted up to it, on every hill,
For justice on thee.

EXERCISE CLXXXVIII.

ANACREON is the name of a Greek poet that flourished about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. He was born at Teos, a city on the coast of Ionia, in Asia Minor. We know little about his personal history; but his character—that of a vain voluptuary—is sufficiently shown in his writings. Yet his poems discover a grace, delicacy, and general finish, that might well adorn a far better character in the writer, and far higher themes than those on which he has written. The following is a fair specimen of his style, so far as it is susceptible of an English dress.

CUPID'S ADVENTURE.

ANACREON (*translated by* MOORE*).

I.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!

* See Exercise CXXV

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II.

"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit; a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

III.

I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimmed my lamp, and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinions sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!

IV.

I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And, in my hand and bosom, hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warmed his anxious fears away.

V.

"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow;
For through the rain I've wandered so,
That much I fear the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."

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VI.

The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he winged away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has *not* relaxed my bow;
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

EXERCISE CLXXXIX.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

HUGH HUTTON

I.

Oh! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st,—"*Thy will be done!*"
I hear thy song of praise,
And, lo! no form is near:
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who *is* God, and where His glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine

II.

Gaze on that arch above;
The glittering vault admire.
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?

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There view immensity! behold! my God is *there;*
The sun, the moon, the stars, His majesty declare

III.

See where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;
Where, vailed in towering skies,
The eagle makes his home;
Where savage Nature dwells,
My God is present too;
Through all her wildest dells,
His footsteps I pursue;
He reared those giant cliffs, supplies that dashing stream,
Provides the daily food which stills the wild bird's scream.

IV.

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves
The ocean monsters hide:
His power is sovereign there,
To raise, to quell the storm;
The depths his bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm:
Tempest and calms obey the same almighty voice
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids far worlds rejoice.

V.

No human thoughts can soar
Beyond Her boundless might;
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh! praise His works divine!
Bow down thy soul in prayer;
Nor ask for other sign
That God is *everywhere:*
The viewless Spirit! He—immortal, holy, blest:
Oh! *worship* Him in faith, and find eternal rest!

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EXERCISE CXC.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH is a clergyman of the English Church; being, also, examining chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. He has published, among other things, a volume entitled "Lessons in Proverbs," and "The Study of Words;" from the latter of which, abounding, as it does, in useful instruction, we take the following interesting extract.

FOSSIL POETRY.

TRENCH.

1. A popular American author has somewhere characterized language as "*fossil poetry*,"—evidently meaning that just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs—so, in words, are beautiful thoughts and images,—the imagination and feeling of past ages, preserved and made safe forever.

2. Language, then, *is* fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess, only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs. Many a single word, also, is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual; bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these.

3. "Iliads without a Homer,"* some one has called, with a little exaggeration, the beautiful but anonymous ballad poetry of Spain. One may be permitted, perhaps, to push the exaggeration a little further in the same direction, and to apply the phrase not merely to a *ballad*, but to a *word*. Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word "*tribulation*."

4. We all know, in a general way, that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is de-

* See Notes on Exercise CLXXVI.

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rived from the Latin "*tribulum*"—which was the thrashing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and "*tribulatio*," in its primary significance, was the act of making this separation.

5. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a *higher* truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating, in men, of their chaff from their wheat, of whatever, in them, was light and trivial and poor from the solid and the true, therefore, he called these sorrows and griefs "*tribulations*," thrashings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the Heavenly garner.

6. Now, in proof of what I have just said, namely, that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word "tribulation," a graceful composition by an early English poet, which, you will at once perceive, is all wrapped up in this word:—

7. Till from the straw, the flail, the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much;
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which, in thrashing, they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have thrashed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are, by Thy sacred Spirit, winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thrash the husk of this our flesh away;
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But *then* we shall; and that is my desire."

THE END.

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